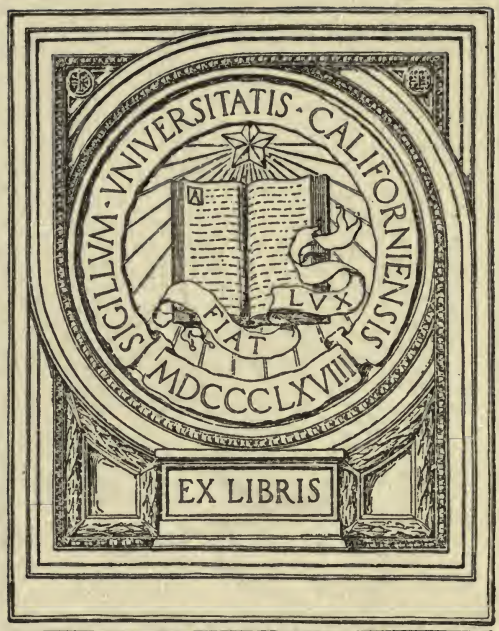
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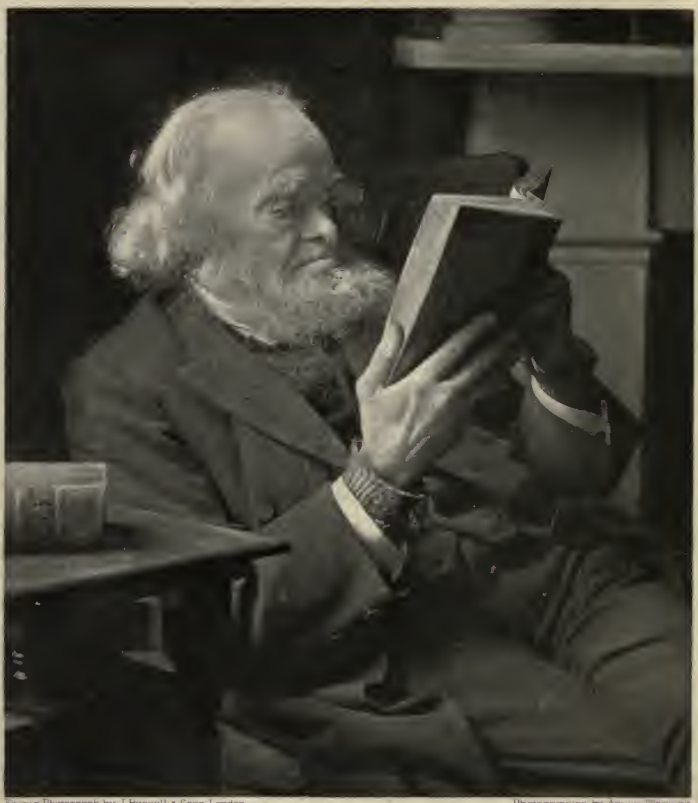

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Very truly yours
John G. B. Mayor

TWELVE CAMBRIDGE SERMONS

BY

JOHN E. B. MAYOR, M.A., F.B.A.

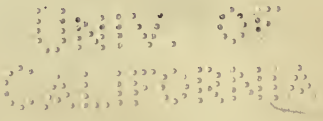
LATE PRESIDENT OF ST JOHN'S COLLEGE AND PROFESSOR OF LATIN IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

EDITED, WITH A MEMOIR,

BY

H. F. STEWART, B.D.

FELLOW AND DEAN OF ST JOHN'S COLLEGE



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EO · TANTVM · NOMINE · DIGNVM
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PIETATEM
SVIS · IPSIVS · VERBIS
REPRAESENTET
AMICVS
FAMILIARITATE · MVLTIS
AMORE · NVLLI · SECVNDVS
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PREFACE

IT was Professor Mayor's usual practice, after preaching in his College Chapel or the University Church, to print the sermon, with abundant annotations, and distribute copies among his friends. Twelve of these sermons are here reprinted, just as he issued them[1], with all the notes and all the quotations. Neither could be spared. If the notes are an embellishment, the quotations are of the very tissue of the work. Mayor delivered the utterance of other men with much more emphasis and expression than he could bring himself to put into his own, and even when he used the same passage a second time, there was always something in the setting that gave it distinction.

The business of the editor has merely been to select and see through the Press such discourses as exhibit in clearest light the preacher's mind at different stages in his long ministry.

The proof reading has been an easy task, as all will believe who know Mayor's extraordinary accuracy. The misprints discovered in the originals may be counted on the fingers of one hand, and any that occur in the present edition must be set down to my less practised eye. The process of selection has been far more difficult, for all his sermons are worth preserving, all are finely written, all have some characteristic touch, all amid their multifarious learning sound the same simple and stirring call to duty and the Christian life.

There is another aspect of Mayor's preaching, less

[1] The Commemoration Sermon, p. 153 to p. 166, is reprinted, by permission, from the *Eagle Magazine* of June 1891.

familiar to the world, which for want of space could not be illustrated in this volume. But it is proposed to issue shortly a collection of his parochial sermons, which have never been printed and which will shew that the great scholar had in him the essential qualities of the faithful shepherd.

In compiling the memoir prefixed to the sermons I have drawn freely from the obituary notices in the *Eagle Magazine* of March, 1911. I have also had access, through the kindness of Dr J. B. Mayor, to a long series of family letters written chiefly to his mother from 1844 down to her death in 1870. Passages in the text, placed without reference between inverted commas, may generally be ascribed to this source. Other friends have been forward in lending letters and supplying information and reminiscences. Among them I would especially mention the Master of St John's, Dr Liveing, Sir John Sandys, Professor G. C. Moore Smith, Mr Axon, Mr A. Broadbent, Mr R. Bowes, Mr J. D. Duff, Mr D. R. Fearon, the Rev. H. Hill, Mr E. S. Payne, Mr C. J. Powlett, Mrs F. J. A. Hort, Mrs H. Nettleship and Mrs Priest. Grateful thanks are due to them all on the part of my readers and myself.

It has been thought that students of heredity may be glad to know something of the stock from which John Mayor sprang. So two shortened pedigrees have been appended which will shew at a glance whence he derived his learned aptitude, his religious and missionary instincts, and where within the limits of his family the same characteristics still flourish. For help in drawing up these tables I am again indebted to the kindness of Dr J. B. Mayor.

H. F. S.

4 *November* 1911.

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Sapientiam omnium antiquorum exquiret sapiens....

Narrationem virorum nominatorum conseruabit....

Occulta prouerbiorum exquiret....

Cor suum tradet ad vigilandum diluculo ad Dominum, qui fecit illum, et in conspectu Altissimi deprecabitur....

Collaudabunt multi sapientiam eius, et usque in saeculum non delebitur.

Ecclesiasticus xxxix.

MEMOIR

I

THE facts of John Mayor's life are soon told. Born at Baddegama in Ceylon on January the 28th, 1825, sixth in a family of twelve, he went to school in England, first at Newcastle-under-Lyme (1832), then at Christ's Hospital (1833–36), then at Shrewsbury (1839).

In 1844 he followed his elder brother Robert to St John's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree as third classic in 1848. Next year he was elected fellow and went as assistant-master to Marlborough College. In 1853 he returned as assistant-tutor, *i.e.* classical lecturer, to St John's, which he never left again.

He served the University as Librarian from 1864 to 1867, and as Professor of Latin from 1872 to 1910. In 1902 he was elected President (or Vice-Master) of his college. In 1908 he had the only serious illness of his life, a bronchial attack which his doctor said would have killed a younger man, but from which he completely recovered. He read the service in St John's for fifty years, and he was preparing for chapel on the morning of 1 December, 1910 when death took him. He was in Priest's Orders, and he kept an act for the Cambridge B.D. though he never proceeded to the degree. He was an Hon. LL.D. of Aberdeen and St Andrews, Hon. D.D. of Glasgow, Hon. D.C.L. of Oxford, and an original Fellow of the British Academy.

His most substantial contributions to literature during his eighty-five years of life are the Juvenal; the lives of

various Cambridge worthies in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; two volumes in the Rolls Series; editions of Ascham's *Scholemaster*, Fisher's English Works, early College Statutes, Baker's *History of St John's College*, Cyprian of Toulon's *Latin Heptateuch*; a volume entitled *Spain, Portugal, the Bible*, giving the history of various attempts at reform in the Iberian Peninsula. He also produced educational books in Latin, Greek, and German, and hosts of pamphlets and *adversaria* on subjects connected with Cambridge, classical learning, vegetarianism, and the "los von Rom" movement.

But if the chronicle of his acts is brief, and if the literary output, though it occupies forty lines in *Crockford*, bears no proportion to his erudition[1], the tale of subjects which engaged his interest would fill a volume, and the zeal with which he pursued them would need his own pen to do it justice. The vigour of his mind and will were apparent from the first and never flagged. His earliest schoolmaster was as greatly taken with his vehemence as with his precocious learning and iron memory, and his younger brother still recalls the energy with which he would ply the swing to the rhythm of a flaming passage from Lockhart's *History of Napoleon Buonaparte*: "with the eye of an eagle and the voice of a lion, urging his breathless and eager troops": words which, *mutatis mutandis*, might serve as a motto to his own life. His ardour was somewhat damped at Christ's Hospital, for which, as "a bookless desert," he had less kindly recollections than Coleridge or Charles Lamb. But there at least he learnt to endure

[1] Of his erudition it is enough to quote what H. A. J. Munro wrote to H. Nettleship in 1872, "He is far the most learned man I have ever known. His knowledge of all the sources of Latin scholarship is extraordinary." And again in 1877, "In Latin (and in Greek as well), in English literary history and antiquities, and in other departments of learning, he is a perfect mine of knowledge and well assorted information, always knowing where to refer for anything which he does not carry in his head."

hardship and to distinguish between the sentient and the intelligent soul. Once when his master, after the first strokes of the cane, asked whether it hurt him, the boy replied, "I don't know." "For," he used to say, "I knew it hurt my hand, but I did not know whether it hurt myself." Such philosophy was beyond Orbilius, and the flogging went on.

An outbreak of scarlet fever sent him home in 1836 for three years to which he looked back as the most fruitful period of his life. "Neither my brother nor I ever made greater progress." He taught his brother and was himself directed by his mother, "not exactly taught, for I knew more than she did"; but she learnt Greek and Latin in order to help him in his lessons. It was then too that, through his father's evening readings from Milton, he began to value the art in which he became an acknowledged master[1]. His eldest brother Robert also gave him valuable aid then, as later, and was to him in all respects what John was to their younger brother Joseph. In one of the Shrewsbury letters with which John kept his senior posted with his work and progress, he says: "In the Medea and Horace papers I got pretty nearly full marks, which was entirely owing to your kindness in getting me the Orellius and the Pflugk." It is a natural touch that shews the kinship of character in the brothers[2].

[1] The habit thus formed of reading aloud never left him. "Still to this day when I am with my three sisters...I read many hours every day French, German, Italian, or English...and have found the benefit of the exercise both to myself and my hearers. The ancients testify to the advantage to health of reading aloud; nor can any one be said to know a language until he can follow it by the ear....The great, cardinal rule is to read the greatest and best authors and no others." (Letter to the Rev. H. Hill, 23 May, 1910.)

[2] Cp., in this connexion, the dedication of Dr J. B. Mayor's edition of the *De natura deorum* (1880), Fratri dilecto | Iohanni E. B. Mayor | qui primus puerilem mihi mentem | quo et ipse puer flagrabat | antiquitatis amore imbuit | hic grati laboris fructus | dedicatur.

Shrewsbury School[1], which he was enabled to join in 1838 through the kindness of his uncle, Mr Robert Bickersteth, a successful Liverpool surgeon, opened the way for his talents and his thirst after knowledge. He has left a vivid picture of the place as it was then—the simple sports, the domestic examinations, the big boys writing their exercises in the crowded "head-room"—and also of his own methods of self-education, his common-place book, his collections, the thousands of lines in English and Latin committed voluntarily to memory[2]. But even this willing young servant found "the Doctor" a hard task-master. "Kennedy," he writes to his mother, "certainly has a most extraordinary idea of the quantity of work which can be crammed into those unfortunate 7 weeks which in derision, I suppose, are called the holidays; as, when I told him I wished to read over again all the classics which I have been over before, he gravely said, 'Oh, you know, you have the holidays for that.'" Towards the end of his time at least he dared stand up to his redoubted chief, and expressed a wish to leave school a year before the headmaster would let him. "In the conversation I had with the Doctor I gave him to understand pretty plainly that I did not think that Mr P.'s instructions were calculated to instil very accurate notions of mathematics into the mind." The Doctor accordingly arranged for his private tuition in this subject.

He had already discovered for himself the real way to read the classics by "a plan," as he writes to his brother Robert in May, 1844, "which I think answers extremely well, which is

[1] The Mayors, not long after their return from the East in 1828, had settled at Harborough Magna, hoping to educate their sons at Rugby. But the privileges of foundationers had just at that time been restricted to residents in the town, and Joseph was the only member of the family who was eventually sent there as a boarder in 1841.

[2] See *The Latin Heptateuch*, p. lxvii f.

not to be engaged upon more than one book at a time. By this means I got over in 3 weeks a book of Thucydides, a play of Sophocles, do. of Plautus, and a book of the Odyssey, besides 3 or 4 Satires of Horace." And if thus as an elder boy he knew his own needs and how to supply or get them supplied, he was at the very outset keenly conscious of his rights and sensitive to anything like injustice. Witness the following shrewd remarks from a letter written in March, 1839: "There is a practice and I think a very bad one here, for the master to construe the lesson over to the boys before they say it, but their parents pay £8 a year for this 'privilege,' and I am the only one in our class who does not have it.... Mr W. a clergyman in the town is my master, and is in general very kind, though he has once or twice been what I call rather unjust. On Friday morning last we learnt as usual Greek Grammar, but Mr W. had at 6½ o'clock the night before changed the lesson and told the boarders that he had done so. Next morning we[1], knowing nothing of the change, went up with our Greek Grammar, and he set us to write out the lesson."

Mayor came up to St John's in October, 1844, and although to his disappointment he failed to win the "Port Latin" Scholarship, he was on the 5th of November admitted scholar *pro domina fundatrice*. The traditions of the place suited his bent, and there probably has never been a student more in tune with the intentions of the foundress whose constant prayer it was that her fellows and scholars might devote themselves to the worship of God, purity of life, and the strengthening of the Christian faith[2]. He entered on Dr Hymers's side, and his private tutor was W. H. Bateson, who stood him in such good stead afterwards as Bursar

[1] John boarded in the town with a Mrs Lloyd, who had boys of her own in the school.

[2] See below, pp. 37, 49.

and custodian of the college archives, and for whom as Master, Mayor, though he criticized his policy, had always the warmest regard. He also read classics with "Jupiter" Thompson (not to be confounded with the Master of Trinity) and Shilleto (when he could get him), and between whiles taught himself German by that very Ollendorffian system upon which he was wont in after years to pour such scorn, calling it "Crambe repetita, loathsome snippets."

He certainly was not like the common run of undergraduates. For field sports he had no fancy, though he was a strong swimmer and as a boy had been fond of straightforward skating. In his memoir of Isaac Todhunter he says: "Twice I have gone down to the boats, and twice he went, each of us by constraint." He had friends in St John's and other colleges who shared his antiquarian and philological tastes but he led a secluded life. "He (Todhunter) and I constantly discussed all the literary and ecclesiastical questions of the times; yet I doubt whether we were ever in one another's rooms. Probably neither of us could see in crowds of people who met every day in hall, the fit recipients of hospitality, if that word is interpreted by the light of history, as presided over by Ζεὺς ξένιος[1]." Yet as in private duty bound[2], he took active part—such part as a junior could—in the contest for the Chancellorship, which divided all Cambridge during the Lent Term of 1847. "I have written some 2 or 3 letters for the chance of hooking a vote or two for Lord Powis, who certainly, as educated here and being a friend to the Church and having a seat in the House of Lords, is preferable to Prince A."

Most of his letters home of this date are the ordinary

[1] *In Memoriam Isaac Todhunter* (1884), p. 5.

[2] Cp. "St John's are going to work doubly; they summon all their own men as on a College question, and raise the cry of the Church." (*Life and Letters of F. J. A. Hort*, i. 49.)

gossip of the reading man—accounts of his work and recreation (then, as always, books), his chances in the schools (a subject of interest to his mother, though not discussed among his fellows), enlivened by touches of fun (e.g. when one of his contemporaries falls in love), and betraying a keen interest in the external events and anxieties which the "roaring forties" aroused in every thoughtful Englishman—the danger of Chartism, the Irish famine, the unrest in Italy. Sometimes they sound a very serious personal note, as when he writes on the eve of the Classical Tripos in 1848: "I have been reminded in several letters that to-morrow is my birthday; it is no pleasant thing to look back and see how much the last year might have done for me which it has not done, how much progress I might have made in those things in which, if there be no progress, there will infallibly be a regress: how impossible it is that your prayers and my father's[1] can avail for any of your children unless they work out their own salvation with fear and trembling. God grant that this new year of my life may indeed be a *new* year to me, and all my brothers and sisters." The same tone may be heard in an earlier letter (1845), which is so interesting in other respects and shews so plainly the beginnings of his admirable English style that it deserves complete quotation: "This habit of attending the morning chapels gives me plenty of time for letters and the like after Hall, so that I hope to clear off most of my debts this evening. I was very sorry to hear of Thomas's[2] most sudden death: he was so good a husband and father, and so faithful and loving a servant that none who had to do with him in any of these relations could help feeling that he was an honest man; but still there may with all these good points have been a question whether *he* was ready for death; and how if I

[1] His father had died at Acton, near Nantwich, on 14 July, 1846.

[2] The gardener at Acton.

should meet the like end, who never, with far greater means than he, shewed like honesty?...I hope at any rate that his death will not deprive his excellent wife and his family of their livelihood; it is no easy task for a woman, and in Cheshire overpeopled as it is, to provide for a young family. The failure of the crops of potatoes does not seem so alarming in general as was apprehended; what is the case in Acton? I am afraid bad crops would make Chartism and other ill feelings revive, as I suppose the first cause of them was starvation and neglect. I have been reading of late a work by Carlyle, *Past and Present*, in which he puts most strongly a point which I have seldom seen elsewhere treated of, that the greatest good which can fall to a man is labour; and that, where he thinks any body or society in which he forms a part however small, in the wrong, his way is not to speak much of the faultiness of the whole, of what great things might be accomplished, if so and so would but bestir themselves; but simply to work at his own part in the best way he can, nothing doubting but that possibly the whole may, by simply seeing a man among them quietly and steadily keeping to one aim and not to be turned from that, be brought to bestir themselves too; and, instead of the mere pretence of trying to make others believe that what is ill done is well done, doing the best they can, which will, it is like, be an easier as well as far manlier task than the other, of keeping a fair show. I wish you would read some of his works, there is so much truth in them, and hatred of lies and cantings of all kinds that I am sure you would like them after you had overcome your repugnance to his most barbarous style. Trench's sermons have come out. I have read 2 of them over again with great liking; indeed, as his delivery is none of the best, they interest one more when read than heard. I will not fail to bring them with me when I come down, and that will be after but a short while, about the middle of next week, so

that any books which you would have me bring from the Union it would be expedient to mention in your next letter. I have promised Bickersteth[1] to pay Watton a visit at the end of the vacation and must be at Cambridge on the 16 Jan. as an examination for two University scholarships begins on that day. There is not the smallest probability of my getting one, but it is usual for men who read Classics to "go in" for them. And this brings to my mind a request which I want to make of you. The Greek Professor lectures every year; for the 1st course which you attend you pay 3£, for the 2nd £2, and for any others 1£: most men who read classics attend them and they are of great use. Do you think that it would be advisable for me to put my name down, as if I go I must do this term? I told you awhile ago of a scheme to make up a sum of money to give to Mr Carus to be by him laid out at his discretion on Missionary concerns. He wishing to employ some of the men who had set this matter on foot in gathering money for some purpose connected with the Calcutta bishopric, they disclosed to him their design, on which he with the avowal that nought in his whole life had warmed his heart more, still declined it, lest misrepresentations should get abroad. So it is, that if a man make up his mind to work, and not to worship gold, eyes are sharp upon him to spy out where they may attack him; but I suppose that, as well as other things, must be borne. Nor indeed, if bearing scandal and ridicule were all, would it be a hard matter to be an honest and active man; but the steadily sticking to your purpose once formed and ever to think that once taken it is taken for life is not, at least with one of humour like mine, so plain a matter. Indifference will fence you from a laugh, decision is a thing necessary to work; nor is that, to me at least, to be attained at once." Clearly his love of Archbishop Leighton was bearing fruit. The Commentary on St Peter

[1] Edward Bickersteth, afterwards Bishop of Exeter.

was one of that "fortuitous concourse of atoms" that formed his father's library, and John had mastered it as a child. These passages apart, there is no display of religion or theology in his undergraduate correspondence. He was, it is plain, greatly attracted by Trench, to an appreciation of whose sermons he won recalcitrant friends; his missionary and patriotic instincts kindled to the work of Bishop Selwyn; he despised as absurd the proceedings of the Camden Society, at that time deeply concerned in the question of altars *v.* wooden tables; but though he was interested in all kinds of controversy, he took no forward part in any, and to quote his own confession, "the Oxford reaction never had the least influence on me[1]." Throughout his college course he was above all things φιλομαθής; and, although he looked forward to a good degree as a means of securing independence and of helping his mother, he was entirely free from examination fever. On the eve of an important University examination he writes a letter home which is totally silent as to his own chances of success and only bespeaks a fatherly interest in his younger brother and an anxiety to get back to study. "Immediately after the examination I hope to get fairly to work with Shilleto; but during it I can very well supply Joe with work to do which will prevent him from getting rusty before he gets back to Rugby." He let the news of his place in the Classical Tripos list come round to him by chance when he was out of Cambridge.

In March, 1849 he was elected fellow of St John's, and in August of that year he obtained the coveted post of lower sixth form master at Marlborough, largely through the good offices of his tutor, Bateson, who was a personal friend of Mr Wilkinson. The school had reached 500, the limit of its capacity and of its charter; new buildings, including the chapel, had been erected and were in use; but the four years

[1] Cp. *The Eagle*, xxiii. 106.

that Mayor spent there are the gloomiest in its history. He saw the "great rebellion" of 1851, which dislodged the headmaster and nearly destroyed the school; but beyond a humourous expression of fear lest he should be blown up by some adventurous Guy Fawkes—fireworks were the main artillery of the mutineers—no extant letter of his refers to that crisis. His correspondence, however, speaks plainly of the deplorable want of discipline that led up to it—the incompetence of many of the masters, the drinking, smoking, and lying of the elder boys, the greed and gossip of the younger. And he had experience of all ages. Besides his sixth form work he had three hours a week with a low form whose interest he managed to awaken by dint of a method all his own, getting scraps for retranslation from Boethius "or some other author new to me" Englished on the spot, and driving "impositions" out by eager work[1]. Whatever may have been the general effect of these experiments, he certainly left a deep mark on a few pupils of the better sort, and if once he succeeded in kindling the divine fire in a boy, it was most intense and quite inextinguishable. Some of those whom he helped still remember him with gratitude. One, upon whom he expended infinite and tender pains, writes, "Until I knew him, I did not know what scholarship was....If only I had learnt to imitate his character, to be simple, laborious, and good as he was." Another says: "To any boy who had any literary taste or feeling, he was an admirable teacher. It delighted him to get that boy up to his room; to open to him the wonders of the Greek and Latin writers; to declaim, translate, explain, and illustrate" (later pupils of his at St John's will recognize the authentic touch). "And when that boy left his room, after an hour of such communion with Virgil or Homer, Horace or Herodotus, he felt that, great as were the delights of sports and games, there were other joys,

[1] Cp. *First Greek Reader*, p. xxxiii.

very different in kind, but not less delightful, locked up in those old books of which this strange teacher held the key." The fame of these friendly conferences spread. The parent of a boy not in his class wrote asking Mayor to admit his hopeful son to his lectures *gratis*, "so he underlined the word. However I shall get off for the present on the plea that I don't wish to offend the master with whom he now is, and that I have now under me more than twice as many boys as I can accommodate at my 'lectures.'"

But candour compels the admission that his work was unsatisfactory with a form of 20 to 25 boys, whom, from want of touch and want of sympathy, he could neither inspire nor control. Lover of children as he always was, he could not take up naturally with ordinary boy life, and he was incapable of feigning what he did not feel. He was uneasy to find Cotton's new masters entering "much more than the others (or than I) think desirable into the pursuits of the boys; not cricket only, but football, and even debating. It can only foster conceit in boys when they are encouraged to spout before and against their betters on points of politics or literature of which they are profoundly ignorant; and a boy must have an unusual store of innate modesty who is not spoilt by such displays." And although he was kindness itself and would not willingly have hurt a mouse, he applauded the cane as a means to order, and prophesied disaster from its disuse. Schoolmastering indeed was not his vocation, and he knew it. In the middle of his Marlborough career he was urged to stand for the headship of a grammar school; but he feared failure. "I should always feel so much stronger an interest in the intellectual improvement of my school than in anything else, that I am afraid order and discipline would not be very strictly enforced." So he stuck to his subordinate post, winning the confidence of the new headmaster, and rejoicing in the happy accomplishment of some needed reforms.

But he longed for a niche where he could read more and with more helps, and the call to return to St John's which came in 1853, although it meant a serious pecuniary loss, was to him a message of release. Yet he had found time at Marlborough to keep up his French, Italian, and German, and to edit Juvenal. The book appeared early in his last year there, and concerning it he confessed himself "pretty well satisfied...as far as the research goes,...but the form of the notes is as awkward, as awkward can be. I ought to have six good months of constant filing and polishing before I could be content with it; however, if students find it useful, I shall not greatly care for the snarling of *nice* critics.... I shall not much care if only I can succeed in winning the approbation of the 'doctor' and of a few other scholars." The epithet which he applies to the notes of the first edition, ranged at the foot of the page, applies rather to those of the second, in which they were relegated to a separate volume and printed *teutonice*; and the twenty years that intervened between the two editions were not devoted to the file but to further accumulation of illustrative matter which did indeed make an edition "complete, for the use of scholars" out of what was originally intended for schoolboys. But in this school book written by the young man of 28, all the principles that directed his learned energy for 60 years are plainly seen. His chief concern was the history and use of words, and not literary criticism; he presents facts and authorities rather than opinions and results; the genius of Juvenal and of the other Roman satirists is ruled away as a subject alien to his purpose. A plea is put in for the Stoics and the neglected "silver age" authors in an enlarged scheme of classical education. Another 25 years and the writer will be heard claiming the whole range of Latin literature, including the Christian fathers, as the classical student's proper field[1]. It must be admitted

[1] See below, p. 133.

that his zeal for language closed his eyes to the literary insignificance of the later Western Empire, and the young students to whom he was wont to commend Lactantius had not his own familiarity with Lactantius's greater master, Cicero.

He left Marlborough late in September 1853, and in order to put to best advantage the period between the packing of his books and his final departure he determined that his farewell to the "fellows" should take the form of advice about reading, etc., "for though they may not much relish a lecture, they may be more disposed to heed it when it is the last."

II

Cambridge held out prospects of varied usefulness everywhere: "in our college above all there seems a determination to use all endowments to make the University what it once was and may be again, the leader of thought and great authority in science and literature throughout the country, and above all, to make it a training school for a learned clergy[1]." The vision of the great past and the dream of the great future of Cambridge and of St John's henceforth possessed him. Thus, while he was always wanting to compile a history of the church as told by the authors, pagan and Christian, of the first three centuries, yet it was the story of Cambridge in the seventeenth century as illustrated by the lives of her quiet students, that at once engaged him on his return to his true home. And, looking forward as well as back, he was

[1] "Stupor mundi clerus anglicanus" was his adopted device, even in an age when there were few besides himself to whom it could apply. It is the burthen of his latest letters and public utterances. Shortly before his death he spoke for two hours to an undergraduate audience on the way in which the country clergy ought to use their leisure.

generously disposed towards all changes in college or University statutes that seemed to promise learning greater freedom. He welcomed the removal, in 1856, of local restrictions on scholarships and fellowships as a step "which will put us on a level with Trinity in every respect," and in 1859 he stood with Adam Sedgwick and Hort against Lightfoot for the abolition of religious tests[1]. How far ahead he looked may be gathered from the short way with prize scholars and fellows which he suggested to the Commissioners of 1878. He would only let stipend accompany status when the money was clearly needed for work's sake, and he would require every fellow to spend a year of study abroad within three years of his election under pain of forfeiture[2]. On the other hand he stoutly resisted attacks upon "our fundamental law of celibacy," foreseeing "a tribe of pauper wives and children begging for promotion for their husbands or fathers. Sons would be jobbed into scholarships and fellowships, and much of the simplicity of manners and freedom of intercourse which form the great charm of University life, would disappear." It is only fair to add that none was more glad than he that this gloomy forecast came to nothing. Indeed the past rather than the future was his proper sphere, and he was more at home with the founders of his college than with University reformers.

In the College Muniment Room his curiosity found free play and full reward. The researches which he records in his Commemoration Sermon of 1902[3], and which bore further fruit in editions of Bishop Fisher's English Works, Baker's History of the College and Richard of Cirencester's *Speculum historiale* (in the Rolls Series), were no merely antiquarian or patriotic pastime. "Every day that I read in the original records of

[1] See below, p. 146 f., and cp. *Life of Hort*, ii. 95.

[2] See *A Letter to the University of Cambridge Commissioners*, 1878.

[3] Cp. *The Eagle*, xiv. p. 309.

our history convinces me that there is a battle for the truth to be fought not less by 'bookworms' than by missionaries or scripture readers. Our history, if it were but truly told, is more interesting than any romance, and would do much to wear off the asperities of our party strife. Within the week (he was to be ordained priest on March the 7th, 1857) I am going to take upon myself new obligations to love and serve truth; I cannot look back without feeling that of mere knowledge I have not the tenth part of what I might have, and that very much of my hours of study has been lost; our hours of amusement are so wholly and always." And just a year before, he had written on his birthday (28 January 1856): "Often when I think how miserably my time is frittered away I am ready to look upon my books as a huge imposture, and to throw over all existing engagements in order to apply to some one study for my life, whereby I might indeed do my part towards a true history of our church and country." He never ceased to love and serve truth; but it must be admitted that with all his good will and marvellous powers as editor and commentator, he was no historian. He lacked the constructive gift. Even when a "Life" was required for his edition of Pliny's *Letters*, Book III (1880), he was fain to call in a friend, Mr G. H. Rendall, to do it. So his Church History remained unwritten. His real bent, of which the *Juvenal* had given a glimpse, was further revealed by two elaborate, yet to some extent popular, articles on Latin-English lexicography in the *Journal of Classical and Sacred Philology* launched by him with the help of Lightfoot and Hort in 1854[1]. He set out to describe the great Latin lexicons from which he himself had learnt, to trace the line of English works "which once trained our English youth in sound Latin, and may yet train them and their modern

[1] The *Journal* was suspended after 1860, but was revived in 1868 and still flourishes under the title of *Journal of Philology*.

teachers in racy, home-spun mother-English," and to examine critically Dr Smith's recent lexicon. This last threat was not carried out. Dr Smith disarmed him by handsomely retracting his aspersion of Scheller's lexicon, which Mayor had bought with his prize money at school and valued as "one of the most honest books ever made, and the author a truly brave and honest fellow." But Mayor, though he held his hand this time, never forgave what he termed the *πάντολμος ἀμαθία* of Freund and "his tail," "who introduced into lexicography the system of bluff, and sprinkles his 'rare,' 'only here' broadcast out of a pepper-box." His pet instance was *adiutorium*, "declared by Freund and Co. to be rare. It occurs in many silver age writers, 39 times in the Vulgate, very often in Ambrose, Augustine, Cassian and the medical writers, Theodorus Priscianus and Caelius Aurelianus." It is lamentable that the knowledge by virtue of which he exercised the right to expose hundreds and thousands of blunders in other men's dictionaries was never put to account in a great constructive enterprise[1]. If the loose statistics of which he complained "could only be justified by the work of many contributors dividing the whole field of Latinity, down at least to Jerome, among them," he might at any rate have led the army and laid the lines for their operations. What could not have been accomplished by a man who confessed to owning *inter alia* five copies of "Andrews" (the margins black with MS references) "which I use to collect examples in, but I do not go to it as an authority." Fifty years after his articles in the *Journal* he writes to a friend: "I intend to go on a crusade against these blind guides, and (to make a beginning)

[1] The story of Mr Henry Nettleship's vain endeavour to secure Mayor's collaboration in a Latin-English Dictionary, and of the Oxford scholar's heroic attempt to carry through the undertaking single-handed, may be read in Mrs Nettleship's *Memoirs* of her husband, prefixed to the *Lectures and Addresses, Second Series* (Oxford, 1895).

have offered to give two hours' talk to London schoolmasters about Latin lexicography." His last and most successful effort of this kind was in 1910 when he visited his old school, Shrewsbury, and poured out his heart to both masters and boys.

He had been ordained deacon in 1855 and priest (as we have seen) in 1857. Remembering that Donne after several years of severe study doubted whether he was qualified for Orders in point of knowledge, and lamenting the low estimate in which theological studies were held, thanks to "the extreme laxity of our bishops and the carelessness of most of our clergy," Mayor had determined to devote himself to theological reading, keeping classics subsidiary thereto. Indeed he never neglected theology—"Probably half my books," he wrote in 1902, "were theological"—and when he was offered an honorary degree at Glasgow in 1901 he chose to be D.D. rather than LL.D., to the pride and pleasure of the divinity faculty there.

But very soon after his ordination we find him taking up Dutch, partly for its own sake, but chiefly because he is going to work at classics again, and "some valuable journals are in Dutch[1]." By May, 1859, he was sufficiently familiar with the language, as he proved to his own satisfaction by attending service in the Dutch Church in Austin Friars, to venture on a trip to Holland. He was delighted with the country and

[1] It is worth noting that his zeal for Dutch, though it landed him in difficulties with the authorities of the University Library who thought he was putting too much Dutch theology upon its shelves, had the support of Henry Bradshaw. In a letter written to him on 3 May 1859 (C. U. L. MSS. Add. 4602), Bradshaw says: "I hope very much that you will be able to persuade the Syndics to-morrow to buy the Dutch *Mercuries*....Dutch is not a language perhaps which many would take up for light reading, and *therefore* many persons cannot see why Dutch books should be bought, whereas in truth any one engaged in historical researches could as easily make use of works in Dutch as in most of the languages of Western Europe."

people and speedily acclimatized himself, as the following letter to his mother shews: "Sloterdijk, 1 mile from Amsterdam. (Letters to be sent to Amsterdam, Poste Restante.) You will be surprised to hear that here in this strange land and above all in this quiet little village I am in a fair way of getting more notoriety than I ever enjoyed or suffered from in my life before. Certainly I never before was mentioned in the public prints twice in one week. How? Why? What? You shall hear. On Whitmonday I preached at the English Episcopal Church here for Mr Jamieson the chaplain, who has been very kind to me, while he was absent at Utrecht, and my name (as you shall see when I return) duly appeared in the 'Domine Briefje' or List of Preachers. (All ministers are here Domines, with a long O.) The second occasion was a bit of an adventure for a life so still as mine. Perhaps I had better begin from the beginning and tell you that my friend Mr Barford, the Norwegian merchant (with whom I am on the best of terms and have the run of his house), brought me over on Saturday to Sloterdijk to call on mijn Heer Domine Calkoen the pastor of this village. Sloterdijk is a village exactly a mile from the outskirts of Amsterdam on the Haarlem road, canal, and railroad (all 3 run parallel). It is approached by a perfectly flat road, enlivened however by an avenue of trees on both sides of the footpath, and by a multitude of 'buiten-plaatteni' ('outplaces,' little country houses to which the townsmen resort for tea and pure air). You will rejoice to hear that I thus walk to and fro at least 4 miles a day, besides the long walks in the town. The village itself lies on the ridge of a horse-shoe shaped dyke, which protects it from the overflow of the river or rather estuary, of the Zuider Zee (ui pronounced like our 'eye'). It contains about 550 inhabitants of the Reformed (i.e. Calvinistic Established) Church, and some Romanists who have no church here. Like all Dutch villages, its houses consist in great part

of brick, and there are gardens ('tuinen' our word 'towns') and summer houses to each. The pastor with whom I live has in his house 3 sons, one a Doctor of Theology who is just named his assistant on a salary of 300 florins or £125, though he is a man of high education and a very good fellow; another son who is at the 'kantoor' (a Dutch way of spelling 'comptoir') in Amsterdam, and a pleasant lad of 9 or 10, Hendrik, who is a great pet of mine and has this moment come into the room to look for something. There is also Mevrow the wife, and two daughters (whom one ought to call 'jonge Juffrow,' but I don't give them any title) and whom it is forbidden to shake by the hand. There are also married sons and daughters. One daughter married to an Amsterdam 'Domine' I have seen with 4 or 5 of her six children, and have just brought home a magnet angle and iron-snouted fish for 'die jongen.' The rest of the family are two maids, one the queerest little thing in her high cap. They have all a great notion that an Englishman must be very luxurious and that every man must eat 5 or 6 times a day or at least drink 'een kopje thee.' So much for the establishment: you will readily conceive that living thus in the midst of rural life and being on the most friendly footing (as you may well imagine when you shall have heard my tale) with the whole family, I have such opportunities of learning the language and manners of the people as others who have lived 20 years in the towns do not acquire.

"Now for the story. About 4 or 4½ ('half fijf,' as they say here) we were seated at table and I had successfully parried perpetual invitations to eat more meat and vegetables, and to drink more wine than I had a mind to, when a cry was raised that a house in the village was on fire. I sallied out with Hendrik and the elder son (the other being in town), and saw a house smoking and helped to get to the water a clumsy village fire-engine and then to work it, making a grievous

rent (which I have just been botching up) in a new pair of trousers during the process. The engine was so bad, the wind so strong, the houses so dry and full of combustibles, and the day so fine, that the fire gained strength apace. So I turned my attention to clearing out the houses, bawling in my best Dutch, "All must come out!" and so on, and removing benches, mirrors, beds, chests of drawers, kettles, and all manner of things. The people seemed to have no notion of pulling down a house nor even of taking off the shutters and window frames. I called for a crowbar, and then for a poker, and got two of the paltry little things with which in England we rake out stoves. However a carpenter came with axe and heavy hammer, and we managed to make somewhat of a clearance. I must have saved £40 or £50 worth of goods, unless some were carried away by the silly by-standers, to a neighbouring house which afterwards burnt with all its own and with many strange goods. After getting well tired I went to the parsonage for a glass of beer and a flannel jacket, and took advantage of the pause to start a subscription by giving the Domine a note for 60 florins (about 5 guineas), and received hearty shakes of the hand from some of the weeping women who had taken refuge in the parsonage. By half-past nine the fire was under command, but 23 houses perished (most of which with the effects were insured), and as the baker's house was burnt with the rest, my money came in handy for getting bread from Amsterdam for the sufferers. It was very pleasant to see the friendly feeling between the people and their pastor. Wine or beer or tea and pipes were ready for all who came till near twelve o'clock, and many were lodged here, and others in the church. To-day there is a notice of the fire in the paper giving great credit to me for my work and my money. The only thing I have lost in the bustle is a pair of trousers, which will I hope fall to the lot of some one who needs it more. It was touching to hear

some poor folks who had lost their all, lament most of all their dog and cat, and of all my work what pleased me best was to rescue a poor bird in a cage."

In contrast with this agitated scene we may set an account of a quiet day in Cambridge which illustrates his character and home tastes as they were at the time and ever afterwards. "I have been largely occupied since I came up: indeed I find that the notion of doing one's duty as it comes in one's way, if calling upon freshmen and lionizing strangers form any part of it, is likely to leave me little time for study, though it certainly takes off one's thoughts entirely from oneself, so that I held forth to my lecture room for an hour without any nervousness upon the benefits of a thorough study of original authors, instead of painful cramming of compendiums, and can interest the men more than ever I did before, since my first years at Marlborough. I find every day that everybody except noisy professors is much better and wiser than I had any notion of. A descendant of the Ferrar family called on me yesterday and I shewed them over the colleges etc. and was surprised to find that, though plain people, both husband and wife delighted in Bacon and Barrow, in Thorwaldsen and Rembrandt, in talking of the condition of the poor and the harm done by charities and schools which make the poor beggars and teach them to throw off parental responsibility from themselves to the school teachers; indeed no better testimony could be had to the simple truth of Maurice's lectures than the fact that they find an echo in every unpretending mind. Above all I was delighted that the Trinity walks appeared 'like fairy land'; and indeed the glorious tints of the horse-chesnuts, of every shade from deep orange to green, lit up by a noonday sun under such a clear sky as we seldom enjoy here, made one long to have a great painter to sketch it. Talk of travelling! If a man will but open his eyes and ears in

spring or autumn, Cambridge with its nightingales and trees is as grand a place as any poet could wish to live in. And then the libraries open their wide arms summer and winter; no 'summer friends' they." It was always so. As long as he lectured in college, whether to poll or honours men, he always began with a history of the college and a list of the best books; as long as he trod the courts of Cambridge, he was eager to point out their beauties to visitors and freshmen.

There was another side to his interests, indicated by the reference to Maurice in this last letter, which throws into singular relief the student's life. He awoke to the value of work among the poor. In 1855 he writes to his mother: "I find to my astonishment how much I have lost by keeping aloof from the poor 'who are always with us.' Such patience, such simple trust, such racy humour, I have never witnessed, and it is something to know that you are always welcome. Besides I learn many lessons for the lecture-room from the poor outcasts of the ragged school. And their affection to one another and their master, their industry and humility, seem like things of another world." He develops the theme at greater length in another letter. "I have made a regular practice (if four days can establish a practice) of visiting the Industrial School and teaching reading, writing, divinity, or whatever comes uppermost; and certainly never learnt so much in my life as from these poor ragged fellows, not a few of whom have seen the inside of a prison. One day for instance they were reading a book about cow-keeping, and there were a number of long Latin compounds which I had to analyse in order to shew them the meaning of the parts. So the lesson was a lesson in Latin. Then 'surtout' came in, which made it a lesson in French. Then 'short commons,' which supplied the text for a lesson in university manners, and in the need we had of hard-working men, so that if they would work hard we should find room for them. Then 'Kerry'

and 'Kyle' cows led to geography, but they had no maps of Great Britain or Ireland. Here money might do something, so five shillings was spent in maps which the master is to frame. The boys' definitions are so racy, smacking so strongly of our true mother-tongue, that the poor would seem to be, coordinately with our great authors, the true well of English undefiled, at which they who are weary of newspaper and review 'fine writing' may slake their thirst. Another day I taught writing and found my old blue-coat experience come in handy[1]. Then I took a reading in poetry, choosing a piece on 'November,' it being a raw November day. After they had spelt out some thirty lines, and been questioned upon them, I began, having but a few minutes to spare before lecture, to read with proper intonation and regard to rhythm, so far as I am master of those accomplishments. At first the boys plainly thought that I was putting off a joke upon them, and began, in sheer good-humoured ignorance, to titter. However I bore up under the ridicule, and a wonderful change came over them as they listened for the first time to the modulations of the voice and the music of verse. Their looks replied to the changing sense, as Nymph Echo, only less fitfully; and I learnt what 'education' means. Then to-day talking with the master, a most excellent fellow[2], I found that a boy, whose gentle sweet expression and happy innocent way had caught my attention, was of 'a rough family' in Barnwell, 'the very sink of vice.' The poor fellow had been for three years at the school, and seemed to feel for his master as a son for his father: sometimes he had got him a decent place, but he begged his mother to let him go

[1] Calligraphy was the only art he learnt at Christ's Hospital.

[2] Mr Richard Boning. On his most valuable work, see Rawnsley's *Life of Harvey Goodwin*, pp. 67 ff. and an article by Harvey Goodwin, entitled "Annals of an Industrial School" in Macmillan's *Magazine* for May, 1860.

back to school, with tears in his eyes as he spoke. Once he got him a place, four shillings a week, at the gas works, but the poor fellow, who is neatness itself, was disturbed that he could never make himself clean. 'Besides, master, you don't know what I hear.' 'No good, I dare say, my poor fellow,' says the master, 'for indeed (to me) they are a rough lot.' The boy seems intended for a shoemaker, for he is never altogether happy except when cobbling. So I am negotiating to get him a place, which is not so easy as you might think, and will advance a premium which the young fellow must repay as he can. As for charity, it is worse than useless 'except to the fatherless and widow, who cannot repay you.' I had no notion before I took up this business, how many people I stand in relations to, and how little need there is for an Arab feeling. In fact the contact with the poor seems to make one at home with every one. To-day at the Vice-Chancellor's wine party on taking office I happened to be next him (Whewell), and talked to him as familiarly as I ever did to any one, though till now I have fought very shy of him. He seemed to have some fears of the Senate against the heads, which I hope I did something to dispel, and dropped some hints which he seemed really glad of about the University Library. But you will be tired of my talking of myself, and indeed I must turn to something less egotistical."

III

So, with college and social work, with unremitting study and literary enterprises manifold, the time ran on till 1864, a date which marks an epoch in our story. Mayor's Librarianship, from '64 to '67, is the passage of his life perhaps least known to the present generation. It is ancient history to-day, and he did not often recur to it in conversation; yet no other experience of his is more characteristic of the man, nor

exhibits more plainly his merits and his failures—his entire disinterestedness, his independence, his generosity, his sagacity, his frenzy of work, and, on the other hand, his stubborn pursuit of crotchets which might be reasonable in theory, but which did not help business.

The Public Library in 1864 needed a strong Head. The present Syndicate of 16 elected members in place of the 70 officials to whose perfunctory management the Library had been entrusted for a century, was then barely 10 years old. The University indeed had never treated the Library or the Librarian as they deserved, and when the chance came, Mayor determined at the cost of his own work to attempt the task of raising both to a position of respect. Upon Mr Power's retirement he offered himself as his successor, and was elected without opposition. Personal ambition had no place in his mind. He simply thought that he could, better than anyone else, serve the cause of learning at the Library, and for this he was ready to sacrifice himself and the friends, publishers and editors, to whom he was deeply pledged.

He was well fitted for the post. Apart from his learning and love of books, he had specially qualified himself by serving on the new Syndicate and by a careful study of the theory of library management at home and abroad. He now set himself to translate theory into practice with unexampled zeal. He was at the Library each day when the staff arrived. "In the quiet hour from 9 to 10, the only time we can call our own, the business of the day is arranged; the binders come, each on his respective morning; letters are read and answered. ...All persons who come to see the Library, unless they claim it as a right, I conduct myself, telling them, if they remonstrate, that it is necessary for the sake of discipline. In particular I have thought it my duty to shew all courtesy to my fellow-townsmen. My time has not been lost; people go away with more respect for the place, and many donations

of books are due to visitors....Last year I wrote upwards of 2000 titles, chiefly of books released from their 150 years' exile in the star classes....In June 1864, about 2 waggon loads of books and tracts from a lumber room and from every store room, were roughly sorted by some of the assistants, my secretary and myself. All serials were collected, tied up in bundles and registered; but the single pieces, amounting to many thousands, I have no means of cataloguing. With 2 new assistants I could go through the whole, sort out the few valuable pieces for binding, and enter the rest in the slip catalogue....Many books in the south room had rotted away; skirting now protects them from the damp wall. In the royal library, the tops of the cases, before treacherous nests of vermin, are now safe platforms, convenient for many purposes; the cases themselves, for 150 years supposed to be full, have yielded space for about 9000 books from the star classes....Mr Smith and I are now on our second round through the royal library and the east room, examining whether a book is a duplicate, whether it will bind with its neighbour, and whether that is a duplicate....Every duplicate sold has passed about 6 times under my eyes; the copy kept by us has in every case been collated throughout, often by me....One-fifth of our books [i.e. of duplicates] were transferred at once to the British Museum; the rest have gone for the most part to American public libraries[1]."

The result was a life and stir in the Library such as that institution had never known before. But there were points in Mayor's administration that invited the criticism of practical men. It was right that the Librarian should have large powers to buy and bind books; but Mayor exceeded in three months his statutory allowance for the year. It is right to part with duplicates; but Mayor sold hundreds at ridiculously low prices. It would be right, in starting a new library, to

[1] *Statement made to the Syndics of the Library*, 7 March 1866.

adopt a continuous numeration of the classes, and Arabic numerals offer the most obvious and convenient system. But when Mayor insisted on renumbering all the classes in an already crowded collection, he threw a burden on the slender, overworked staff which it could not well bear, though he was ready to do more than his share and altered many of the entries with his own hand, and he caused a flutter among the frequenters of the place who knew their way about the shelves. On all these points there were differences of opinion felt and expressed between the Librarian and the Syndics. But the actual cause of his resignation after three years' toil with only eight days' holiday was the attitude of the Senate. A special syndicate (against which Mayor had protested from the first on the ground that the Library deserved separate treatment) had been appointed to investigate the general question of capitation taxes and their appropriation, and had recommended early in 1866 that the old Library tax of 6*s.* a head should be commuted for an annual payment from the Chest of £2500 *plus* £1000 towards a building fund. Mayor felt that as the tax was a steady and steadily growing source of income, the Library would suffer rather than gain by this commutation. He knew he could not supply its wants nor increase its staff unless he had the tax, and a tax increased to 10*s.* a head throughout the University.

His Syndicate were by no means unanimous in their support of him in this matter and he resigned. There is perhaps a note of disappointment in the letter with which, on 11 Nov. 1866, he apprized his friend and colleague, Henry Bradshaw, of his intention[1]; his letter to the Senate three months later is admirable in its simple dignity. To Bradshaw he says: "It seems right that you should now know what I had not intended to communicate to any one in the library until I should announce it publicly. Macmillan, to whom my tenure

[1] This letter is preserved in the Registry of the University.

of the librarianship involves a loss of at least £100 a year, appeared to have a right to my confidence from the first. In May 1864, when I ceased the printing of *Juvenal*, I told him that I would relinquish the library and return to his service when I thought I could in justice to the University and without dishonour....Clay, who has had just cause to complain of me, has also known for a year or more that I considered library work incompatible with publishing engagements. Pierotti[1] for more than a year, and the library since, have not left me time to clear off more than a few sheets for the Antiquarian Society and the Baker Catalogue[2], the last of which I should never have completed if my power to purchase and to bind had not been taken away. I need not speak of Archdeacon Cotton's[3] or Lord Romilly's[4] claims upon me. Maitland's[5] and Cooper's[6] deaths, the last more

[1] Dr G. Pierotti, a Sardinian, architect-engineer to the Pasha of Jerusalem, who identified many sites in the Holy City, and attracted a good deal of attention in England and especially in Cambridge about this time. Mayor gave him help in producing *Jerusalem Explored*, 1864, translated by Dr T. G. Bonney.

[2] In the Catalogue of MSS. preserved in the Library of the University of Cambridge (1867), v. 193–567.

[3] The Archdeacon of Cashell had made transcripts of a collection of papers connected with Bedell, to which Mayor added others and went to press with them in 1866. But all that came of it was the *Life* of Bedell by his son (1871).

[4] Lord Romilly, Master of the Rolls, for whom Mayor was engaged upon his edition of Richard of Cirencester. See below p. xlii.

[5] S. R. Maitland died at Gloucester on 19 January, 1866. Mayor's connexion with him, which was very close, began apparently about 1849. "I am glad to find," he writes to his mother, "that Baker's notes are being properly appreciated: Maitland, to whom I had sent...one or two corrections of his mistakes in his *Essays on the Reformation*, wrote to me the other day to tell me that he was very thankful to see them, and that they are invaluable."

[6] C. H. Cooper, Town-clerk of Cambridge, author of the *Annals of Cambridge* and the *Athenae Cantabrigienses*, to whom Mayor dedicated

particularly by making my collections useless, seem to call me to devote what time I can to the history of the church and of learning. Nor do I think the prospects of classical learning in England so bright that any man who has read carefully and extensively can be willing to remain silent for life while 'science militant' carries all before it. I cannot make up my mind to put my collections into Macmillan's hands, that he may employ some drudge to put them into shape. For these reasons, and because I was sure from the first that to place the librarian's office on a firm basis I must be able to say 'Whatever is done will not affect me,' I told the subsyndicate appointed to draw up the paper I gave you this morning, that I proposed to resign office at Christmas. However as that would be inconvenient, and some time will be required for drawing up the various forms mentioned in the report, I think now of holding on till February 26, on which day three years ago I was elected.

"Enough time will have elapsed since Campion's 'row[1]' to shew that I do not act from transient pique; and the university will probably be inclined to take a more favourable view of my services than it does now, or indeed than they deserve; all which will tend to procure a hearing for the wants of the library....I think my exact observance of the statutable term of residence will prove the folly of the statute; I confess that, not having left Cambridge for eight days consecutively for near three years, I am hungry for a summer abroad. In talking of myself, I have left myself no room to

his *Matthew Robinson*, had died in March, 1866. Mayor equally deplored the backwardness of the University to honour by a degree during his lifetime a man who "has adorned our Sparta as no gownsman has done," and the failure of the attempt to raise money by public subscription for a memorial of him after his death. The bust of Cooper which is now in the Free Library was procured and paid for by Mayor himself.

[1] I cannot discover to what this refers.

speak both of your generosity in leaving the field open to me in 1864, and of the ready help which you have given me all along. Without you I should have thrown up my post in disgust long ago; now I hope by my retirement to do more for the library than I have done by work in it[1]."

Here is what he wrote to the Senate on Feb. 26: "In resigning into your hands the trust which you confided to me three years ago, I beg to assure you that I shall always retain a lively sense of your favour, and be ready to serve the University in any way, so far as other duties leave me leisure and opportunity. Engagements of long standing, the pressure of which has, by no act of mine, been of late greatly increased, make it impossible for me any longer to devote to the business of the library either the time or the undivided interest which are necessary to an honest discharge of the duties of your librarian."

[1] To-day at least the University knows the worth of his labours. This is what the Library Syndicate say in their report for 1910: "With Professor Mayor's tenure of the office the organization of the Library on modern principles may be said to have begun. Bradshaw, writing in 1882, said of Mayor's librarianship that 'an enormous increase of life and vigour, inspired by his energy, found its way into every branch of the work of the library,' and a study of the memorandums and pamphlets which Mayor printed for the information of the Syndicate at this early period, as a member of the Syndicate and afterwards as Librarian, shews how thoroughly he understood the nature of the problems which lay before him and also the difficulties with which he would have to contend. Some of the reforms for which he fought are even now being slowly carried through. In chronicling the death of a former Librarian and expressing their sense of the loss which the University generally has sustained, the Syndicate desire to emphasise their continued gratitude for Mayor's reforming energy at a most critical time and their recognition of the lasting value of his influence."

IV

Mayor used his recovered freedom in a brave attempt to discharge his literary engagements. What he could not bring himself to finish was the larger edition of his Juvenal, which was ten years in the press and did not appear till 1878. Readers of Alexander Macmillan's *Life* will remember the letter of 6 July 1875; and never did publisher essay more winningly to fix a wayward author to his task.

> "It is well to be off with the old love
> Before you take up with the new.

Think of keeping that oldest, best and beautifullest of all your loves waiting at the door while you dandle a wretched German interloper on your knee. Fye, you perversest of Professors[1]." But he completed for the Rolls Series his edition of Richard of Cirencester (1863–69), with a preface fixing the forgery of the *De situ Britanniae* on its eighteenth-century editor, Charles Bertram of Copenhagen. He brought out Thomas Baker's *History of St John's College* in a form which is the model and the despair of all academic historians. He added a volume (a short *Life of William Bedell*)[2] to his "Cambridge in the seventeenth century," which already included *Two Lives of Nicholas Ferrar* (1855) and the *Autobiography of Matthew Robinson* (1856), and inaugurated a new series, "Cambridge under Queen Anne." Of this the *Life of Ambrose Bonwicke* (1870) is the only volume published. The accounts of visits to England made by Frans Burman and Z. C. von Uffenbach in 1702 and 1710 were annotated, printed off, bound in two volumes (of which vol. i ended with a comma and vol. ii with a hyphen) and given to a few friends

[1] *Life and Letters of A. Macmillan* (1910), p. 330. The "German interloper" was the *Bibliographical Clue to Latin Literature*, founded upon Hübner, which Mayor issued in 1875.

[2] See above p. xxxix, n. 3.

but never put into general circulation[1]. He also lectured with renewed zeal—to his college classes which he had not neglected even during the strenuous years at the Library, and to women students, whose higher education had no warmer advocate[2]. It may be doubted whether the gift of lecturing was native to him, but he was always happy in the exercise of it even for the benefit of "poll men," who found in him an unexpected champion. "During the last eighteen years I have lectured to students of this class almost every term, and...some of the most intelligent pupils I ever had were among them; men who would start as from the 'cold snake' from any unscholarlike nostrum." These words were written in 1871, when the question of "compulsory Greek" was first raised. Mayor spoke with no uncertain voice. He would have no soft option for Greek such as French or German, which could be picked up abroad in childhood. If other languages were to be offered, "Hebrew, Sanskrit, Arabic, Italian might put in a claim." The debate, renewed in 1891 and 1905, always found him on the same side, and his pamphlets *Mutato Nomine* and *An Infant School* are the fairest medals of the victorious party. It is indeed somewhat difficult to reconcile what he said in the first of these flysheets, that "modern languages ought not to be taught in higher schools at all, much less here, but learnt at home[3]," with his demand in 1869 for chairs of Italian, French and English literature[4].

[1] The Cambridge Antiquarian Society will shortly publish the completed work, together with an index and an introduction by the Provost of King's.

[2] His *Latin Accidence* and *Latin Exercises* (1870) were composed expressly for the ladies.

[3] It must be remembered that French, the only foreign modern language taught in schools during Mayor's childhood, was not well taught. Concerning it, he writes to Robert Mayor in 1840: "I am very little improved since coming to these schools, as the master is not considered at all a good one."

[4] Cp. *Cambridge University Gazette*, 12 May 1869.

In 1872 he was chosen to succeed his friend Munro in the chair founded to commemorate Dr Kennedy's head mastership of Shrewsbury School. The topic of his first lecture as Professor of Latin was the author who first brought him fame (Juvenal, *Satire* x), but what may be regarded as his inaugural discourse was a set of three lectures on the choice of books useful to the student of Juvenal and Tacitus. Throughout his long tenure of the office he kept steadily to the same round of subjects—Juvenal, Martial, Seneca, the younger Pliny, Tertullian, Minucius Felix, with occasional excursions into Plautus, Terence, Quintilian, Ausonius, and Lactantius. In 1876 he discoursed to theological students on Bede *H. E.* iii and iv, and published his notes with the help of Dr Lumby, and in 1905 he gave one lecture on pseudo-Richard of Cirencester.

His manner of lecturing is preserved in a reminiscent article by an undergraduate, who formed *sibi soli* the Professor's penultimate class, in the Easter Term of 1910[1]. "To hear him speak, to hear him quote, not only Greek and Latin, but French, German, Italian, Cingalese (he treated me to several autobiographical reminiscences) and, if I remember aright, Hebrew[2], with as much naturalness, as little fuss, as if he were quoting the *Times* of that morning, startled me until his encyclopaedic references and the wide range and fulness of his quotations became a commonplace. Then the rare gift he displayed of investing apparent *minutiae* with a large meaning, of laying bare the vital and essential importance that was attached to them, made one often wonder if the modern contempt of what are often misnamed pedantries

[1] He lectured again in the Michaelmas Term to a solitary M.A. The subject announced was Minucius Felix; but at the suggestion of his auditor, who had heard him before on this writer, he changed it in a twinkling to Seneca's *Epistles*.

[2] This is not likely. Cp. "I...blush at myself for knowing Moses and Isaiah only at second hand." *Mutato Nomine*, p. 2.

merit the vogue it receives....More than once would he devote a great part of the hour to explaining the fundamental difference between such words as *condicio* and *conditio*, and to castigating Lewis and Short for their ubiquitous and criminal carelessness....In his introductory remarks on Martial I well remember the concentrated sarcasm he threw at those who condemned the poet as unreadable for the tone of many of his epigrams. On the negative side he was compared to the courtier writers of the Restoration, especially the dramatists, and the imperial laureate had at least a clever wit to commend him....Even now I can hear his fervid recital of certain lines which he did not scruple to put alongside the aphorisms of the New Testament. Martial, I was told, had been a favourite author of men like Jeremy Taylor, which was sufficient guarantee of the quality of his precepts[1]." This account brings out vividly one point that raised Mayor's lectures above the ordinary, his wonderful reading of original authorities; but it does not mention what was more remarkable and more rare, the marvel of his renderings into English.

V

About the date of his election to the chair of Latin, Mayor became actively engaged in the Old Catholic movement. This supplied fresh matter for his enthusiasm and gave a new colour

[1] *The Gownsman*, Feb. 19, 1911. Cp. "Few are aware how all literature is charged with lessons of practical wisdom, how even a Martial, whose venal muse often wallows in the mire, can yet now and again soar into a purer air, giving clear and earnest utterance to thoughts and aspirations which we cannot afford to let die. For my part, in such lucid intervals, I refuse to scent hypocrisy; in my ears they echo the voice of the true and better self, breaking loose for a moment from the spell of vicious fashion." *Sound Mind in Body Sound* (1901), Preface.

to his studies. He was led to it partly by his natural hatred of anything like tyranny, partly by his historical imagination, largely by the learning and nobility of its leaders. Döllinger and Reinkens, Schulte, Reusch, and Herzog were in his eyes the spiritual offspring of the English Reformers. He saw them living through the experience of the sixteenth century, fighting the same battle for religious freedom, raising "an insurrection of Christian conscience and intellect against a besotting and withering thraldom." So he put himself gladly at their service, acting as secretary for Germany to the Anglo-Continental Society, attending congresses at Bonn, Constance, Freiburg; incessantly writing, talking, preaching in their cause. For the first time since the Reformation an English voice was heard in the Lutheran Church at Constance, uttering words of sympathy in German and in English. Of the 1873 Congress there Mayor wrote for the Society a full and accurate report, in which details, dry enough to-day, are refreshed by brilliant vignettes of the chief actors and by his own irresistible humour. Who can forget Pastor Hosemann, boycotted for his opinions by his flock? "The butcher refused to supply meat, the baker bread; only the innkeeper did not dare, with the law before his eyes, to withhold that third staff of life, the most necessary of the three to a Bavarian—beer. So the brave Pfarrer imported his bread from Munich, and set up a warren, with near 200 rabbits, to furnish his table with meat. The poor folk believed that he was doomed to everlasting perdition, and that horns were sprouting from his head. He bade them search for the diabolical ensigns with their own hands, and assured them that he had never felt his conscience so light as after his excommunication."

All Mayor's powers were put into motion for his persecuted friends. Facts and documents relating to their sufferings were collected and disseminated, their present protests were translated, former utterances germane to their case were reprinted,

sermons of his own were preached wherever opportunity offered —notably in St John's Chapel—printed and spread broadcast. That on *Luther and good works* (1883) was dedicated to Reinkens who, with Herzog, had visited Cambridge in the previous year; that on Reusch (1901) to Johann Friederich Schulte.

Constant references in his homilies on other subjects shew how full his mind was of this for 20 years. And when the star of Old Catholicism began to wane, there were other *Romfreien Kirchen* to take its place in his horizon. Lord Plunket's action in the Peninsula and his consecration of Cabrera as bishop found no more outspoken advocate than Mayor. His sermon in college on the Spanish Reformed Church (1895) was the postlude to a magnificent discourse in St Mary's. This last, too long to be read there in its entirety, was issued in book form under the title *Spain, Portugal, the Bible.* The text was passed for press in 1892; the notes were not ready till 1895. Text, notes, and preface form together the most lasting monument of his eloquence, of his generous temper and catholic sympathies. The whole man is in this little volume of 120 pages.

Then, when Italy seemed ready to follow in the steps of Germany and Spain, the friend of Reinkens and Cabrera came forward to help Campello with pen and tongue and the resources of a slender purse. Italy had a special place in his heart. His eldest sister, Mary Anna, had settled in Rome where, being herself an accomplished artist, as well as a very good woman, she had already rendered admirable service among the young art students before she directed her great gifts of heart and head towards the cause of Italian Church Reform[1]. John visited her in 1875, was taken with her work and with her friends, shared her hope of a bright future for the Italian church, and when that hope grew dim and his

[1] There are several interesting letters addressed to Miss M. A. Mayor by Lord Plunket in How's *Life of Archbishop Plunket* (1901), pp. 282 ff.

sister died, he continued to do his best for her sake and to save her labours from being wasted. He became deeply attached to Professor Cicchitti and welcomed him to England more than once, while his hand is very visible in the Liturgy published at Milan in 1903. The words that went with the wreath laid upon the grave in Cambridge on 6 December, 1910, tell what Cicchitti and the church at Milan felt for him: "Dal presidente della chiesa Riformata d' Italia, Professore Cicchitti, che con la sua famiglia, consideravano il carissimo defunto, come padre, amico, maestro e benefattore incomparabile."

VI

Besides his love of religious liberty, John Mayor had a passion for simplicity of living. This found its fullest satisfaction in membership of the Vegetarian Society which he joined in 1881, to its great advantage and his own. He told the German vegetarians, assembled in conclave at Cologne in 1889, that as a boy of thirteen he had "in quest of knowledge eschewed all animal products for a whole Lent"; now, lamenting subsequent relapses, he rejoiced to be living as Nature taught. Long before he formally forewent fish, flesh and fowl, wine, tea and coffee, he was hovering on the edge of thoroughgoing abstinence, as is seen from the following passage from a letter written in 1846 on his return to Cambridge from home: "I tried an experiment, half voluntary, half forced, this morning thinking to save my charge at the Inn[1]. I told the hostess that I would breakfast in College and called on 2 or 3 of my friends to beg; but one had gone down the day before, the others were not in, so that I had to go without: as I did not feel any inconvenience from it,

[1] Where, reaching Cambridge too late for admission to the college, he had put up, in company with a loquacious bagman.

though I had tasted nothing but your sandwiches since leaving home, I am beginning to think that breakfast may become almost as unnecessary as tea generally is."

But in 1866 he had not yet banned flesh-meat from his board. Here is an account of how the Cambridge recluse entertained his country friends in that year. "I have just seen the Gordons (or rather Mr Gordon, his nieces[1] and Miss Roffe) with 10 quire boys and men off by the train. The day was most successful. I met them with an omnibus about ten o'clock, shewed them over the press, the college gardens and library; then to lunch at one o'clock: I had provided substantial joints, having heard the fame of their appetites, and remembering how once, when I had only 'birds' and light things, and no 'piece of resistance,' I blushed for my scant provision. This time I had, for 19 in all, a haunch of mutton, a meat pie, a neck of mutton, and a good piece of rib of beef. The pie disappeared, nearly all the beef, a serious hole was made in the haunch, and Green[2] did not think the neck worth saving for me. I sent

[1] The Reverend R. A. Gordon, rector of Barley, near Royston, with whom Mayor became acquainted at the house of one of his Bickersteth cousins, Mrs Durrant. Mr Gordon is described in another letter as "a high church friend and neighbour of Emily's....Though he has been but 5 years in the parish he has nearly reclaimed it from dissent, has adult schools taught by himself, his wife and governess, and has induced some 25 adults to be baptized." The nieces in question are Miss Lindsay (afterwards Lady Temple) and her sister, with whom Mayor on his frequent visits to Barley loved to read aloud.

[2] Green, his gyp, was a great character. "My books came in to-day from Mr Mitford's sale, and contain several duplicates which I shall make over to Joe. Green, as usual, had his remarks to make. First he thought that there was no room for more; when satisfied as to that, he went on to a more searching criticism. 'German, I suppose, Sir.' 'No, Greek, most of them.' 'Oh, you're beginning to buy Greek now.' 'Not beginning; many hundreds of the books in this room are Greek.' 'Oh, I didn't know.'" From a letter of 6 January 1859.

the haunch to a very worthy fellow who had to stay behind, and sent every body away with a photograph and charmed with his day. It is wonderful to see how entirely at home, and yet how respectful, the boys are, and how naturally Mary and Laura Lindsay manage them. After lunch (at 1) they went to Trinity, where a fellow of the college shewed them everything, and then to King's, where they climbed the roof, and heard an anthem chosen expressly for them, and then after service the 'dead March in Saul' and other things. Then came tea at 6 o'clock, and then a ride in the omnibus again to the train. It is good practice in the art of dealing with men of other ranks, and also in the art of dining a large number of people. I dispersed the gentlefolk amongst the boors[1]...I put Mary next to Hessels[2], and succeeded in making the whole party anxious to know more of him. Green predicted that my rooms would never again be in order, but I put them in perfect order yesterday and this morning, and have been putting up some new shelves, so that reckoning the space gained by Hessels, who has placed two rows of books, one behind the other, I am now more at ease than I have been for years." It is quite plain that, apart from the ulterior motive of self-improvement at which one sentence in the letter hints, the whole business, meat and all, was a pleasure to his simple and generous soul.

To return to Cologne—he gave his hearers half a dozen reasons, not all of equal force, why he was a vegetarian. It was because he had learnt German early and won thereby introduction to books like Hufeland's *Makrobiotik*, Strevel's

[1] One of the Barley "boors" in question affirmed that this was the first time he had been treated like a gentleman.

[2] Mr J. H. Hessels, now of St John's College, Hon. M.A. 1884; author, among other works, of the article "Typography" in the *Encycl. Brit.* (edd. 9, 10 and 11), editor of the Archives of the London Dutch Church, etc.

Rauchhexe, Struve's *Pflanzenkost*. It was from motives of economy: "ten of us can live where one flesh-eater pure and simple must starve." It was because Nature teaches that *homo sapiens* is nearer to fruit-eating apes than flesh-eating beasts of prey. It was because "fruit and seeds uproot the drink crave." And he clinches his argument by a list of sages drawn from every epoch, than whom he could not aspire to be wiser: Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Epicurus, Masinissa, Plutarch, Seneca, Musonius, Clement, Chrysostom, Bernard, Cyrus, Decius, Fabricius, General Gordon. Not that all these were vegetable eaters, but they were vegetarians. He is, in another connexion, careful to define the word, pouring scorn on those who make it mean "eater of vegetables." "When *librarian* means an eater of books, *antiquarian* an eater of antiques, even then *vegetarian* will not, cannot mean an eater of vegetables." *Vegetarius* is one who deals with *vegeta*, and *vegetus*, according to Holyoke's *Latin Dictionary*, London, 1677, means "whole, sound, strong, quick, fresh, lively, lusty, gallant, trim, brave." Truly he answered to the definition and was a living example of the word. He found a very frugal, non-flesh diet best for his own mind and body; small wonder that he blessed it and sought to bring others to that way. He would have each friend of his ἀρτιμελῆ καὶ ἀρτίνουν like himself. "See that the boy's body is looked to; *you* can look to his mind well enough" was his parting advice to a father. The boy's speedy success and promotion as a "scout" gave him the keenest pleasure. "I am glad that Chris takes so kindly to scouting. The movement lays hold of the chivalry innate in the young."

His most important contribution to the literature of Vegetarianism is perhaps his *Modicus cibi medicus sibi* (1880), an expansion of two college sermons on Temperance and Chastity; but he wrote a host of pamphlets and addresses, some of which have been collected and published under the

title *Plain living and high thinking* (1897). His duties as President of the Vegetarian Society gave him the power and opportunity of public speech; from 1884, the year of his election, till his death he never missed an annual meeting save once, in 1909, when he strained his knee falling downstairs on the underground railway. Latterly these gatherings and short visits to the College Mission at Walworth, and to his relations at Kingston and Hampstead, were almost his only *Ausflüge*.

But though he preached his dietetic creed in season and out of season, distributing tracts[1] by handfuls and tins of farinaceous food, he never made his idiosyncracy a source of trouble to his friends. He was the easiest of guests to entertain. Of what was set before him he took what he could in conscience and left the rest. "If I pry into every pudding and cake—You are quite sure there is no milk, no eggs, no butter here?—I become a nuisance." And that he never was.

His Vegetarianism filled his mind for 30 years; and with it were associated in earlier days other hobbies which commanded less sympathy at Cambridge, such as anti-vivisection and anti-vaccination. But time tempered the violence of his convictions, and he ceased to look on those who differed from him here as sinners against the moral law. No words could be more sweetly reasonable than these, written to a *protégé* in 1910 advocating the use of non-alcoholic wines, ciders and beer, "which are cheap and delicious. It is a more Christian and more rational way of combating intemperance to make brewers and vintners interested in temperance drinks than to denounce as ogres men who are often excellent members of society."

[1] When Walworth folk came to Cambridge on the August Bank Holiday, he let them eat their fill of the good things provided in the College hall and then went the round of the tables sowing his seed in the shape of *How to live on 4d. a day*.

But he was steady in his own practice to the end. His breakfast at 6 a.m. or earlier was a plate of oatmeal porridge, without milk, and some prunes; his luncheon a hard biscuit; he drank but once a day, a draught of lemonade in Hall. When his housekeeper took him in hand, she heated the porridge and added a dish of vegetables at 1 o'clock. There was no other change[1]. His experience of tobacco was confined to a whiff of a cigar when he was a child. "I have tasted nothing of the sort since (1889) and I have saved some £1500 thereby: I gave up beer: the teetotallers asked, what right have you to take the good wheat and barley from the starving people, to make beer and spirits of it? I could not see that I had the right, so I gave the thing up."

There is little to record in the last 30 years. In 1881 he abandoned to his books the rooms he occupied in the second court over the gateway, and transferred himself and the other library which he had stored elsewhere in the town to a little house in Jordan's Yard. Here he was tended by Mrs Priest with a care that had its reward in his unceasing and expanding affection. He read aloud to her daughter every evening; he started her sons[2] in life, and stood godfather

[1] The legend of meat-juices stealthily introduced into his daily dishes in hall is, I am assured by the college cook, devoid of basis.

[2] It is to one of them that he addressed the following admirable words of counsel: "If you are taken into the choir, you will have the opportunity of a good education, and, as few people read the best books, you will be able by degrees at little cost to form a library of really standard works. Most people read little but the newspaper; many read only the papers of their own party, which teach them to hate their neighbours. It is a good rule: 'choose the best; custom will make it easy and pleasant.' The best books are those which rich and poor, learned and unlearned, can read again and again, and like them better every day; the Bible and Prayer Book, and then great poets like Shakespeare and Tennyson. There is no reason, but drink and idleness and party politics, why people who work with their hands should not make friends with the best authors of many countries....Money may be stolen

to her grand-children. But he kept in closest touch with the college, sleeping there during the summer months of the first ten years of his extra-mural residence, and daily reading prayers in chapel and dining in the hall where Herkomer's fine portrait of him now hangs. This was painted in 1891. When Dr J. E. Sandys asked him to sit for it, he said: "I had hoped to be allowed to go down to a green grave without any memorial; but, if my friends wish it to be otherwise, I must do as I am bid[1]." He was soon on easy terms with the artist, and did not find the sittings at all irksome. In 1902 he was elected President in succession to Mr P. H. Mason. In 1905 an address of congratulation for his 80th birthday was written in Latin by Professor Reid, and read and handed to him in presence of the many signatories by Sir Richard Jebb. "Then came the really interesting part. The fine old man got up and began with a speech in Latin, after which he passed into English. It was characteristic of his non-egotism that he seemed to forget the occasion, and launched out into a discursive speech on all his hobbies in scholarship, illustrated by a wealth of learning. His memory is still prodigious. As to vigour and spirit, he might be forty[2]."

He continued collecting and reading—his hand was never

or lost in many ways; it needs a wise man to use money rightly; many men only eat and drink too much, or gamble, or waste their money in one way or other, so that the more they have, the less happy they are; but knowledge, that is solid and useful, no one can take from you; it stays at home with you, or goes abroad with you; it makes you friends wherever you go, and never lets time hang heavy on your hands: think of Jesus in the carpenter's shop, or St Paul stitching tents for his daily bread, and you will see that one need not be rich to be wise; the rich fool is the most miserable of men; the wise man will shew his wisdom in having few wants, so that, whether rich or poor, he will have something to spare for others."

[1] *The Eagle*, xxxii. p. 198.

[2] Sir Richard Jebb's *Life and Letters*, p. 410.

without a pen or a book—giving freely out of his treasury, contributing to *Notes and Queries* or the *Classical Review*[1]; but although of him the hackneyed (and misquoted) phrase is exactly true, *nihil quod tetigit non ornavit*, he produced nothing after this year of a nature to enhance his reputation as a scholar second to none in Europe.

But his interest in education rather grew than waned as time went on, and he was as hot at 80 years as he had been at 25 against mechanical and lifeless teaching of the young. He wrote to Mr E. S. Payne, of Clifton, in 1905: "Every single Greek and Latin sentence that comes before a beginner should be classical. I send you the exercises[2] which I drew up for the ladies 35 years ago, which after a short spell of life gave way to the official *mumpsimus*. You will see that when speaking of the ablative after the comparative, I have not forgotten the provident forethought of Polyphemus (Ov. *Met.* XIII), who strings together nearly thirty comparatives in describing Galatea—lucidior glacie—laudato pavone superbior. But 'Balbus and his wall' is more to the taste of masters. The very first lesson in Greek should be taken from the γραμματικὴ τραγῳδία of Kallias, *Athen.* pp. 453–4, where the letters are introduced, and a syllabary." Another letter takes up the parable of the *First Greek Reader* and sketches a model lesson. "Take a Latin Psalter or N.T., or the *Imitatio Christi* or the *Colloquies* of Erasmus, or the monostichs of Publilius Syrus, or the *Tristia* or *Epistles ex Ponto* of Ovid. Bid the boys open their books. Read aloud to them a Latin sentence. Make some boy read it. Then give the English for that sentence. Make another boy give it. Close books. Say a Latin sentence and make one boy repeat it, or the whole class,

[1] Two posthumous reviews appeared in the *C. R.* for March 1911 on a volume of the Vienna *Corpus* and on the eighth edition of Friedländer's *Darstellungen*.

[2] See above p. xliii, n. 2.

by memory. Then make one boy, and afterwards the class, say it in English. Day by day repeat the old lessons, training ear and memory in longer and longer flights. The instinct which makes pupils revolt against Ollendorffianisms is as sound and healthy as that which rejects doctors' drugs.... I am quite sure that ten minutes spent at the end of a lesson in reading to the boys something that they have not prepared would quicken their pace greatly. Latin first, then construe (word for word), then fluent English, winding up with Latin again." He heartily commended the method of Dr Rouse at the Perse School, who "teaches languages in a living way: first French, then German, then Latin, then Greek. The boys are taught to speak each of these tongues."

His hatred of Ollendorffianism found practical expression in the last two years. In 1910 he brought out a First German Reader, *Iacula Prudentium*, and he was busy with a First Latin Reader when he died. Of this last, he thus describes the scheme. "My first volume will consist of verse. Part 1. Latin from English. Proverbs and wise saws. The proverbs I take from Ray, Herbert, and Herrick. Part 2. Paraphrases (see Quint. and Suet. *Gr.* as cited by Forcellini), i.e. Latin verse extracted either from Latin prose, or from a different kind of verse. It is ominous when Suetonius tells us that in his day men were too idle to practise these exercises. Part 3. Shorter Latin extracts from poets, with my translations. [Part] 4. A few specimen translations from the poets with accredited translators, e.g. Howes for Horace.... My second volume will be of prose. I intend these books to be read with children by those who are at home in the languages[1]."

It must be admitted that the German Reader opens with a past participle rather formidable to the fledgling: "Mann mit zugeköpften Taschen," but no one can question the splendid

[1] From a letter to Mr E. S. Payne, 4 November 1910.

vigour and telling terseness of the translations. This book soon attained a second edition, dedicated to his friend Karl Breul, the newly elected Professor of German.

In 1904 he offered to resign his Chair, and if the Council's inability to accept it was partly dictated by prudential reasons[1], we may believe that the motives that prompted the selection of Joseph Scaliger to succeed Lipsius as professor at Leyden were not wholly absent[2]. Any University may be proud to possess a "Prince of Latin Literature."

One parallel suggests another and the ages have been ransacked for the purpose. If a fresh one be permitted, let the reader think of Le Nain de Tillemont whose master passion was the history of the church, whose day of 19 hours was broken only by the daily offices and a brief pause at noon, who studied for study's sake without thought of recognition or reward, who never withheld the key of knowledge from any who sought it—the perfect pattern of the Christian scholar, whose epitaph spoke simple truth: *sancte educatus sancte vixit*[3].

But after all, comparisons are misleading. Mayor was really like no one but himself, and few can have wished him otherwise. When he left us, those who knew him least might regret the loss of irrecoverable learning, but others were simply grateful for his example and his memory.

[1] The University had made no provision for pensions, and it would have had to pay a far higher stipend to his successor than Mayor ever received. Cp. *The Eagle*, xxxii. p. 195.

[2] Cp. "Dousa proposed to concentrate in Leyden a complement of professors, all illustrious for their learning, and if the most transcendent erudition could not be procured for the University with the obligation of teaching, that it should still be secured to it without....Lipsius...had retired. Who was to succeed him? Joseph Scaliger, the most learned man whom the world had ever seen...was, if possible, to be obtained." Sir William Hamilton, *Discourses* (1853), p. 377. And appointed he was, to honour learning and illustrate the University.

[3] Cp. Sainte-Beuve, *Port-Royal*, iv. 5 ff.

VII

It remains to gather up the scattered hints of the foregoing pages, and to hazard a few supplemental touches to the picture painted by his own words and actions.

He was perfectly sincere, honest, simple-minded; and, after the manner of the simple-minded, he gave credit for sincerity, honesty, and (we may add) knowledge like his own to all who did not stand convicted of pretence. These he would scorch with a very fire of contempt, expressed or tacit. Thus he writes of a vainglorious author: "X I met just now...and did not know what to say to him or he to me. When one meets a man who has published a book which means to be popular, one seems bound to congratulate or to enquire about its success, much as one interests oneself about a newly married couple; but where there is no valid excuse for publishing at all, I cannot bring myself to feign a concern which I do not feel." And again: "I do not, nor ever did, despise any man solely for his ignorance, but only if, being ignorant, he set up to teach others." He imagined that what was of concern to him must necessarily interest every one else; he would sweep a casual hearer into the full current of his thoughts, toss him for a moment on the flood of a diatribe against some violator of the laws of letters or of charity, and leave him breathless and bewildered.

But for all his vehemence against wrong-doing, great or small, real or imagined, he was the kindest hearted and most affectionate of men. His good deeds are unnumbered and unknown. He gave away books by the thousand and money beyond his means[1].

[1] Books bestowed by him for the purpose of promoting knowledge were sometimes exchanged by inconsiderate recipients for others more to their taste. Mayor's eye, long practised in the perusal of second-hand

He loved children, treasured and repeated their prattle, filled their hands with flowers from the Fellows' garden, worshipped at the feet of "King baby" with the fondest. And as his little friends grew up, Mayor would read aloud to them, direct their lessons, write out for them with his scholar's hand keepsakes, collections of verses and aphorisms in every tongue, and, when the time came, marry them with words of fatherly kindness[1].

He had himself the child's heart, the child's strong will, the child's natural modesty. If his conversation and his books were often autobiographical, it was not because he wished to magnify himself, but that he might spur his juniors to profit by advantages unknown to him at their age[2].

He was intensely loyal to his family, his college and University, his friends and their friends. He was proud of his forebears and connexions—Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Langdale—and he rejoiced greatly whenever a Mayor or a Bickersteth, an Ottley or a Cook scored a success in life.

He loved St John's with open piety, but he had room in his heart for other colleges; for instance, he allowed certain virtues to be the special mark of Trinity[3].

catalogues, was quick to detect the barter. He would write on an ironical postcard that, seldom receiving any acknowledgement of his gifts, he had often feared that they might have been stolen on the way: now he was sure that they had been stolen and that Messrs A and B were the receivers. He pilloried the feeble excuse that they were "duplicates or not needed" as "a monument of the incompetence of those who represented the book learning of the Anglican communion at the end of the nineteenth century."

[1] Cp. his sermon *Holy Matrimony* (1902 and 1907).

[2] Cp. "With helps infinitely fuller than we had sixty years ago...the students of to-day ought to leave the Westcotts, Horts and Lightfoots of the past far behind them." *The One Thing Needful* (1904). See below p. 160.

[3] See below p. 165 f.

This enthusiasm for his home was prompted by no petty pride, but by the conviction that in Cambridge, as nowhere else, has a stand been made for simplicity, tolerance, and freedom. So strong was this conviction that, with a large-heartedness that would have seemed extravagant in a man who cared for these things less, he did not hesitate to invest his great contemporaries with an attribute of a Hebrew prophet, and to set Sir John Cheke beside St Paul[1].

He kept a register, not of Johnians only, but of all Cambridge men, their chief dates and doings. This was contained in half a dozen interleaved *Graduati Cantabrigienses*, for the purpose of posting which he ransacked all the newspapers[2].

But his interest in all this was not merely historical: former members of the college revisiting Cambridge could always count upon his kindly recollection and warm welcome of them. When a new comer was introduced to him by some one whom he trusted, he spared no pains for his advancement. One young man whom he never saw was supplied with books and good advice, was commended by him to friends at Oxford who made his life pleasant to him there. The letters he received of thanks and gratitude he would shew with glee, as an earnest that his pains were not misspent.

[1] See below, p. 166.

[2] Oxford did not escape his vigilance. There were two double-interleaved copies of the Oxford *Graduati* treated like the Cambridge ones and as religiously kept up to date. The beginning of this biographical work, in which Mayor was greatly assisted by his faithful secretary, C. G. H. Bielefeld (†1881), is marked by two vast MS volumes, lettered "Athenae Britannicae" 1854 and 1857. When over 80, he used to say: "I shall find these books awkward to handle when I grow old." These books must have been invaluable to the editors of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Mayor welcomed the inception of that great undertaking, but he came in the end to look askance at it, chiefly because of its articles on English divines and scholars, especially that on the Oxonian Elmsley, which he deemed quite inadequate. See below p. 204.

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Nor was his reading of the daily press, whose style and methods were abomination to him, confined to the gazette and the domestic intelligence from which he drew notes for his diptychs. Vaunting the title of antiquary, he still kept abreast of current history. He applauded all reforms, and suggested some[1], which he thought made for good, and, while he hated the socialism of advanced democracy, he admired the doctrines and practice of Maurice, Kingsley, and Llewellyn Davies. But in politics, whether public or academic, his instincts were conservative. A week before his death the Senate divided on the question of a House of Residents. Mayor descended into the arena with a flysheet. "Officialism militant is in the air. Cabinets, wagged by their extremities, gag Parliament into dumb voting booths. Councils seek to disfranchise the great bulk of the University."

For all his modest and retiring life, he was no Timon. Once, speaking of a friend who, as he thought, had spoilt himself by shyness, he said to me: "I am a hermit too, but whenever there is a fad forward, I come out." And indeed in his time he followed many fancies. The last he tried was Esperanto, which he commended to business men and botanists as the language for modern things, and of which he learnt enough in a week or so fully to enjoy the Congress at Cambridge in 1907.

All his undertakings were marked by the same vehemence of attack and boldness of execution, and the independence which characterised him as a boy never left him. In literature at least he fought for his own hand. His maxim was "never

[1] A letter of his in the *Cambridge University Gazette* for 12 May 1869 on the proposed Professorship of Experimental Physics was hailed by competent judges as containing "the most valuable hint...yet contributed to the mass of suggestions towards organizing the education of the University." See *op. cit.* 19 May 1869. As early as this date he was all for reorganizing lectures on a University basis. See *First Greek Reader*, p. xliii.

consult others about your writings, but let them represent yourself alone[1]." Writing to Mr J. D. Duff on 9 Nov. 1898, he says: "All my work has been thrown off at white heat, to keep the press going....I do not doubt that what I have done would have been better for criticism, but I never submitted a line to any man's judgement before publication."

The atmosphere of such a mind, quick to kindle and soon at white heat, is not conducive to a true perspective. And Mayor was undoubtedly prone to see trifles too large. But it is a virtue to treat them as he did, with a scholar's desperate carefulness. And he was wise enough when he made mistakes —no man is infallible—not to let them spoil his sleep. He admitted the error ("I am apt to fall into *lapsus calami*"), and passed on to something else.

Needless to say that, with his knowledge of books and men, his vivid sympathy and shrewd humour, he was an incomparable host. He seldom went up to Combination Room; but in the Hall, where he presided, he shewed equal courtesy to every guest, from the great man of the hour to the Oxford undergraduate, whose fear to find himself placed beside so much learning was soon cast out by kindness.

Mayor could talk with ease and charm on general topics, but his conversation was mainly guided by his own fancy. On subjects that did not directly interest him he was mute. He claimed no ear for music; for the arts, graphic or plastic, we may believe that he had little sense. At the age of 32, by which time most men have formed their own aesthetic, he could write: "I consider myself to be obtaining—not exactly money—but credit for taste on false pretences, seeing that I have no less than ten pictures of one kind or another on my walls." But though he praised in print the figures of the Lady Margaret and Bishop Fisher in the Chapel porch—objects more remarkable for their symbolism than their artistic

[1] Cp. *In Memoriam I. Todhunter*, p. 58.

worth—he was often moved to eloquence by the ancient beauty of St John's and by the eighteenth century vandalism that mutilated the First Court. With science, apart from physiology, of which he knew a good deal, he never meddled, though he was a lover of nature and was fascinated by clever mechanical contrivances. His literary taste, outside the large field of the Classics where he ranged at pleasure, was sound and sure, though limited by the precept *πάντα πρὸς οἰκοδομήν*. Novels later than the *Clementine Recognitions* he hardly touched except as tools for learning a new language. Then he read them aloud, "which accustoms tongue and ear to the sounds, besides impressing the words more on my memory," as he wrote on the occasion of his first visit to Bonn. When they had served this purpose, he discarded them for more substantial fare, e.g. Luther and the adagial writers in whom Germany is so rich.

In French he preferred Guizot to Sainte-Beuve and Pascal to both.

The Italian works of Metastasio and Goldoni he faintly praised, as easy practice or amusing trifles. He mentions Alfieri, Machiavelli, Guiccardini and "some other classics," but Dante never.

He was also widely read in Dutch and Spanish.

Among English poets his favourites were Shakespeare, Milton (an edition of whose works he undertook but never carried through), Herbert, Cowper, Wordsworth, Henry Taylor, Trench, Tennyson, and Shairp. He projected a new *Temple*, a collection of sacred verse. One may be sure that those whom he called great lapidary artists, such as Ken and Watts, would have been well represented, and that the softer school of Faber and Newman would have had small place in it.

For modern English prose-writers he had as little sympathy as, in his own famous phrase, Todhunter had for dogs. His early admiration of Carlyle was tempered partly by that

writer's style, but still more by the careless treatment of Nicholas Ferrar in his *Cromwell*.

Macaulay's periods left him unmoved, except to wrath. "Read aloud to an intelligent audience one of John Donne's Sermons on the Conversion of St Paul (which I regard as the very highwater mark of English prose) and then read the same audience a chapter of Macaulay's history, or one of his Essays[1]. The vulgarity of the latter style will strike every one by the contrast, and the hearers will resolve to spend laborious nights and days on the Elizabethan and Stuart worthies." He himself profited by that high commerce to the full. His style was unconsciously modelled upon theirs, so that he soon came to write like one of them. There can be no higher praise.

To such a character, the Faith that blesses children and the childlike was an easy yoke. And he was nobly tolerant. With Clement and Jeremy Taylor and Frederick Maurice, he was ready to see Christ present in all good deeds and thoughts, and he found in Plutarch, Epictetus, and Antoninus a Christian temper which he missed in modern controversialists[2].

The evangelical system in which he was born and trained underwent a sensible modification as he thought and read. The readiness with which he received the results of biblical criticism was remarkable in a man of his cloistered life. He strongly condemned those, whether scoffers or believers, who seemed determined "to make our Heavenly Father responsible for every word in the existing text of the Old Testament, imprecatory psalms and all." "A student," he said in 1907, "drilled in critical methods, cannot lock up in some Blue Beard closet any part of the title-deeds of history[3]."

[1] The MS of one of his sermons has "the historian Macaulay" altered in the press to "the rhetorician Macaulay."

[2] Cp. *Spain, Portugal, the Bible*, p. lvii.

[3] Cp. *The Oracles of God* (1907).

On another crucial point of the old puritan discipline he wrote soon after taking orders: "Conversion is not always necessary, and its manner is infinitely various. Bear with me, my mother. I have thought that I must be converted; and have wept and prayed, waiting for some instantaneous, sensible 'conversion.' But now, I ask, is not *assurance* a false and dangerous doctrine? Not but that a Paul or an Arnold at his death might say: 'I have finished my course; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of life.' But that any Christian, often by no means more self-denying and always more proud than his congregation, should get up in the pulpit and separate his congregation into the converted (including himself) and the unconverted, not conceiving it possible that any should be, what almost all are, in a middle state, with the world and Christ struggling in them for mastery; this seems to me no less than denying the success of Christ's work....It seems to me that our popular theology utterly forgets the children and young men in Christ. The Church of Rome is wiser here; it allows that all its members are members of Christ....Why are men to think that they are to wait till they *become* Christians? Why not tell them that they *are* Christians and must act as becomes the vocation wherewith they are called? Many and many a man has a love for Christ and for goodness in his heart, but is driven away by those who pretend to be alone inheritors of the kingdom, and say that he must renounce *all* that he has been, even his love of truth and of freedom, which surely in a Christian land are Christ's gifts."

The great freedom of thought and action which Mayor allowed himself never loosened his hold on things essential. But if the lamp of his faith never flickered, it was not because he kept the windows shut. He read all books and met all doubts. Books and doubts were justly and generously tested. What was worth keeping, he kept and used—the rest he put

away from him and never troubled himself with again. One of his latest readings was a book on the heathen mysteries, in which their terminology is claimed as the source of some of St Paul's most sacred utterances. It would have shocked many men of Mayor's generation, but to him anything that seemed to widen the horizon and establish truth was welcome[1].

He was true to his Church and loved its services; but he was no formalist. He donned and doffed his black non-regent hood on his way to and from the reader's stall, and he did many little things which might offend the punctilious. But the care with which he read the prayers and Holy Scripture was a constant witness to his essential reverence. Like Thomas Fuller he sought to change the accent of his soul according to the several subjects of the Psalms, and to express the mental transposition with his lips. And he never missed the meaning, for he was *Bibelfest*. As nothing gave him greater pleasure than to find a younger student using his Bible to illustrate classical or secular knowledge, so nothing roused his ire more than the discovery of ignorance of Scripture and the Fathers on the part of accredited scholars and teachers.

For the rest, there is the clear evidence of his sermons. They proclaim with a certainty that none who knew the man can doubt his zeal for mission work at home and abroad, his hatred of everything un-Christian, his steady schooling of himself and others by the highest standard. He had his reward in the answer of a good conscience and the knowledge of Him whom he served. He might with literal truth have said with Polycarp: *Ὀγδοήκοντα καὶ ἓξ ἔτη δουλεύω αὐτῷ, καὶ οὐδέν με ἠδίκησεν.*

[1] Cp. "It would be well if we taught whatever positive truth has been made known to us, and did not give error the advertisement of a refutation." Letter to the Rev. H. Hill, 22 May 1910.

A LIST OF SERMONS BY JOHN E. B. MAYOR WHICH HAVE ALREADY APPEARED IN PRINT

*Those which are included in the present volume are marked with a *.*

1*	Christ the Way to the Father	1867	St John's College Chapel
2*	The Sign of the Ascension .	1868	„ „ „
3	Blessed are the pure in heart	1878	„ „ „
4	Then shall they fast in those days	1880	„ „ „
5*	The Truth shall make you free	1880	„ „ „
6*	The child and the man . .	1881	„ „ „
7	The seven virtues . .	1881	„ „ „
8*	The Peace of God . . .	1882	„ „ „
9	Luther and good works .	1883	„ „ „
10	Temperance for mind and body	1883	Tendring
11*	Love divine and human .	1884	St John's College Chapel
12	The example of Christ . .	1885	„ „ „
13	The art of Christian contentment	1887	„ „ „
14	The royal law of liberty .	1888	„ „ „
15	Christian liberty in meats and drinks	1889	Salford
16*	Boldness of them that have been with Jesus . .	1890	St John's College Chapel
17	Kingdom of God not eating and drinking . . .	1890	Salford
18*	Commemoration sermon .	1891	St John's College Chapel
19*	Ready to distribute . .	1894	„ „ „
20	The Christian rule of hospitality	1894	Salford

21	Do all to the glory of God .	1895	Cross Lane, Manchester
22	The Spanish Reformed Church	1895	St John's College Chapel
23	Rich and poor . . .	1899	„ „ „
24*	Neither Jew nor Greek .	1899	„ „ „
25	Antipathies of race and habit	1900	„ „ „
26*	A goodly heritage . . .	1900	Great St Mary's
27	Franz Heinrich Reusch .	1901	St John's College Chapel
28	Love your enemies . .	1902	„ „ „
29	Holy Matrimony . . .	1902	St Sepulchre's, Cambridge
30*	Render to all . . .	1903	St John's College Chapel
31	The one thing needful . .	1904	„ „ „
32	They had all things common	1906	„ „ „
33	Brotherhood	1906	Salford
34	The fear of the Lord . .	1907	„
35	The oracles of God . .	1907	St John's College Chapel
36	The church of Scotland .	1908	„ „ „

Sermons 3 and 4 were issued together under the title *Modicus cibi medicus sibi* (Cambridge, 1880).

Sermons 10, 15, 17, 20, 21, 33 are included in the volume entitled *Plain living and high thinking* (Manchester, 1897).

This list does not claim to be exhaustive, but it contains all the sermons which I have been able to trace.

Christ the Way to the Father

ST JOHN'S

10 *November* 1867

Dominus noster Iesus Christus, qui ait, 'Ego sum via et veritas et vita,' ambulare nos voluit et per se ipsum et ad se ipsum. Qua enim ambulamus, nisi per viam? Et quo ambulamus, nisi ad veritatem et ad vitam, vitam scilicet aeternam, quae sola vita dicenda est?

S. Augustin. serm. 346 § 1.

CHRIST THE WAY TO THE FATHER

I am the Way and the Truth and the Life: no man cometh to the Father, but by Me. St John xiv. 6.

THIS is one of those golden sayings of scripture from which the great masters of the church have in all ages drawn their chief inspirations. St Augustine quotes it more often than almost any other verse; he has two sermons on the text, in addition to the exposition which he has given of it in its place in St John's gospel(*a*); Luther has also two sermons upon it as a part of the gospel for St Philip and St James's day, and treats it very fully in that exposition of John xiv., xv., xvi., which he himself called the best book he ever wrote, which he often took with him to church and read diligently there(*b*). More than three hundred years ago this same text served a noble Huguenot lady as an invincible argument, when plied at the stake with quotations from the councils, to which she knew no other answer(*c*).

Our Lord in this His last discourse with His disciples made known to them more clearly than before the necessity of His departure, the nearness of it, and its purpose, to prepare them a place in the many mansions of His

Father. The successive questions of Peter, Thomas, Philip, and Judas Lebbæus, shew that they were still looking for some local manifestation of divine power, to all the world as well as to the disciples, some vision of the Father with the bodily eye. Yet implicitly, knowing and resting in Christ, they knew more than they could express, and therefore our Lord could assure them: 'Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.' Thomas, the representative of the critical inquiring temper among the apostles, replies, with something, as it seems, of a gentle reproach: 'Lord, we know not whither Thou goest, and how can we know the way?' Not knowing the destination, how can we make for it?

Our Saviour's reply at once raises the apostle's thoughts from earth, from movements to this place or to that, and fixes them on that which cannot change. Not in Jerusalem, nor on this Samaritan mountain, not in one place more than another, must men seek the Father, but in spirit and in truth. By godliness men draw near to God, whose heaven is no farther from one point of earth than from another.

I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh to the Father, but by Me.

It is plain that the stress lies here on the term *the Way*; not merely does the context prove this, but the latter clause, in which, by the parallelism so frequent in St John, what had before been stated in a positive form, is reasserted in a negative; I am the Way; no man cometh to the Father, but by Me.

I, He says, as so often. Ye have heard that it hath been said, but *I* say unto you; I—not prophets, or saints, or priests, or Moses' chair: not nature, for she, though she

reveals power and order and wisdom, rather removes man far from her Author; He dwells in unapproachable light, and we cry, 'When I consider Thy Heavens, the work of Thy fingers: what is man that Thou art mindful of Him?' —I, and not conscience: for conscience tells of a Judge omniscient, vigilant, incorruptible, and who is clear in His sight?—I, not philosophy: for philosophy confesses by the mouth of her noblest votary: It is hard to find out God, impossible to make Him known to all (*d*).

I am the Way. This symbol appears to be entirely original and unique. Often indeed, both in scripture and in profane writers, we find 'the way' used to denote a religion, a course of life, defined and marked off by rule; as 'There arose no small stir about that way.' But applied as here, to a person, the word seems nowhere to occur: it is just that it should be His undivided prerogative who alone has said: 'Come unto Me, all ye weary and heavy laden.' Elsewhere in scripture we find expressions which seem to refer to this word 'I am the Way,' which was doubtless well known in the church long before St John's gospel was composed. Thus St Paul: 'As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk in Him.' 'Who shall bring you into remembrance of my ways, which be in Christ.' So the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews: 'Having boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which He hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say His flesh.'

Other scripture metaphors, I am the true Vine, the good Shepherd, the Light, the Resurrection, the Life, are evident at first sight. But this, 'I am the Way,' and that other, 'I am the Door,' have a stranger sound.

What is a way? It is the means of communication between distant points, it brings them nearer; where there is a way, there is no longer an utter wilderness, but society and intercourse and material and spiritual exchange have been established. A way is also a guide and direction, it recalls the wandering foot; the lost when they have struck into the way know that each step they take tells, and brings them so much nearer to their journey's end; the way gives certainty, decision, hope; it implies prudence and self-restraint. A way is also a security, a strong support: to the right hand and to the left there may be pitfalls and treacherous ground; the beaten way witnesses that it has borne many in safety, and that we too may confidently adventure ourselves upon it. A way is also continually *present* to the traveller; day by day he becomes more familiar with it, more seasoned to his march; it is only by its presence that it is of service to him. So lastly, the way demands the personal efforts of the traveller; it is vain to say 'This is the way,' unless you add, 'Walk ye in it.' The way does not carry you along, but demands unremitting exertion along the whole line.

Christ our Saviour had reached the end of His earthly way, and now from the heights He could survey the course; and so in some degree can we. See the Boy of twelve years old going to the Temple, and hear His words: 'Wist ye not that I must be in my Father's house(*e*)?' Hear the Man, witnessing to a fallen generation of the Father, whose voice they had not heard at any time or seen His shape; who could of stones raise children to Abraham. Through crowds of timid friends, of insidious foes, He held on His straight course, working the works of Him that sent Him; and now He was to pass through

the Valley of the Shadow of Death, treading every path that His brethren tread, to open through all their way to the Father. Through all that life no lost step, no idle word, no act without a meaning and an aim. No eager zeal chilled after the first outburst; no instant but had been seized and used to the utmost; no passing occurrence but had yielded its full profit to all around. Onwards His path had led without haste and without rest(*f*), returning to the Father from whom He had gone forth, attended ever by His Father's Spirit. To go out far and wide into all the world He left to His disciples; for Himself He reserved a work small to outward view and on a narrow stage, but whose scope would widen with succeeding ages, to open the fountains of life and of healing for the nations, to satisfy the severe law of God, and to establish peace between the Maker and His work.

I am the Way. The way must mean in the first place the way of which St Thomas asked, the way which Christ Himself was going. He is His own way to the Father. By Himself, by the Spirit which dwelt in Him without measure, by His perfect obedience unto death, He made His way back to the glory which He had with the Father before the world was.

He is also the way of God to man and of man to God. Of God to man; for God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself; only by the Word of God is God made known to man: to believe in a God who is deaf and dumb is idolatry(*g*); and the voice of God is His Wisdom and His Word.

But St Thomas asked more particularly of man's way to God. It was that he might follow his Master that he sought to learn whither He was going.

Christ is man's way to God, as our High Priest by His atoning sacrifice offered once for all, and by His continual intercession: as our Prophet by His word and Spirit applying the word; by every word of man which is charged with His Spirit: as our King by all the influences which in His kingdom raise men's souls from earth, by every law and institution and bond of family or of friendship, by every changing fortune, by every chastening sorrow, which enlarges the heart and opens the bountiful hand, and makes men live not for themselves alone, but for God and their neighbour.

He is our Way, because His person and work is our best security for a life to come; because those who reject Him, the Eternal manifested in time, rarely hope for an eternity to be manifested when time shall for us be no more. He has proved what perfect man can be, and has thereby enlightened the individual and public conscience, and made human laws also a truer reflex of the divine; he has set the slave free and so brought humanity nearer to God, with whom is no distinction of race or regard of person. He is the way of humility, of sacrifice, of that purity of heart which shall see God. He is the Way by His passion, by His teaching, by His Spirit which inspires faith and devotion, by His example.

Here a question arises, which has been often asked: How can Christ be the way? The way is the means to an end. When the end is gained, the means may be discarded. In common material things this is so. What we desire is the end; we choose the means solely with a view to the end; there is no significance or value in the means except as introductory to the end. But in higher things we cannot thus sharply distinguish means and the

end: the search after truth has a worth in itself, the way to life is itself life; and therefore our Lord says in a breath, I am the Way, and (therefore) the Truth and the Life; the way and the end at once.

We may illustrate this from the work of our calling here. We are scholars all; teachers or learners; or rather teachers and learners at once. Learning is no doubt a mean; a mean whereby we may be enabled to serve God and our country in church and state. Yet learning is not only a mean even to this high end, much less to those low grovelling ends which, by a corruption of language unknown to our founders, are called the rewards or prizes of knowledge. No single result is the satisfying fruit of labour, but the labour itself, steadily moving onward day by day, and proving itself not to be in vain, is the best proof that God's blessing is upon us. The work of education is the end and the reward: and that teacher and that student will labour restlessly and slavishly, not with a free and hearty enthusiasm, who do not lose themselves and all distant ends in the engrossing enjoyment of the work itself.

It is true that the end to which Christ is the way is the Father; but our Lord tells Philip, He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father. Thus He is the way and also the goal; a consequence of His twofold nature, such as the early church loved to dwell on. He the Victim, and He the Priest. This is the point which St Augustine has seized, and on which he fondly enlarges. '*By* Me,' says he, 'they come, *to* Me they come, *in* Me they abide. When we reach Him we reach the Father; knowing the equal, we know Him also whose equal He is. We may see that nothing ought to detain us on the way, since the

Lord Himself, in deigning to be our way, will not delay us, but move us onward, that we rest not weakly in things temporal, but cheerfully run on through them to Him, who has freed our nature from temporal things, and set it at the Father's right hand(*h*). Because He who is Life and Truth was with the Father, and we could not reach the Truth, the Son of God took man's nature and became the Way(*i*). If thou seekest the Truth, keep to the Way; the Way is the Truth. Walk on Christ, to Christ; through the man Christ, to Christ who is God; through the Word made flesh to that Word which was in the beginning(*j*). Walk on the lowly, and thou wilt reach the lofty. The Way is Christ in humiliation; the Life and Truth Christ exalted(*k*). Seek no way to Him but Himself. If He had not chosen to be the Way, we should for ever go astray. I say not *Seek the Way.* The Way has come to thee: arise and walk(*i*). He came to teach humility, because pride forbad us to return to life. God is humble, and is man still proud(*k*)?'

Here we see the emptiness of that reproach which is sometimes cast upon Christianity, that it makes men indifferent to the present, by fixing their thoughts and hopes on the unknown future. The way is made not for flying nor for sitting still in dreamy musings, but for walking amid the dust and stir of real present life. The way is each moment *present* to the wayfarer, whether the goal be near or far. The strain is continuous along his whole route, no single point can be neglected in favour of another more distant. Each as we come to it demands our whole heart; each daily task must be fulfilled in its turn. Christ the divine Way will shew the divine foundations on which rest earthly, passing things; the continual

communion with Him who is the Life, who ever worketh, will make us run and not be weary, walk and not faint; communion with the Truth, revealing the reason and the law of the commonest duties, will give a new zest and purpose to our lives.

The text began with an invitation: I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. It ends with a warning, contained indeed implicitly in the articles, *the* Way, *the* Truth, *the* Life.

No man cometh to the Father but by Me. As we read in St Matthew: 'he that is not with Me is against Me.'

These exclusive claims have we know been adopted by the church of Rome and by its head the self-styled vicar of Christ. In the canon law(*l*) there still remains a judgement of pope Boniface VIII: 'It is necessary for every human creature, as he would hope to be saved, to submit to the Roman pontiff.' So the great papal advocate of our day(*m*) declares religious tolerance to be impious and absurd; and we have seen a child(*n*) kidnapped from Jewish parents to be sheltered in the ark of the only saving church.

How far do our Lord's words authorise such compulsion and such exclusive claims? It is true that, meek and lowly as He indeed was, Jesus required the absolute surrender, the full submission of every heart to Himself personally, but He has carefully guarded against usurpation of His inalienable sovereignty on the part of any mere man. He who said 'He that is not with Me is against Me,' said also, 'Forbid him not [him that casteth out devils in My name and followeth not with you]; for he that is not against you (this, ὑμῶν, not ἡμῶν, is the true reading in St Luke) is with you.' In a recent French analysis of the gospels(*o*) these sayings are declared to be

irreconcileable; yet it is a common-place in theology to point out how they supplement one another. The one is the claim which the Lord Himself makes on the obedience of each of us, and is addressed to our individual conscience: the other is the law of toleration, regulating our treatment of one another. Without Him the church can do nothing: Christ can do everything without the church. His spirit bloweth where it listeth; other sheep He has, not of this fold. The church must be content to let tares and wheat grow together; or it may burn the wheat, a John Huss or Hugh Latimer, and leave the tares, an Alva or Alexander VI, to grow. We know little of the final judgement of man, but we do know that its awards will fall as a surprise both on the evil and the good. Some loud professors will see coming from the east and west, a Queen of Sheba, a Socrates perhaps and an Epictetus, as the charity of Justin Martyr(p) and St Clement(q) hoped; these strangers will learn, to their own and the world's amazement, that they fed their unknown, unconfessed Lord when hungry, clothed Him when naked, visited Him when sick and in prison. They will enter in, and children of the kingdom will be shut out. Indeed the warning of our text seems to imply this same promise. *No man cometh to the Father but by Me.* Therefore every man who is on his way to the Father, is consciously or unconsciously led by Christ. Wherever there is a ray of truth, it beams forth from *the* Truth; wherever there are stirrings of spiritual life, they are quickened by *the* Life.

We may be thankful that our lot is cast in a church which makes no exclusive assumptions. Historically the church of England is united by its prayers and hymns and creeds with the ancient churches of East and West, as by

the Trishagion and the Te Deum; with the protestant churches of the continent by its confession and by the gratitude due to our masters in sacred and profane learning; with English dissenters by its version of the Bible and by its hymns, by the main tenour of its doctrines, and by persecution endured in common. The rigour of subscription has been by universal consent relaxed within the last few years; and we have received in full communion the bishops of a daughter church which has used its liberty to remove the last anathema from its formularies(*r*), leaving vengeance in God's hands, who alone can search man's spirit.

It is a signal advantage in times of controversy not to be encumbered by untenable pretensions. Happy shall we be, ministers of our church, if we imitate her moderation, if we leave denunciation to the infallible; and as our reformers handed down the church purer and stronger than they found it, by God's blessing upon their diligent labours, and by a fearless use of the best scholarship of their time, so let us scorn to bring violence and clamour to the discussion even of biblical criticism; but hold it always possible that new truth may be brought to light, and regard him as a traitor to Christian faith who complains of its being sifted by the same laws which all truth must satisfy, if it is to command the assent of reasonable men.

And however our ways may diverge through life, some it may be passing into other churches, adopting other convictions, let us all continue to follow that one Way, which, as St Clement says, 'is narrow, yet coming down from heaven, leads ever heavenwards; narrow, while despised on earth, broad, when adored in heaven'(*s*).

NOTES

(*a*) p. 3. The verse is cited 16 times by Augustine. Other favourite texts are Gen. i. 26 (cited 13 times) Faciamus hominem ad imaginem et similitudinem nostram; Matt. vi. 12 (21) Dimitte nobis debita nostra; John i. 1 (20) In principio erat Verbum; i. 14 (19) Et Verbum caro factum est; xiv. 26 (17) Pater maior me est; xxi. 15 (17) Petre, amas me? Acts ix. 4 (14) Saule, Saule, quid me persequeris? Rom. v. 12 (23) Per unum hominem peccatum in hunc mundum intravit, et per peccatum mors; v. 20 (15) Lex subintravit, ut abundaret delictum; vii. 24, 25 (15) Infelix ego homo, quis me liberabit de corpore mortis huius? viii. 10 (17) corpus quidem mortuum; I Cor. xiv. 50 (14) caro et sanguis regnum Dei non possidebunt; II Cor. iii. 6 (13) Littera occidit, Spiritus autem vivificat. Augustine's two sermons on the text are 141, 142, ed. Bened. See also his tractatus 69 in Ioannis evang.

(*b*) p. 3. Luther's sermons on the text are in his works (8vo Erlangen ed.) vi. (1826) 208—224; xv. (1828) 299—312. His exposition of John xiv.—xvi. was delivered in sermons at Wittenberg in 1537, taken down in short-hand by Caspar Creuziger and published by him in 1538. Luther says in his Table-talk, 'it is the best book I have made, though indeed I did not make it, for Dr Creuziger has shewn his great intelligence and diligence in it; next to the Holy Bible it is my best and best loved book.' The passage on the text is in vol. xlix. (1851) 37—68. The living force of Luther's words evaporates in a translation; yet listen to this fragment (vi. 220) 'So is it also with the pope [as with Turk, Jew, and heathen] and his crew; he makes many ways to the Father. For this a monk has run into his cloister; for this a priest says mass; for this another serves and adores the saints; a fourth buys indulgence, or founds masses, thinking to make for himself a way or

bridge to heaven. But do what thou wilt, not even the holiest works, contained in the ten commandments, will bring thee to the Father. For why? Christ alone is the Way, He alone the Truth and the Life.' Or this (xlix. 44 etc.) after a distinction between 1. the bodily or natural way, 'from one place to another, such as cows and horses also go, and all that lives and moves, for the support of this natural life and its wants; whereof scripture and God's word teach nothing'; 2. secular or civil life, 'in which we walk together outwardly before the world in good, upright conversation, manners and virtues, maintain this earthly government, peace, honour and discipline, whereby we arrive at wealth and dignities'; 3. a way unseen, trodden not by the feet, but by faith of the heart. 'A Carthusian makes such a way to heaven. *I will desert the world, as evil and unclean, and creep into a corner, fast daily and eat no flesh, torture my body; such a strict spiritual life God will regard and save me.* Here too is a way made and spiritually trodden; for he hopes to win the goal not on foot, but by the heart, which thinks, if he lives and acts thus, he is on the right path to heaven. Another monk or priest will also live spiritually, but makes for himself another way. *If I keep so many masses, go barefoot and in woollen, then I am on the right road, and no sooner shall I close my eyes, than I shall pass to heaven.*'

(*c*) p. 3. At Orleans in 1550 (Jac. Thomasius Teutsches historisches bibl. Spruchbuch 737).

(*d*) p. 5. Plato Timaeus, 28 c. τὸν μὲν οὖν ποιητὴν καὶ πατέρα τοῦδε τοῦ παντὸς εὑρεῖν τε ἔργον καὶ εὑρόντα εἰς πάντας ἀδύνατον λέγειν. The passage is very frequently cited by Christian apologists, Justin Mart. apol. II. 10. Athenag. c. 6 p. 6 D. Clem. Alex. protrept. 6 § 68. strom. v. 12 § 79. Orig. c. Cels. VII. 42. Euseb. dem. evang. III. 6. Cyril c. Julian. I. 1. Tertull. apol. 46. Minuc. Fel. Octavius 19. Lactant. I. 8.

(*e*) p. 6. Luke ii. 49 ἐν τοῖς τοῦ πατρός μου. Many commentators, with Valckenaer, De Wette, Ewald, still accept the rendering of our version; but Christ might be about His Father's business elsewhere than in the Temple. Lobeck (on Phrynichus, 100) has collected authorities (ἐβάδιζον εἰς τὰ τοῦ ἀδελφοῦ etc.) for the use of τὰ with the genitive to denote *the house of —.*

(*f*) p. 7. *Ohne Hast, ohne Rast*, Goethe's motto.

(*g*) p. 7. John Byrom's miscellaneous pieces (in Chalmers's British Poets xv. 309):

> 'To own a God who does not speak to men,
> Is first to own and then disown again;
> Of all idolatry the total sum
> Is having gods that are both deaf and dumb.'

(*h*) p. 10. De doctrina christiana I. 34 § 38 '*Ego sum Via et Veritas et Vita*; hoc est, per me venitur, ad me pervenitur. Cum enim ad ipsum pervenitur, etiam ad Patrem pervenitur; quia per aequalem ille cui est aequalis agnoscitur.... Ex quo intelligitur quam nulla res in via tenere nos debeat, quando nec ipse Dominus, in quantum via nostra esse dignatus est, tenere nos voluerit, sed transire; ne rebus temporalibus, quamvis ab illo pro salute nostra susceptis et gestis, haereamus infirmiter, sed per eas potius curramus alacriter, ut ad eum ipsum, qui nostram naturam a temporalibus liberavit, et collocavit ad dexteram Patris, provehi atque pervehi mereamur.'

(*i*) p. 10. Sermo 141 § 4 'Quia ergo ipse est apud Patrem veritas et vita, et non habebamus qua iremus ad veritatem, Filius Dei, qui semper in Patre veritas et vita est, assumendo hominem factus est via. Ambula per hominem, et pervenis ad Deum. Per ipsum vadis, ad ipsum vadis. Noli quaerere qua ad illum venias, praeter ipsum. Si enim via esse ipse noluisset, semper erraremus. Factus ergo via est qua venias. Non tibi dico, quaere viam. Ipsa via ad te venit: surge et ambula.'

(*j*) p. 10. in Ioannis evang. tract. 13 § 4 'Si veritatem quaeris, viam tene: nam ipsa est via quae est veritas. Ipsa est quo is, ipsa est qua is; non per aliud is ad aliud, non per aliud venis ad Christum: per Christum ad Christum venis. Quomodo per Christum ad Christum? Per Christum hominem ad Christum Deum: per Verbum carnem factum, ad Verbum quod in principio erat Deus apud Deum.'

(*k*) p. 10. Sermo 142 § 2 'Via Christus humilis: Christus veritas et vita, Christus excelsus et Deus. Si ambules in humili, pervenies ad excelsum. Quia tu ire non potuisti ad eum, ille venit

ad te. Venit docens humilitatem, qua redeamus: quia superbia nos redire non sinebat ad vitam. § 6 Iam humilis Deus, et adhuc superbus homo?'

(*l*) p. 11. *Extravag. communes*, L. I. tit. 8, c. 1 'Subesse Romano Pontifici omni humanae creaturae declaramus esse de necessitate salutis.'

(*m*) p. 11. *Praelectiones theologicae, quas in Collegio Romano Societatis Jesu habebat Joannes Perrone*, ed. 21. Ratisbonae 1854, I. § 290 'Tolerantia religiosa impia est et absurda.'

(*n*) p. 11. In 1858 the servant-maid of a Jewish family in Bologna treacherously baptised her nursling. The papal government seized the child, and brought him up at Rome as a Christian. An ear-witness relates that Edgar Mortara, at 7 years of age, when asked whether he were happy, whether he were content to be a Christian, raised his eyes bright with joy to heaven; and when asked whether he would not gladly return to his parents, replied, 'most gladly, if they will become Christians.' The learned Romanist divine Döllinger (Kirche und Kirchen, Papstthum und Kirchenstaat. München 1861, p. 622) justly says, that the scandal of this Mortara story did more injury to the papacy than a lost battle. There is point in Edmond About's satire, when he estimates the faithful in the flock of Rome at so many millions—and the young Mortara.

(*o*) p. 11. *Les Évangiles, par Gustave d'Eichthal*, I. Paris 1863, 177 'D'ailleurs, cette foi aveugle dans le texte de Marc a conduit Luc à une autre anomalie beaucoup plus grave. Dans un passage interpolé (Marc IX. 37—39) l'auteur prête à Jésus cette sentence d'une moralité vraiment par trop mondaine: "Qui n'est point contre vous est pour vous." Luc a fidèlement transcrit ce passage (IX. 50). Mais un peu plus loin, oubliant ce qu'il vient d'écrire, il copie non moins fidèlement cette autre sentence, toute contraire, que Matthieu met dans la bouche de Jésus "Qui n'est point avec moi, est contre moi" (Luc. XI. 23). De cette façon, à quelques lignes de distance, Jésus, dans le troisième Évangile, se trouve successivement affirmer et enseigner le pour et le contre. C'est là certainement un des plus singuliers résultats auquel Luc se soit trouvé conduit, par sa façon de procéder dans la composition de son Évangile.' It is plain that M. d'Eichthal not only misunderstands

the two texts, but assumes that the gospels were written in the order in which they stand in our bibles, or at least that St Luke wrote after St Matthew and St Mark; an assumption which no one is entitled to make, in the present state of the question. Still, though the popular critic Sainte-Beuve has inordinately overestimated the scientific merit of M. d'Eichthal's book, a French man of letters taking so much pains to understand scripture is, irrespective of the particular results attained, a cheering sign of the times. So also clear-sighted believers have recognised the relative and provisional service rendered even by M. Renan's works and by Eugène Sue's posthumous *Life of Jesus* to those many Frenchmen who know nothing of scripture at first hand. Some healing word may there, as in incognito, surprise hearts fortified against undisguised Revelation.

(*p*) p. 12. Justin (apol. I. 46) 'We were taught that Christ was God's first-born, and we have before set Him forth as the Reason (λόγον), in which all mankind had part. And they who lived with reason (μετὰ λόγου) are Christians, as among Greeks Socrates and Heraclitus and the like, among barbarians Abraham, Ananias, Azarias, Misael and many others.' See also Otto's index under *Logos*.

(*q*) p. 12. Clem. Alex. (strom. VI. c. 17 § 160) 'Is it not absurd that we, while ascribing to the devil disorder and injustice, should make him the giver of a virtuous thing, even philosophy? For so he would be kinder to the Greeks, towards the attainment of virtue, than God's providence and counsel. I on the contrary hold that it is the special function of law and of all right reason to attribute to each individual thing its own special properties. For as the lyre belongs to the harper, the flute to the fluteplayer, so all excellences belong to the good; it being the good man's nature to do good, as it is that of fire to heat, of light to enlighten; but evil the good will no more do, than light will darken, fire chill. Vice on the other hand will do nothing virtuous, for its operation is evildoing, as that of darkness is to confuse the eyes. Philosophy therefore, since it makes men virtuous, can be no work of vice; it remains therefore that it is God's, whose only work is well-doing; and all gifts of God are both given and received well. Again, as the use of philosophy

is found not among the evil, but granted to the best of Greeks; its source is also manifest, even that Providence which distributes to all after their deserts. With good reason then had Jews the law, but Greeks philosophy, until the Advent; whereon ensued the catholic invitation to join the peculiar people of righteousness, according to the doctrine which is of faith, the one only God both of Greeks and barbarians, or rather of all mankind, uniting all by the one Lord.'

(*r*) p. 13. On the American prayer-book see the *Christian Remembrancer* 1835—1838, 1843. The Athanasian creed is omitted; the minister is at liberty to substitute certain selected psalms for the psalms for the day; there are also other changes, suitable to a church which disclaims infallibility. In Peter Hall's *Reliquiae Liturgicae*, Bath, 1847, vol. v. is 'The book of common prayer, and administration of the sacraments...as revised and proposed to the use of the protestant episcopal church at a convention held in Philadelphia 27 Sept.—7 Oct. 1785.' The changes introduced into this draft are far more sweeping than those finally sanctioned by the church, and may be of practical interest to ourselves in impending controversies.

(*s*) p. 13. Clem. Alex. protrept. x. § 100 *πῶς οὖν ἀνέλθω, φησὶν, εἰς οὐρανούς; ὁδός ἐστιν ὁ κύριος, στενὴ μὲν, ἀλλ' ἐξ οὐρανῶν, στενὴ μὲν, ἀλλ' εἰς οὐρανοὺς ἀναπέμπουσα· στενὴ ἐπὶ γῆς ὑπερορωμένη, πλατεῖα ἐν οὐρανοῖς προσκυνουμένη.*

The Sign of the Ascension

ST JOHN'S

17 *May* 1868

Resurrectio domini, spes nostra; ascensio domini, glorificatio nostra. Ascensionis enim hodie sollemnia celebramus. Si ergo recte, si fideliter, si devote, si sancte, si pie ascensionem domini celebramus, ascendamus cum illo et sursum cor habeamus. Ascendentes autem non extollamur, nec de nostris quasi de propriis meritis praesumamus. Sursum enim cor habere debemus, sed ad dominum. Sursum enim cor non ad dominum, superbia vocatur: sursum autem cor ad dominum refugium vocatur.

Augustin. serm. 261 c. 1.

THE SIGN OF THE ASCENSION

When they therefore were come together, they asked of Him, saying, Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel? And He saith unto them, It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in His own power. But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto Me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth. And when He had spoken these things, while they beheld, He was taken up: and a cloud received Him out of their sight. And while they looked stedfastly toward heaven as He went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven. Acts i. 6—11.

WHEN these words were written, two theologies divided the world. A high officer of state in the imperial city, an unwearied student, a martyr to that science, of which he was for 1500 years the oracle, thus states the one: 'It is a main comfort under the imperfection of man's nature, that God Himself cannot do all things. For He cannot, if He would, take His own life, the chief boon which He has given to man amidst his great pains; He cannot give eternity to mortals, nor recall the dead to life;...and many other things He cannot do, all which shews Nature's power, which is indeed that which we call God(*a*).' Another voice went forth from the preachers of what Tacitus(*b*) calls a pernicious superstition. 'With

God all things are possible; it is impossible for God to lie.' That is, as the great teachers of the church have clearly explained(*c*); His power is limited only by His perfections; He is Almighty because He can do what He wills; not because He must suffer what He does not will: He cannot lie, or die, or be deceived.

Still the same theologies divide the world, and of late even the church itself. To the one, God is a force, acting under the law of some Fate or Nature, without will, without love, without consciousness or conscience; to the other He is a Person, a Father, whose tender mercies are over all His works, free Himself and setting His servants free; they cannot believe that the source of their life is stagnant; that the giver of their wisdom and love is stubbornly silent(*d*) or hard, His ears and eyes alike sealed to their prayers or to their wants; that He who feeds the ravens does not much more compassionate spiritual hunger. It is well that the deniers of a living God have had the courage to submit their doctrine to the severest test, by taking it as a key to the life of Christ: two writers of rare literary skill have grappled the problems of that life, assuming no higher cause than common nature. Take their scheme of things as true; and ask yourself on laying down their books, whether your intellect, your doubts, are satisfied; whether the existence of a church, whether such a meeting as ours this evening, is accounted for; will the heart warm and the knee bend to such a Christ; for such a Christ would martyrs have sung in the fires, and apostles have essayed the conquest of a world? Could such a Christ have sifted out from the villages of Palestine types of each form of grace and zeal and holiness, a Mary, and a Peter, and a John(*e*)?

An able advocate of Pantheistic theology grants without hesitation all that upholders of a supernatural Christianity would require. 'Miracles,' he says, 'follow most directly from the ordinary Theism. Once regard God as a Will exterior to the world, and we must allow that this Will acts in the world; but this action, as the interposition of a transcendent principle in the course of the world, can only be supernatural, *i.e.* a miracle(*f*).'

Other deniers of miracles fail to discriminate between the various ages of theology. A man of scientific fame(*g*), lecturing to working men, pictured theologians as explaining every accident by miracle; men of science account for losses in a house by theft; theologians, by miracle. In the earliest ages, as in Homer(*h*) *e.g.*, we do find divines of some such principles; but to a Rothe(*i*) or to a Thirlwall(*j*) natural law and miracles are correlative terms; where there is no conception of a natural law, no acquaintance with the actual laws of nature, *there* there is no miracle, simply because all is miracle. Christianity claims to be supernatural, and in Christendom natural science has sprung up; so little necessary repugnance is there between natural law and divine revelation. *Numquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dicit*(*k*). The professor whom I quoted but now probably regards Luther as superstitious; yet Luther says of the ascension, magnifying the miracle, 'To move in air is to men an unusual, nay, an impossible thing. A man's body has the natural property of tending downwards, like a stone or other heavy thing(*l*).'

Perhaps the miraculous element in our faith would be less jealously scanned, if we ourselves learnt gentleness and consideration. One lately called to his rest through

sharp suffering(*m*), a man in whom, as in very few, childlike faith and reverence were wedded to a manly vigour of intellect, has laid down two cautions respecting this matter, which he found of service to himself.

First(*n*). Clearly distinguish between two questions; the abstract question, are miracles in themselves conceivable? and the concrete, are such and such particular reported miracles facts? The first is a philosophical, the second a historical question. Many fear to allow the possibility of miracles, lest they should be compelled to admit certain alleged miracles without criticism. But they are bound to no such admission. There is only one way in which we can assure ourselves of the truth of any narrative, natural or supernatural, namely, by a searching inquiry into the evidence for it.

In like manner the most learned of our bishops teaches(*o*): 'It is only with spiritual truths that faith is ever properly conversant. Historical facts are the object of a historical belief, which Scripture itself(*p*) teaches us to distinguish from that faith which it describes as the indispensable condition of salvation.... And certainly such a faith has no injury to dread from the progress of physical science. The region in which it lives and moves is wholly spiritual and supramundane; one in which a science, which deals only with the laws of matter, can find no footing, and therefore must needs leave it in peace.' 'We have greater need than ever,' he elsewhere(*q*) teaches, 'to distinguish between things which do and things which do not concern our Christian faith and hope. A great part of the events related in the Old Testament has no more apparent connexion with our religion than those of Greek or Roman history... The

numbers, migrations, wars, battles, conquests, and reverses of Israel, have nothing in common with the teaching of Christ, with the way of salvation, with the fruits of the Spirit. They belong to a totally different order of subjects. They are not to be confounded with the spiritual revelation contained in the Old Testament, much less with that fulness of grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ. Whatever knowledge we may obtain of them, is in a religious point of view a matter of absolute indifference to us; and if they were placed on a level with the saving truths of the Gospel, they would gain nothing in intrinsic dignity, but would only degrade that with which they are thus associated. Such questions must be left to every one's private judgement and feeling, which have the fullest right to decide for each, but not to impose their decisions, as the dictate of an infallible authority, on the consciences of others. Any attempt to erect such facts into articles of faith would be fraught with danger of irreparable evil to the church, as well as with immediate hurt to numberless souls.'

Similar to this is the teaching of St Chrysostom's first homily on St Matthew, where he claims for the gospels substantial agreement in the main articles of the faith, amid circumstantial divergence, in matters of time, place and number(*r*). Compare also Paley's(*s*) protest against the 'unwarrantable, as well as unsafe, rule to lay down concerning the Jewish history, what was never laid down concerning any other, that either every particular of it must be true, or the whole false.' Paley is arguing against Voltaire.

Rothe's second caution relates to our treatment of those who differ from us, who reject a portion of what we

hold to be the truth. We might be content with our Saviour's tenderness towards the sceptic Thomas, and with His warnings against the proud spirit of the inquisition: *Let both grow together until the harvest, lest haply ye root up the wheat also; He that is not against you is with you.* But there is something more directly applicable to our case in these words(*t*), which tell how faith and charity may be held fast amid the wildest storms of doubt:

'A thoughtless belief in miracles I certainly do not mean to advocate, which imagines that the admission of miracles relieves us from the conscientious, strict investigation of the presumed miraculous fact in its concrete detail. My soul is a stranger to the wish to compel men, already in fact possessed of Revelation, to assume its miraculous origin: I will not make my confidence in their faith depend on such assumption on their part. It is a great thing, if Revelation's light does but illumine such men, if the Christian ideas have dawned upon them, and the main point is that they journey through life in the light of this sun. If they stumble at miracles, I say to them: Friends, I will not force upon you a faith in miracles; *beneficia non obtruduntur.* If you cannot make up your mind to the miracles, leave them on one side. Look to it, how without them you will deal with the history, how without them you will trace the causes of those well authenticated results, for which *we* possess the key in the miracles. For my part it is out of no dogmatical cupidity that I accept the miracles, but from a historical interest, because in the case of certain indisputable facts I cannot dispense with them as historical explanations.'

Another weighty argument against harsh treatment of doubters is suggested by the noble heathen proverb, 'So treat your enemies as those who may one day become your friends(*u*).' Shall we deny respecting any of Christ's enemies that they may one day take rank among His friends? Then Saul consenting to Stephen's death, making havock of the church, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the saints, would have been beyond the pale of our charitable hope? If ever Christian professors appear less generous and free than other men, if ever the atmosphere of the religious world is felt to be more stifling and poisonous, less pure and fresh than that of the common outer world; if the language of sermon, religious tract, religious protest and religious organ is sometimes hastier, bitterer, more timid and suspicious than that of worldly prints, do we not drive the lovers of peace from our walls? do we not in mistaken zeal for God's service make our brother, who, if he be in sincere doubt, is one of Christ's little ones, to offend? Shall we endorse the charges of the old pagans that Christians are *tenebrosa et lucifugax natio*(*v*), a sort of men that hug darkness and shun light, haters of human kind(*w*); and not rather extort that other witness(*x*), 'See how these Christians love one another?'

Let us not doubt that He who is the God of Nature, of History, and of Revelation, will at last shew that they have one voice.

It may be hard to hear—

> 'If God there be or gods,
> Without our science lies;
> We cannot see or touch,
> Measure, or analyse.'

But sooner or later the discovery will be made:

'To matter or to force
The All is not confined,
Beside the law of things
Is set the law of mind.
* * *
With equal voice she tells
Of what we touch and see
Within these bounds of life,
And of a life to be;
Proclaiming One who brought us hither,
And holds the keys of whence and whither(*y*).'

The soul is still naturally Christian, as when Tertullian(*z*) bade it stand forth in the midst and bear testimony against its own heathen prejudice.

It has been asked, Why the two eyewitnesses of the Ascension, St Matthew and St John, do not record it? We may rejoin: Why is not the Ascension numbered with the three principal festivals? Why are there so few Ascension hymns compared with the multitude for Easter and Whitsuntide? The Ascension is implied in the Resurrection: 'For Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over Him.' It is implied in the mission of the Spirit; for the Saviour said, 'If I depart, I will send the Comforter unto you.' But though seldom distinctly narrated, the Ascension is presupposed wherever we read of Christ's sitting at God's right hand, as our advocate with God the Father, preparing for His people the many mansions of His Father's house, purposing to descend at the last day from heaven to judgement. In this way the Ascension is attested perhaps by all the New Testament writers, except

St James and St Jude, and by St John alone nine times in his gospel(*aa*). Lastly, the whole church rests on this belief. If our risen Lord did not return to His Father in the body, His body must once more have been separated from the spirit, *i.e.* He must have died again. How then could St Paul have spoken that bold defiance: *O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?* The noble words of encouragement and of warning uttered at this season by Augustine(*bb*), Chrysostom(*cc*), Bernard(*dd*), would have been vain babblings of a dream. Luther's three sermons on the Ascension(*ee*), in which we see the personal powers of good and evil in deadly conflict, as we see them in no other writer but St John, would be mere cloudland; his shout of triumph echoing with infinite variety of joy and thanksgiving the cry of St Paul, would be empty wind.

On what basis does the historic certainty of the Resurrection and Ascension rest? On that of documents reaching up to within thirty of forty years of the event, as even reluctant critics(*ff*) are beginning again to confess. These documents report the evidence of witnesses chosen for their special knowledge to depose to the facts. Their witness is confirmed by their enemies, whose cruelties were so many tests of and testimonials to the credibility of our accounts. It is confirmed even by false friends, the romancing authors of spurious gospels, acts, epistles, revelations. This confirmation is two-fold: knowing what apocryphal writings are, we can judge whether any canonical books are apocryphal; again, amid all their fables, the substance of our gospel history lies treasured in these books. Strange fate! too good for men who defend truth by a lie; their forgery is rejected,

but between its lines the faint characters of the truth may still be deciphered.

The stream of evidence rolls on through each Christian land, and bears down the same scriptures in each several tongue.

It were hard to name an event of profane history, of the same date, attested by such weight of written evidence as the Resurrection, even if we overlook the later growth of the church. But take that into the account. Compare the aspirations and claims of the Saviour and their fulfilment at this day. 'Ye shall be my witnesses,' says the text, 'unto the uttermost parts of the earth.' St Chrysostom's argument from these words has only gathered strength since his day, but it carries weight as coming from a champion, breathed in the life or death grapple with heathenism. As for us, our very security blinds us to evidence which lies open before our eyes, while we frame or tolerate factitious apologies, which a gainsayer will scornfully brush aside.

'Measure not,' says Chrysostom (*gg*), 'the order of the words, but the force of the authority.... *I* may assume the tone of command and say to a few of my brothers or my household: Go forth into the nations and teach all, convert all.... The words go forth from my mouth, but if the event does not confirm them, I am condemned as a liar.... Examine the Lord's words, not by what He said, but by what He did. He said, *Make disciples of all nations*; if that saying has not been fulfilled, it was a vainglorious boast, not divine authority;...if there be any corner of earth which is without preaching, the prediction was false; but if the accomplishment outshine the words, then the witness is true.'

And again(*hh*): 'If He did not rise, but remains dead, how did the apostles work signs in His name? Or did they not work signs? How then did our society arise? For that it exists they will not deny, against the evidence of their senses. If they deny that signs have been wrought, they disgrace themselves the more. For this were the greatest of signs, that the whole world should have hurried up without sign, caught by the bait of twelve poor and illiterate men. For not in wealth, or wisdom of speech, did the fishers excel.' And once more(*ii*): 'This were the greatest sign and most marvellous paradox, if poor men, despised, unlearned, private, and held cheap, twelve in number, should be proved to have drawn to themselves so many cities, nations, peoples, kings, rulers, philosophers, orators, and so to say the whole world, without signs.'

The same Chrysostom who finds this true and effective evidence in our text, draws a warning from the text against false evidence. These few verses furnish us with proved armour of heavenly temper, and also with a means of detecting the false armour which will fail us in our need.

The disciples, still full of patriotic hopes, raised to the highest pitch by the great Easter victory, ask: 'Lord, wilt Thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?' The Saviour jealously guards the divine Regale, the prerogative of heaven's crown: 'It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in His own power.' Just as in answer to the question, 'Tell us when shall these things be, and what shall be the sign of Thy coming, and of the end of the world,' Jesus had said, 'Take heed that no man

deceive you: for many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ; and shall deceive many. But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father.' And once again: 'Ye shall indeed drink of My cup, but to sit on My right hand and on My left is not Mine to give, but it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared of My Father.' And as here in the text the rebuke of idle curiosity is followed by the call to work, and the promise that the work should not be in vain, *But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto Me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth;* so in St Matthew and St Mark: *This gospel of the kingdom shall first be preached in all the world, for a witness to all nations.* Chrysostom and Augustine, those great lights of East and West, humbly accept the condition of humanity; they are content to be ignorant of the future. 'It is said to Peter, It is not for you; and dost thou say, It is for me? Away with curiosity; let piety take her place. What is that to thee, *when* the kingdom shall come? So live, as if it were coming to-day; and thou wilt not fear when it shall come(*jj*).' 'The apostles were not suffered to examine even into the times.... Dost thou not reverence the apostles' measure? They who lived with the Saviour, to whom He appeared, who were illuminated by Him, are not allowed to know, but are forbidden to transgress their measure, and heard the words, *It is not for you to know*...and dost thou examine(*kk*)?'

I know no sadder page in literary history, and few darker stains upon the church, than the usurpation of

divine prescience by many self-styled expositors of scripture. Even Bengel(*ll*) says here, '*It is not for you;* whence it does not follow, it will not be for others in days to come.' Bengel's failure proves at least that it was not for him. Who can tell how many are driven out of the Christian church by those wild calculations, worthy only of astrological imposture, which are vended, in our country beyond all others, as authentic interpretations of prophecy?

It seems probable that St Paul is quoting this saying when he writes (1 Thess. v. 1) 'But of the times and seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you. For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night.' Times appear to be long periods;—seasons, critical epochs of man's necessity and God's opportunity. Such a 'season' was the reformation; such, there seems great reason to hope, is dawning in our day. So in the world of science preparatory ages are succeeded by inductive epochs, when the same truth flashes often upon several minds at once: so in the political world changes long preparing, when the hour has come, are swiftly brought about, with an ease amazing to their very authors.

One evidence, it may be thought, is lost to us by the very lowliness and obscurity of our origin; the mustard-tree may now overshadow the world, but no one took note of the tiny sprouting seed. Go to the cabinets of the curious, and they will shew the image and superscription of our Lord's earthly lord, Tiberius Caesar, son of the god Augustus; you will see too the fiery consecration or apotheosis of these dead(*mm*) gods. Christ we cannot know after the flesh; no inscription, no marble statue, no

proud titles on stone or brass carry us back to His very days, and strike doubt itself dumb. His kingdom is not of this world; His outward lineaments, the signature of His abasement, we cannot trace; painters are free to soar to the highest ideal perfection in portraying Him. Would you see his *Vera Εἰκών*, the spiritual likeness of the risen, living Christ? *Man is God's image; but the poor man is Christ's stamp to boot(nn)*. When John Baptist doubted, Jesus appealed to the signs of His mission; the climax of all works of wonder, greater than the raising of the dead, was this, *The poor have the gospel preached to them.* So again, *Ye have the poor always with you; Me ye have not always.* So at the last day service to the least of our brethren, or neglect of them, must be reckoned for with Him: to Him we do it, or do it not. Did you never see a poor man bearing need, sickness, age and its infirmities, meekly and cheerfully; knowing one book alone, and having no critical knowledge of that; but with a quiet dignity in his simple manners, a light in his eye, a lofty and eternal hope, such as put you and your comforts and your breeding to the blush, so that you reverenced in the man of few wants a faint image of the God who has none(*oo*)? There you saw a likeness of Christ, purified by suffering.

While rebuking curiosity our Saviour set His apostles a task, His parting legacy. They desired a kingdom ready made, struck out at a heat by one magic word: His patient ways led them a long journey to their goal; from Jerusalem to Samaria, and so to the world's end. A heaven not earned by work, by self-devotion, were no heaven. He Himself had sought first the lost sheep of Israel's house; and the apostles, as their records testify, observed

the same order; the nearer duty first, then the more remote.

If we for our parts would hold the same course, and first 'adorn' this our country, our Jerusalem, our college home, our commission will be found the very same with that of the apostles; an inspiring thought in days big with change for good or evil. Lady Margaret prayed that her fellows and scholars might promote three main desires of her heart, the worship of God, purity of manners, and the confirmation of Christian faith(*pp*). Bishop Fisher, in the allusive style of his day, took for his motto, 'I will make you fishers of men.' To the ends of the world there have gone forth from these walls such fishers of souls; members of our body still living have made barbarian languages echo for the first time our immortal hopes.

Thus our private service to our college exactly satisfies a public want of our age and country. Divines sober, learned, impartial, unselfish, fearless, can at this moment do more perhaps for England than any other men. And whether we live more in memory or in hope, our hands can alike find work to do. Are you content with our present settlement, and do you delight in its ideal excellence? Do nothing yourself to dim that beauty in others' eyes; labour to make it worthier of your affection. Do you aspire to a better order? You are without excuse if you do not make the most of the old order; if you do not reverently study its principles, and demolish nothing that has a right to stand, in your eagerness to rebuild.

So shall we all alike prepare for that home whither our Forerunner has gone before; risen with Christ our Head, we shall set our affections on things above. Born

to glorious hopes, citizens of heaven, let us not sell our birthright or cast it away, but lift up our hearts, lift them up unto the Lord: *Sursum corda*, above all touch of earth, its passions, interests, indolence, pleasure; above the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the prevailing pride of life; above rebellious fretting against the age in which God has fixed our lot, or craven fears for the church founded on the Rock of Ages; above a fond optimism, dreaming of some perfect past, clinging to some frail changing stay; high too above reforms, narrower, less reverent, less divine, than that whereby, at whatever time or season, in whatever form, the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our God and of Christ exalted at His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour.

NOTES

(*a*) p. 23. Plin. nat. hist. II. 7 § 27 cited by Pearson, *On the Creed*, art. vi. n. *o*.

(*b*) p. 23. Tac. ann. xv. 44 'Ergo abolendo rumori [the report that he had set fire to Rome] Nero subdidit reos, et quaesitissimis poenis affecit, quos per flagitia invisos vulgus Christianos appellabat. Auctor nominis eius Christus Tiberio imperitante per procuratorem Pontium Pilatum supplicio affectus erat; repressaque in praesens exitiabilis superstitio rursus erumpebat, non modo per Iudaeam originem eius mali, sed per urbem etiam, quo cuncta undique atrocia aut pudenda confluunt celebranturque.'

(*c*) p. 24. See the quotations from Augustine, Ambrose, Theodoret, and other fathers in Pearson, *ibid.* notes *t* to *y*.

(*d*) p. 24. Rothe (*Zur Dogmatik*, Gotha 1863, p. 60) citing from a translation of F. de Rougemont's *Christ and His Witnesses*, 'If the idea of God had in our eyes all the characteristics of an indisputable, necessary, absolute truth; if the God, whose existence is demonstrated to us, did not directly assure us of His presence, we should be amazed and take offence at this entire immobility of the Being, who is Life itself, at the obstinate silence of Him, who is Wisdom and Love.'

(*e*) p. 24. The most eloquent of the living protestant preachers of France, Eugène Bersier, has a striking passage on the piercing keenness of His eye, who from the country population of an obscure tribe drew forth so many varied models of excellence.

(*f*) p. 25. Zeller cited by Rothe, p. 87.

(*g*) p. 25. Prof. Huxley.

(*h*) p. 25. This is shewn at length by Nägelsbach in his

Homerische Theologie; many proofs may be seen in the story of the funeral games, towards the end of the Iliad.

(*i*) p. 25. P. 87.

(*j*) p. 25. *Charge*, Oct. 1863, pp. 25—36, esp. p. 36 'The student of nature, who, without surrendering one particle of physical truth, or admitting any restriction on the freedom of scientific investigation, is yet able to withstand the most dangerous temptation which besets his favourite pursuits—the tendency to a mechanical philosophy, or the resting in second causes—and, who, resigning himself to the consciousness of his limited faculties and imperfect knowledge, clings to the centre of his spiritual being, and finds a secure anchorage in the love of his heavenly Father, as revealed in the Gospel of Jesus Christ,—such a one exhibits one of the noblest examples of Christian humility, wisdom, and self-control, that in these days it is possible to witness.'

(*k*) p. 25. Iuven. xiv. 321.

(*l*) p. 25. *Hauspostille* (*Werke*, Erlangen, 1826, IV. 2).

(*m*) p. 26. Richard Rothe, one of the greatest ethical philosophers of any age, in simplicity of character the Arnold of Germany, but far superior to Arnold in power and knowledge, died 20 Aug. 1867, leaving no equal behind him among the theologians of Germany. In Krause's *Protestantische Kirchenzeitung* No. 35 (31 Aug. 1867) there is an interesting account of his last days by an eyewitness. On the 5th of August he attended, though ill at the time, an important meeting of the Baden church council. In the night he endured great torture, but would not disturb the household; a forgetfulness of self to which his physician ascribed his death. He compelled his colleagues, who would have stayed with him to the last, to take their usual vacation tour; left his body to the disposal of his physician, if he thought its dissection might lead to the alleviation of others' sufferings; forbad any display at his funeral; dictated to his maidservant the words: 'I entreat from the bottom of my heart my ecclesiastical friends, especially the speakers at my grave, not for any supposed reputation of mine to let fall a word that can pain my opponents, whom I have always sincerely esteemed higher than myself. No fame can be vainer than that which wounds one's neighbour.'

'Indescribably mild and gentle was the expression of his features throughout.... The two maidservants said they could not hand him a glass of water without receiving his hearty thanks with the friendly look peculiar to him; they knew when his pains were most severe, because he sent them away on some little errand into a side-room; when they lamented his sufferings, he bade them not to complain, for it was God's will that he should bear it.... When they asked whether they should not send word to his relations, he said, *It is not good when too many stand around a death-bed, for then no room is left for the angels;* adding, *It may sound ridiculous, but there is some truth in it.*

'He was to the last entirely free from all that theatrical display, with which the fashionable piety of the day loves to deck a death-bed, free from every sort of excitement or agitation, just the same as ever. He spoke just in his usual tone about his own state; at first (with the manifest intention of inducing me to set out on my tour) of the utter uncertainty in which he, as a layman, was about his state, adding, however, that it was certainly possible that the disorder might reach such a point that the crumbling tabernacle would fall in; but he knew that a better building was prepared for him. Above all, whatever the issue might be, he could only thank God from the depth of his soul for the grace vouchsafed to him always and also in this illness.'

On the last day of his life, having needed several little services one after another, he begged his maidservants 'not to be angry with him for giving so much trouble, it would not be for long.'

As his friends were lamenting his death, his nurse delivered his last message: *she was to say, that he died in the Name of Jesus Christ, and believed also that he understood in some measure what that meant, to die in the Name of Jesus Christ.*

(*n*) p. 26. P. 84.

(*o*) p. 26. Thirlwall, *l. c.* p. 28.

(*p*) p. 26. James ii. 19.

(*q*) p. 26. *Ibid.* pp. 123, 124.

(*r*) p. 27. P. 5 A seq. 'Why then, among so many disciples, do two only of the apostles write, and two of their followers?... *Because they did nothing for display, but all for use.* What then? was it not

enough that one evangelist should say all? *Enough it was; but if the writers are four, neither at the same times, nor in the same places, nor after meeting and conference with one another, and yet they say all as if from one mouth, this becomes a most powerful demonstration of the truth.* But, says he, the very contrary is the case; for they are convicted of differing from one another in many places. *Nay, but this very difference is a very great proof of the truth. For if their agreement had been precise and universal, extending even to time, and place, and the very words, no enemy would have believed, but that they had come together and by some human concert written what they wrote; for that such accordance could not belong to simplicity. But now even the apparent discordance in details relieves them of suspicion, and is a brilliant defence of the character of the writers. But if their reports differ somewhat in regard to places or times, that does not in any degree detract from the truth of what they say....In the main points, on which our life and preaching depend, there will not be found any where in any of them the smallest discordance. What are these main points? For example, that God was made man, that He worked miracles, that He was crucified, was buried, arose, ascended, that He will judge, that He gave saving commandments, that He introduced a law not contrary to the old commandment, that He is the Son, that He is only-begotten, true, of the same substance with the Father, and the like; for in these points we find that they are entirely agreed.*'

(*s*) p. 27. *Evidences*, pt. III. c. 3, where he also says: 'a reference in the New Testament, to a passage in the Old, does not so fix its authority as to exclude all inquiry into its credibility, or into the separate reasons on which that credibility is founded....'

'I have thought it necessary to state this point explicitly, because a fashion, revived by Voltaire and pursued by the disciples of his school, seems to have much prevailed of late, of attacking Christianity through the sides of Judaism. Some objections of this class are founded in misconstruction, some in exaggeration; but all proceed upon a supposition, which has not been made out by argument, *viz.* that the attestation, which the Author and first teachers of Christianity gave to the divine mission of Moses and the prophets, extends to every point and portion of the Jewish history;

and so extends as to make Christianity responsible in its own credibility for the circumstantial truth (I had almost said for the critical exactness) of every narrative contained in the Old Testament.'

(*t*) p. 28. Rothe, *l. c.* pp. 111, 112.

(*u*) p. 29. Soph. Aias 679 *ὅ τ' ἐχθρὸς ἡμῖν ἐς τοσόνδ' ἐχθαρτέος, ὡς καὶ φιλήσων αὖθις.* Cf. Demosth. c. Aristocr. § 122 p. 660 fin.; Philo de caritate c. 21, II. 401 Mang. These three add to this rule of Bias *μισεῖν ὡς φιλήσοντας* the converse *φιλεῖν ὡς μισήσοντας* (Aristot. rhet. II. 13 § 14, 21 § 13). Cicero Lael. § 59, Publius Syrus in Gell. XVII. 14, and Diog. Laert. I. § 87 only give the latter rule, which is condemned by Aristotle and Cicero. Diodorus (XII. 20 § 3) ascribes to Zaleukos the warning against implacable enmity.

(*v*) p. 29. Minuc. Felix, Octav. 8 § 5.

(*w*) p. 29. Tacitus (ann. XV. 44) calls christians *odio humani generis coniuncti.* They were 'public enemies' (Tertull. apol. 2, 35).

(*x*) p. 29. Tertull. apol. 39 'eiusmodi vel maxime dilectionis operatio notam nobis inurit penes quosdam. *Vide*, inquiunt, *ut invicem se diligant.*'

(*y*) p. 30. *Hymns by F. T. Palgrave*, 2nd ed., Lond. 1868, pp. 42, 45.

(*z*) p. 30. See the tract *de testimonio animae*, one of the boldest and grandest pieces of eloquence in all literature, an expansion of the 'testimonium animae naturaliter Christianae' of Tertull. apol. 17. 'Consiste, anima, in medio....Sed non eam te advoco, quae scholis formata, bibliothecis exercitata, Academiis et porticibus Atticis partam sapientiam ructas. Te simplicem et rudem et impolitam et idioticam compello, qualem habent qui te solam habent, illam ipsam de compito, de trivio, de textrino totam. Imperitia tua mihi opus est, quoniam aliquantulae peritiae tuae nemo credit. Ea expostulo, quae tecum in hominem infers, quae aut ex temetipsa aut ex quocunque auctore tuo sentire didicisti. Non es, quod sciam, christiana, fieri enim, non nasci solet christiana. Tamen nunc a te testimonium flagitant christiani, ab extranea adversus tuos' (c. 1). Cf. adv. Marc. I. 10.

(*aa*) p. 31. See the references in Pearson, or in Bretschneider, *Handbuch der Dogmatik*, 4th ed. Leipz. 1838, II. 235.

(*bb*) p. 31. See his sermons 261—265, ed. Bened.

(*cc*) p. 31. Homilies 1 and 2 on the Acts; and homily on the Ascension III. 914 seq. ed. Gaume.

(*dd*) p. 31. See his five short sermons on the Ascension I. 918—934 ed. Bened., esp. serm. 2 § 1 'Consummatio et adimpletio est reliquarum sollemnitatum et felix clausula totius itinerarii Filii Dei.'

(*ee*) p. 31. These sermons, one without date, the others dated 1533 and 1534 respectively (*Werke*, ed. Erlangen, IV. 1—51), are among the most vigorous of Luther's works, and (unlike even the best of patristic writings) contain little or nothing that is not as effective now as when he spoke it.

P. 3. 'Seeing that Christ mounts up to heaven, we may readily conclude, that He will have nothing to do with the world and its kingdom; else He would stay here on earth, and need what other, worldly, kings and princes need. But all this He leaves below, and mounts up to heaven, where we see Him not; teaching us rightly to mark and know His kingdom, that it is no worldly kingdom, as the disciples thought, that He would bestow on them money, estates, and great lordships; but a kingdom spiritual and eternal, as He will bestow spiritual goods on them, who are therein with Him.

'For no one ought to become a Christian for this purpose, to come to money or estate or great honour thereby. Not for this cause were preaching, baptism and sacrament instituted; not for this cause did Christ come from heaven to earth and ascend again into heaven, to set up such a worldly, perishable, temporal kingdom.'

P. 6. 'Most men with soul and body, with heart and hand, are engrossed in this fleeting life alone, and strive to have enough here, caring little or nothing for Christ's ascension into heaven. This the Holy Ghost would fain prevent, and preaches, Christ has not remained on earth, but is gone up on high; in order that, while we are still in the body here below, we may with heart and thought

rise upward, and not suffer our hearts to be laden with cares of this life.'

Pp. 21, 22. '*Thou art gone up on high.* He is speaking of Christ, who will occupy and set up a new and eternal kingdom.... Hereby Christ's kingdom is clearly and properly distinguished from all kingdoms on earth. Worldly kings do not go up on high, when they would occupy and take possession of their kingdom, but remain below on earth. The king of France, the Turkish sultan, and other kings, do not go above the clouds, when they would take possession of land and people, nor reign above the clouds in heaven; but stay here on earth, rule on earth in this earthly kingdom. So soon as they part from earth and go up, their kingdom and government ends. But my Son and Lord, says David, is such a king, as ascends on high from earth into heaven, and sits at God's right hand, and rules on high. Other kings plant their throne on castles, cities, land and people on earth. But this King sets His throne on high, at the right hand of the divine Majesty in heaven, there He rules for ever, as the 45th Psalm also says, *Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever.*

'This the prophet David saw long before in the spirit.... Therefore he thus foretells of Him, making Him no bodily, worldly king on earth, as the Jews, aye, and the apostles hoped of the ascension; and as the pope and his followers would have it, who boasts to be Christ's vicar on earth. But Christ needs no pope as vicar. If He would have a vicar on earth, emperors, kings, princes, judges, executioners, were enough for His turn, He would have no need whatever of the pope to boot. But His kingdom is not of this world; therefore He needs no vicar. He does indeed reign in heaven and earth over all creatures; but He is no earthly king, nor has He an earthly kingdom.'

Pp. 25, 26. 'Of the power and fruit of Christ's ascension David preaches very finely and gloriously. Wouldst thou know, he says, to what end Christ ascended? I will tell thee: *For this He went up on high, to take captivity captive.* Short words, but in these short words he embraces heaven and earth, and all that therein is. *He hath taken captivity captive.* A grand and a proud speech. Therefore He went up on high, and sitteth above in heaven, to lay the stocks in the stocks, and imprison the prison. This is His kingdom,

office and work, which he has accomplished on high, that He has cast captivity into captivity. Though we see it not, yet we hear it preached.

'But what means the saying, *Thou hast led captivity captive?*... In plain English we say: Christ therefore ascended on high, and therefore sitteth at the Father's right hand in majesty, that He may release and set free the captives: for that is the meaning of *taking captivity captive*. But we must keep the prophets' language, and use ourselves to it. He says not, *Thou art gone up on high, and hast set the captives free* (though that is the meaning), but, *Thou hast led captivity captive*, Death in death, Sin in sin, Hell in hell; for he speaks of a kingdom and a prison, not earthly or of earth, but on high before God. *Thou hast led captive*, he says, *the captivity*, which is called captivity before God, in His eternal kingdom, which is a kingdom of faith.

'What kind of prison, stocks or tower, is that? Not such a prison, bond, stocks or tower, as the executioner or constable has. For Christ is not concerned with that, not for that did He ascend; but He has to do with the eternal prison before God. And therefore is He gone up on high, and sitteth at the right hand of Majesty, that He may lead captive the eternal captivity before God. Were He not gone up on high, and had He not led captivity captive, we must have been for ever captive. But He is gone up on high, and hath taken the great, high, deep, strong, dungeon before God, namely, Sin in sin, Death in death, Hell in hell.'

P. 26. 'For this cause Christ is gone up on high, and hath taken captive captivity, even Sin, as though He would say: *I go up on high, and sit down at God's right hand; this is My kingdom, office and work, to take captive captivity, which had taken My Christians and believers. Thou, Sin, art a piece of such a prison, but as thou hast done to My Christians, even so will I do to thee. They were forced to be thy captives, either freely to sin against God through security, or through sadness to remain in despair: to this thou, Sin, hast driven them: but come hither and be taken in thy turn, and made a slave.*'

Pp. 33, 34. '*Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.* It is a strong and mighty command, that the Lord sends His disciples, not into a city or village, not only into Judaea

to the people of Israel, not only to Jerusalem to the priests and Levites, not into a kingdom and principality of the heathen ; but into the whole world, to all kings, princes and lords, and all men under heaven, Jews or heathen, gentle or simple, man or woman, young or old. That is indeed to open the mouth wide, and preach not in a corner, but freely, openly, that the sound may go forth before all creatures, sun, moon, etc., and that all men...may hear, that none may be able to excuse himself or say, he has not heard it.

'This command is so great and strong, that no greater or stronger command or order ever went forth into the world. For every king's, emperor's, prince's and lord's command reaches no further than to his own kingdom, empire, principality, land and folk ; just as every householder's order goes no further than his own household. But this King's order embraces all kings, emperors, princes, land, people, great and small, rich and poor, learned and unlearned.... The apostles' word and preaching have, according to Christ's command, come to all the world, though their persons and their feet did not journey through all the world. Our fathers and forefathers have received before us the same word (though preached at one time more clearly than at another). The word goes continually onward, through other and yet other persons. The apostles began to preach it in all the world ; the apostles' successors carry it on to the last day.

'This command we must mark well, for hereby Christ Himself distinguishes the preaching of the gospel from all other teachings upon earth. For since He says, *the apostles must go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature*, it follows, that all the world, with all its wisdom, art and teaching, knows and understands nothing of Christ's gospel. For did it know and understand it out of its own head, then it had not needed the apostles' mission and preaching. Had the Greeks known it, St Paul had not needed to go to them, and set up amongst them the obedience of faith. Therefore by this command all the learned of this world, philosophers, jurists, theologians, with all that they know, understand and teach in the world are brought to school, and subjected to the poor beggars and unlearned fishermen, the apostles, as the messengers sent by Christ to be masters of all the world, whom all the world must hear and learn of them, or with all its art and wisdom be

condemned. The world knows and understands how to build, keep house, eat, drink, support itself, rule land and people, etc.; but of Christ's kingdom, how to be saved,—of that it knows nothing.'

Pp. 46, 47. 'Thus we must rightly distinguish the preaching of faith and the doctrine of good works, and leave each in its own proper place. For though the doctrine of good works must also needs be urged; yet good works are only as the foliage, or as apples, pears, or other fruits on the tree. But faith is the tree which bears both, leaf and fruit. Good works must stay here below among men and serve our neighbours. But faith rises on high, and deals with God, receives forgiveness of sins, life and bliss, offered through the gospel in Christ. This faith is no mere empty thought, but a living assurance, so that we can venture with all our heart on the promise, and in its strength defy and pluck up heart against sin, death and devil.'

Abp. Leighton's beautiful words in his *Exposition of the Creed* (a refreshing contrast to the dry scholasticism of Pearson) will bear comparison with these of Luther.

(*ff*) p. 31. Reuss, Réville, Nicolas, Holtzmann, Schenkel, Renan, for the most part negative critics, agree in fixing the date of the synoptic gospels A.D. 71—80 (Pressensé, *Jésus-Christ*, ed. 2, p. 173).

(*gg*) p. 32. Vol. III. 932, ed. Gaume.

(*hh*) p. 33. *Ibid.* IX. 8.

(*ii*) p. 33. *Ibid.* III. 111, 112.

(*jj*) p. 34. Aug. serm. 265 c. 3 § 4.

(*kk*) p. 34. Chrysost. III. 930 seq. cf. XI. 563.

(*ll*) p. 35. '*Non vestrum est*, inquit: unde non licet colligere, ne aliorum quidem posthac fore.' Oetinger (cited by Stier) thinks that we, who have the Apocalypse with Bengel's exposition, are far more enlightened than the apostles, who were without the Apocalypse. For *seasons* the German versions have *Zeitpunkte*; an excellent rendering.

(*mm*) p. 35. Cf. Nero's jest, who called the *boletus*, wherewith Claudius was poisoned, *deorum cibus* (Suet. Ner. 32); and Vespasian's dying jest (Suet. Vesp. 23), *Ut puto, deus fio.*

(*nn*) p. 36. Geo. Herbert, *Church-Porch*, p. 14, ed. 1838.

(*oo*) p. 36. The saying 'It is the property of the gods to need nothing, of godlike men to need little,' is ascribed to Socrates by Xenophon, memor. I. 6 § 10, cf. Censorin. 1 § 4; by Diog. Laert. vi. § 105 to the cynic Diogenes.

(*pp*) p. 37. In the codes of statutes of 1516, 1524, 1530, and 1545 (*Early Statutes of St John's College, Cambr.* 1859, pp. 88, 89, 309, 373), we read of 'tria illa,...quae pientissima fundatrix a sociis scholaribus ac discipulis praecipue curanda votis omnibus exoptavit, nempe Dei cultus, morum probitas, et Christianae fidei corroboratio.'

So also in the statute *de his qui concionibus ad plebem exercitabunt sese* (*ibid.* pp. 96, 97, 313, 377) 'Ut autem id tandem cuius gratia potissimum optima et pientissima fundatrix collegium istud erigi voluit, sortiatur effectum (id est ut tandem enascantur ex hoc coetu theologi qui suorum studiorum fructum aliis communicent), statuimus et ordinamus ut semper quarta pars ex universo sociorum numero concionibus ad plebem in vulgari dicendis incumbat.'

The truth shall make you free

ST JOHN'S

7 *November* 1880

THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE

"*Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on him, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed and ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.*" St John viii. 31, 32.

THE text reveals the intimate relation between intellect and will, belief and practice, the word and the life, a relation ripening and deepening in a normal growth, like confidence between friends. The freedom of man lies in his ready surrender to the divine law: 'our wills are ours to make them Thine'; but to obey the law we must know it. The wise man, as the Stoics taught, though in bonds, as Bacchus confronting Pentheus, is alone free(*a*).

The complement of this truth, the influence of action on belief, is taught in c. 7, ver. 17 '*If any man will do*—has the will to do, *θέλῃ ποιεῖν—His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.*'

Many here have but lately come among us;—some, we hope, with an ingenuous thirst for truth and a generous confidence that it may here, if anywhere, be found;—almost all with a buoyant sense of freedom; they are their own masters at last. And indeed the freshmen of each year are our band of hope. Never in the lives of most will there occur a single month so free for thought, for study, for the deliberate ordering of their hours, as

will be the three whole years which they have now before them. Already you are a chosen generation. Many a father has long stinted himself that he may send a son this year to his old university; but illness, death, stress of hard times, some moral or intellectual crash, has dispersed the day-dream and clouded a self-denying home. Year by year others will fall upon the course, their own slaves, because they will not be their own masters; slaves of appetite and of sloth, because they cast off the yoke of reason and of conscience, which is the easy yoke of Christ. There will be gaps in your ranks, when you march up to receive your first degree; some perhaps will have been summoned to their account by the Great Taskmaster; others by an abuse of the common freedom will have forfeited an abiding record on our boards; their place shall know them no more. Many and many a student amongst working men, amongst ministers of religion, amongst traders, would gladly fill, at the cost of great sacrifices, the posts thus wantonly betrayed. Crimes, Mme. Roland exclaimed, are committed in the name of Liberty; licence, Milton found to his cost, may lurk under that spirit-stirring cry. We may therefore profitably review some of the ways in which the Truth, the knowledge of that which indeed *is*, may set us free.

We be Abraham's seed, and have never yet been in bondage to any man; how sayest thou then, ye shall be made free? So asked the Jews in the verse following our text; and pride of birth or of calling is a bondage from which students of all men need to be set free. Here, if anywhere, in the thoughtful part of our community, men are measured by their personal merit, not by adventitious distinctions. Yet that vulgar word Philister and all that

it implies—viz. that we the men of the gown alone are gentle—this temper is by no means uncommon and impedes in many ways the action of the university on the outer world. This bondage is manifestly due to ignorance and will cease with fuller knowledge. For example you may see—I have seen—an undergraduate taking freedoms in a shop, which he would never dream of in a private house, smoking perhaps and addressing the owner in a hectoring tone. Knowledge of the world is enough to dispel such rudeness: still more the knowledge of Christ and His work. Many Cambridge tradesmen liberally contribute of their time and money to labours of love, associating with the university on friendly terms. Town and Gown are not necessary foes; it is ignorance alone that keeps them apart. When the Temperance Societies in the Oxford colleges began last year to give entertainments to the people, that was a frank recognition of the truth that the School is for the Nation, not the Nation for the School(*b*).

Some months ago I heard a lecture at Derby. The lecturer, invited by the working men's co-operative society, was a clergyman: his subject 'the self-uplifting of the working man,' and the keynote of all was *sursum corda*. The chairman, a working man, was a dissenter, as his father and grandfather had been before him, bred to regard a clergyman as a natural enemy. But as he learnt more, his feelings had changed. Head-work, he found, was harder than hand-work. He himself had judged other classes—as other classes judged the working-class—unfairly, by their black sheep. Yet amongst the working class might be found men who led heroic lives.

Would we shake off prejudice like that clear-sighted

artisan? Let us study our countrymen, not as caricatured by the sophists of the press, but from actual personal contact with them or their works. The most diligent among us might shrink from comparing himself, *e.g.* with the member for Morpeth(*c*), who refuses invitations to public feasts, lest he should contract a habit of luxury; for his constituents may at any time revoke his commission, and he must return to the coal-pit; for he is a miner by trade. Observe that the first book bought by Mr Burt out of his earnings, was the poems of William Cowper.

For indeed if the truth can deliver us from contempt of our neighbour, so can it also from unworthy fear. We learn to fear ourselves, and to trust others.

Who are the dangerous classes? The murderer, the thief, the harlot, the drunkard? Are they? Do they not, all unconsciously, preach a most necessary lesson, with a distinctness of tone such as few preachers since Luther have attained? Evil, they warn us, is not good, not even an imperfect form of good. They teach us to see with the eagle eye of our patron saint those eternal opposites, good and evil, light and darkness, life and death. They sin without knowledge: we may hope for them. Who are the dangerous classes? They who sin against knowledge. They who having—have not. Having at call leisure, culture, safety, sweetness, light, they never lift their eyes to the Source of all good; never earn by self-denying labour, what they have freely received. These are they who make men loathe culture and gentle manners. Shutting their eyes to the many works of real service to church and state which without them must be left undone, they waste time and pains on that fantastic idol which they worship as Pleasure.

They who like Christ and His apostles have gone in and out among publicans and sinners, amongst the outcasts of our great towns, never find their trust betrayed. Miss Hopkins, here in Cambridge, left her father's home at nights to seek drunkards in the public-houses and to invite them to hear the news of Christ. She testifies (*Work amongst working men*, p. 84) 'Speaking from my own wide experience, I can only positively say that ladies may trust working men not to insult them under any circumstances, if they are making an effort for their good.' Can *we* be content simply, like the Pharisees, to criticise the publicans in our midst, without helping, by our means, by our prayers, by our sympathies and encouragement, those who go forth armed with faith, in what seems so unequal a conflict? One lady reformed the military hospitals at the request of government; another is known as the Sailors' Friend, a third as the Soldiers' Friend, and by their efforts, seconded by officers and chaplains and the men themselves, the stain of drunkenness is fast being wiped from our flag(*d*). The march of Gen. Roberts was made possible by temperance societies numbering many thousands of soldiers. Would you ask in whose power these mighty works are done? Miss Hopkins will tell you (p. 8) 'If there is one truth I have grasped more strongly than another, it is this: only be sure of your duty, and there must be an infinite store of force in God which you can lay hold of to do it with, as an engineer lays hold of a force in Nature and drives his engine right through the granite bases of an Alp. If you are sure that it is God's will you should do it; then "I can't" must be a lie in the lips that repeat "I believe in the Holy Ghost."'

Despise not, fear not. How shall we receive those classes of our countrymen, who, estranged from us in 1662, have lately returned, the legislature having removed the tests which it so industriously imposed in the 16th, 17th, 18th centuries? We are justly proud of our martyrs, nor can any political or religious party boast that its hands are clean: each persecuted in its turn(*e*). How shall we receive the nonconformists after their exile of 200 years? Let us be as large-hearted as our fathers in God. The most important work which our church has undertaken for many years is the revised version of Scripture. In a few months the New Testament will be in our hands. It is the joint labour of churchmen and nonconformists, and has been conducted in perfect harmony all along. Commentaries, edited by dignitaries of the church, or published at our press, have contributions from nonconformist divines and are largely used by Scotch Presbyterians and English dissenters. At the church congress in Leicester the nonconformist ministers presented an address, in which they dwelt on the many points in which they are at one with the church, acknowledging expressly their debt to the Cambridge school of divinity. Our text-books are theirs. All these things shew that we need not fear the contact of dissenters, and no one who has studied, not the bad side—the dissidence—of dissent, but the good side, its self-denying energy, its power of enlisting all its members in active labour, the apostolic lives of many of its missionaries,—no one I say, who remembers all this—will doubt that nonconformists may supply an element which we in Cambridge want; bringing with them traditions and setting examples of plain living and of evangelical teaching, and so confuting,

by a Christian revenge, the apprehensions of upholders of tests.

There is yet another class whom the church, to its great loss, has often despised and feared. We are apt to deny the name of Christian to those who, baptised in our pale, forsake our assemblies. Yet such men, through doubt and despondency, may be ripening into saints of God; they may be treading the path which Saul of Tarsus and Justin Martyr and Augustine trod. Two Biblical scholars, who had passed through these refining fires, De Wette and Tholuck, have described The Consecration of the Doubter, The True Consecration of the Doubter(*f*). Hear the words of William Law(*g*): 'It is very observable, that there is not one command in all the gospel for public worship; and perhaps it is a duty that is least insisted on in scripture of any other. The frequent attendance at it, is never so much as mentioned in all the New Testament; whereas that religion or devotion, which is to govern the ordinary actions of our life, is to be found in almost every verse of Scripture.' Nor must we forget that we may offend by our presence even more than by absence.

One thing more I am bound to say. Suppose that next Sunday morning that test were administered to us that proved the faith of Ridley and Latimer: suppose that presence in chapel were the passport to the stake: whether my place would be filled or no I cannot say: none of us can answer for himself: but that places now vacant would be filled I am as certain as that I stand here. It would be given them in the same hour how they should speak. Richard Rothe breathed the very spirit of prayer; he would abash young students, who revered him as a saint born out of time, by entreating their intercessions.

Yet he warns the educated that to come to church, in order to set an example of respect for worship, is at least very near to a profanation of the Highest(*h*).

You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. Thucydides contrasts classical work, slowly matured —'a possession for ever'—with the rhetorical essay, fitted to tickle itching ears for a moment. To this day the two modes of composition are in conflict; like Virtue and Vice in the Choice of Hercules, they solicit you. Will you slowly learn, slowly mature your thoughts, and at last give to the world something solid, which will advance the sum of knowledge? or will you sell opinions, cheap and hasty, to confuse the simple and unwary? Our founders by making the classic of classics, the book of books, the centre of our studies(*i*), marked out our course: 'This is the road, walk ye in it.' Cambridge has been true to her traditions: her divinity school is eminently a school of the Bible. And the truth has made it free.

When attacks made on the Bible were received with exultant applause by some, with terror by others, our professors calmly brought a higher scholarship and a wider knowledge to bear on the points at issue, and the fears vanished, the boasts were discreetly hushed.

Surely if the Bible were no more than unfriendly critics say, they who know it best would find out its shortcomings. Yet look to the country where Biblical criticism is most free, and what do you see? Of the consummate scholars of this century, one—Lachmann—taking up the task left unfinished by Bentley, prepared a critical edition of the New Testament. And his biographer tells us: *Lachmann war ein frommer Christ*, 'Lachmann was a pious Christian'; familiarity in him did not breed

contempt. Winer, the author of the grammar of the New Testament, says in the last edition of his Bible cyclopaedia: 'On the whole, I confess, it appears to me that there is more of true, connected history, even in the Old Testament books, than many now allow, and during my work, this time also, I have learnt to esteem the Bible still more highly.' This was after twenty-nine years of biblical studies. Meyer's commentary is happily now well known among us. No one, I think, can read his preface to the fifth edition of St Matthew, without feeling that a perfectly honest witness is speaking to us, who has carefully sifted the evidence, and by the labour of more than thirty years has been more and more convinced of its sufficiency.

Nor is learning wanted to prove the truth of Christianity: many a poor woman in town or country, knowing no other book, has made proof through a long life, of her Bible; it has been her stay and support under suffering. What can minute objections avail to shake her confidence? She knows in whom she has believed, and the truth has made her free. She has done the will of Him that sent her Lord, and knows of the doctrine that it is indeed of God.

It were easy to shew how in matters of daily life the truth makes us free. Thus in diet; experiment proves that alcohol is to many a poison even in small quantities, and evidence is accumulating to shew that, generally speaking, even taken in moderation it shortens life: this truth of material science re-echoed from arctic snows and tropic suns, is doing much to set free bodies and spirits enslaved to drink: the young among us may live to see a sober England. Thought and experiment employed on

our daily expenditure and early rising would in like manner tend to make us free, forming habits of order and self-control. We may lessen our troubles by lessening our wants; for artificial, imaginary wants will torment us no more, when we are content to be what God and nature and reason require us to be. In this self-discipline we may derive great help, not only from Scripture, but from the teaching, often in terms identical with Scripture, of Socrates, Seneca, Musonius, Epictetus, Antoninus. St Paul's commendation of the heathen, who, not having a law, were a law to themselves, applies eminently to the Stoics of his own generation.

If you learn here lessons like these, if you leave Cambridge rich in the fewness of your wants, in the simplicity of faith, in the fervour of love, then you will have received the benefits which Lady Margaret designed to convey through you to the world(*j*).

I have cited the testimony of Miss Hopkins in her work amongst working men. Do you ask how that work has prospered? Learn of any one who knew Cambridge thirty years ago, the reputation of Barnwell: then go to St Matthew's church; mark the reverent behaviour of the people; hearken to the singing and the responses; the church, you will see, is the people's church; they love it and are willing to labour for it.

That church has taken up the work begun long ago in fear and trembling by the daughter of a foremost leader of science; and the motive which sent her forth was this: 'From a girl I had the strongest conviction that the Gospel of Christ was essentially for *men*; and that only so far as a man is in Christ and like Christ can he really be a man.'

NOTES

(*a*) p. 53. Sen. ep. 37 § 4 *humilis res est stultitia abiecta sordida servilis, multis affectibus et saevissimis subiecta. hos tam graves dominos, interdum alternis imperantes, interdum pariter, dimittit a te sapientia, quae sola libertas est.*

(*b*) p. 55. During the October term 1880 several concerts were given to the townspeople of Cambridge by the musical societies of colleges. In *House and Home* for Dec. 18, 1880, p. 298, is an account of a meeting of the working men's club at Hackney Wick. 'The special event of the evening was the appearance on the platform of Mr Drew, one of the masters of Eton College, and of an Eton boy.... They came to say to the meeting that the masters and boys of this famous old school had agreed to recognise the fact that there was something else in this world than learning and play—that schoolmasters must teach rich men's sons, while young and impressionable, that there are things to be learned which are as important as "how to get on" and play a great part in the world.... So Eton boys and masters are forming a sort of league to find fields of labour, and one of these fields is to be Hackney Wick. The students and teachers are subscribing to a fund which may provide labourers in this field, and help any institutions which are established for the good of the people there. Better still, boys and men of Eton hope in spare hours to come and work themselves. Thus, having heard of the club, they have subscribed to its funds. Masters will come and give lectures, if wanted; boys will come and sing and recite, or play football and cricket with Hackney Wickites, if the Hackney Wickites wish for their company.

'Now, is not this a "happy thought"? The sons of rich men cannot learn too early to care for the less fortunate classes, learn to find their way to the hearts of the hand-workers, help to build up a

better state of society, where fraternity shall play a larger part than in the past.'

(*c*) p. 56. A memoir, with portrait, of Mr Burt has appeared in *House and Home*. A better-known example of self-help is Mr Hoyle of Tottington, a leading authority on the statistics of the drink-traffic. As a boy Mr Hoyle was employed in a factory, and rose regularly at 3, reading till 6, when he went to work. Books of travels were his favourite study. Savage tribes, he could not but observe, lived in many respects more rationally than we do. He told his mother that he should like to try their way of life. 'You will kill yourself.' He practised vegetarianism, first for three months, then for six, and has adhered to it now for more than thirty years, living as simply, now that he is a wealthy manufacturer, as when he was a 'hand' in a mill.

(*d*) p. 57. When the combined fleets were in the Adriatic, the sobriety of English sailors on shore was frequently commented on by the press. Ten years ago how different would have been the report!

(*e*) p. 58. Of the last five persecutions in Cambridge, four lie at the door of that party which by profession is specially bound to a large-hearted toleration.

(*f*) p. 59. De Wette's *Theodor oder des Zweiflers Weihe* (Berlin, 1822) called forth Tholuck's *wahre Weihe des Zweiflers* (Hamburg, 1823).

(*g*) p. 59. *Serious call to a devout and holy life.*

(*h*) p. 60. *Theologische Ethik* (a classical work, too little known in England V^2 470–1): 'For a Christian belonging to the more highly educated classes of society it is precisely this characteristic of public worship that gives life and power to it, that here he sees himself united with the Christian community *in its entirety* before God and in the living feeling that He is near,—united in devotion and prayer, in complete forgetfulness of all the distinctions which at other times interpose at every step to divide him from his Christian brethren; the union is perfect and it is altogether a matter of course. To be sure if any one should come to church, as a point of duty, to set to others, especially to his inferiors in culture and

station, an example of due respect to worship—such a one would be at least not far removed from a profanation of the Highest.'

(*i*) p. 60. Bp. Fisher founded a Hebrew and a Greek lecture in the college.

(*j*) p. 62. From the statutes of 1530 (c. 19) we learn the constant prayer of the foundress: that her fellows and scholars might devote themselves to the worship of God, purity of life and the strengthening of the Christian faith.

The Child and the Man

ST JOHN'S

6 *November* 1881

'A civilization without a Spirit is a civilization which must always be limited to the easy and comfortable portion of society. It will affect their behaviour, not their manners; it will come forth in an external and dishonest politeness, not in gentleness and grace. In a commercial community, the possession of money will be the highest sign of it. Art, literature, science, religion will bow to that, and will take its standard for their standard. The mass of the people will be regarded as dangerous. To keep them from mischief—if preaching does not avail—they may be offered education, or amusement, or a share of political power. But they will no' be reverenced as men; for that is not the distinction upon which their superiors value themselves—rather upon their being unlike the rest of mankind.

'The poor of the earth have always craved for this message of a Divine Spirit, have always felt, however they may have expressed the feeling, that some Spirit, not divine, but the contrary of divine, was oppressing and tormenting them. Civilization tells them they are deluded in these convictions; but civilization does not happen to know what is going on in their hovels or in their hearts. Whenever a gospel penetrates into them, we may hear strange things. The son of a Saxon miner—an English tinker—may have deadly conflicts with the Devil, by the reports of which witty men will be greatly amused. But the miner's son comes forth from his battle to emancipate the nations; the tinker rises from a barbarian into a cultivated man capable of writing a *Pilgrim's Progress*.'

F. D. Maurice, *The Conflict of Good and Evil in our day* (1865) 208—9.

THE CHILD AND THE MAN

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child: now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things. For now we see in a mirror, darkly (in a riddle)*; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I have been known.* 1 Cor. xiii. 11, 12.

ST PAUL has concluded his panegyric of love,—meek, longsuffering, trustful, hopeful, eternal. The chapter finds an echo in every true heart, far beyond the limits of any professing church. M. Renan ranks it, and it alone, with the divine lessons of the gospels. Yet after soaring so high the apostle stoops to claim fellowship with common men; even *his* knowledge here below is reflected, partial, at second hand: full and perfect and infallible insight—the beatific vision—is reserved for the *manhood* of our race, in the world unseen. We wrong the sacred writers when we overlook such modest disclaimers. Approaching the Bible as the simple and unlettered do, without any preconceived opinion, reading it as we might read Epictetus for the first time, we shall find in it more than Epictetus; more than Solomon; by little and little we shall take it as the light of our steps. Peruse the epistles each at a sitting as though addressed to you, and burdened

with no traditional reputation; they will shine out, be sure, with a fresher and more inviting beauty; they will draw you with the cords, not of outward, official authority, but of willing love. William Hone, author of many books against Christianity, one day saw a girl reading her Bible. 'My child,' he said, 'you seem very busy: are you preparing for an examination?' 'No, Sir; I love the book.' It was a word in season: he had often read the Bible to carp at it; but for love—never. He became of a Saul a Paul.

Many of us have in these few weeks made the passage from boyhood to manhood; for the first time you are your own masters; you have assumed the manly gown. Like St Paul you are called to put away childish things: *Brethren*, he exclaims (xiv. 20), *be not children in mind: howbeit in malice be ye babes, but in mind be men.*

Our Johnian poet bids us rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves to better things(*a*):

> The child is father of the man,
> And I should wish my days to be
> Bound each to each by natural piety.

What childish things are to be put away? Revise your personal habits. Many a schoolboy lavishes his father's money on indulgences because he thinks them manly: and the child's follies cling to the man, whose old age suffers in health and purse and character, because he lacked courage betimes to judge himself. Learn of the stoics to reverence yourselves. See in your bodies temples of the Holy Ghost; in your spirits and consciences the light of the Word, that lighteneth every man. Aristotle(*b*) warns us that the body must be our slave or it will be our tyrant: it is good for the body to obey; without virtue

man is the most impious and savage of creatures, both as regards lust and gluttony. In like manner Charles Kingsley(*c*): *God made man for something more noble and blessed than to follow even his own lofty human nature. God made the animals to follow their nature each after his kind, and to do each what it liked, without sin. But he made man to do more than that; to do more than what he* likes, *namely, to do what he* ought. Hercules(*d*) in the apologue chose the path of virtue, the way of the cross, and philosophers set him and his labours before them as their exemplar of self-sacrifice. Yet Hercules could become the slave of Omphale, as Samson of Dalilah; in Greek comedy he sinks into a sot and a glutton. It is by no means only the worst of men that are exposed to these temptations. No scholar ever stood higher for patient industry, for scrupulous, unwavering honesty, than Professor Porson(*e*), yet the convivial habits of his day overpowered his better nature. Well did the Greeks make Hermes the god of manly exercises as well as of eloquence; for bodily training aids mental growth and brings the appetites under the dominion of reason. *In all labour there is profit. I have written to you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one.* Speaking from this place some time back I warned you against the mock generosity of treating. To the sober your bounty is an insult; to the weak, a snare, and even, as a late tragedy has taught us, a poison. *That* life cannot be recalled by any remorse, by any magic art, but its unhappy end may save others. Resolve to lead none into temptation. This society since I have known it, has been sober; but I remember two lives cut short by alcoholic poison.

I knew not when these victims of intemperance were seated at my board, that there was any danger to them more than to me. Now that I am forewarned I am forearmed; since the Ashwednesday of 1880 I have given to no one what may be the ruin of body and soul. There are myriads of things on this earth, which we may give without risk. Why should we choose for our friends the one gift that may destroy them? Respect the liberty of the abject. There are those who cannot approach the Lord's table without awakening the drink fiend(*f*). On the other hand the soldiers of Christ are gathering to rescue the land from this curse, which, far more than bad seasons, is destroying agriculture(*g*); and together with the ruin of woman(*h*) is degrading our town populations. If the example of brotherly unity among various sects cannot attract us, let the heathen shame us. In 1876 the Chinese formed a society for promoting total abstinence from opium, and in a pamphlet(*i*) set forth at large the injury done by English opium to mind, body, and estate, to the common-wealth and the home. Thus is the Christian weapon of free, self-denying association, a weapon known to Pliny(*j*), borrowed by pagans to encounter temptations forced on them by Christians. Pass from the ministry of your own bodies and from society with your equals to your so-called inferiors. For the first time in your lives you have servants paid by you. Read the Epistle to Philemon. Hear Seneca(*k*), the lord of a thousand slaves. *Are they slaves?* he cries. *Nay, they are humble friends.* You will discourse glibly in your debates on the dangers of non-residence; on the separation of classes; you call us 'dons' because you think we live apart like the gods of Epicurus in selfish state.

Shew us a better example. You receive personal service from your bedmaker; be ashamed to repay it with dead money only. Call each of you on your servants at home; take a personal interest in their welfare, in their children's progress. Form a Boys' and Girls' Friendly Society. Obey, in the strict letter, your Lord's command: *When thou makest a dinner, call not thy rich neighbours, lest a recompense be made thee; but...bid the poor.* Try for a change a Christian Saturnalia(*l*): invite your servants and their families to a frugal feast and be amongst them as one that serveth. Whole classes of men are called into existence to serve your diversions; their wages are precarious and their temptations great; are you not bound to contribute, from the income of your clubs, to those institutions in which your dependents, brought here for your pleasure, must seek refuge in case of sickness or accident? Some twenty-five years ago the fellows of our college voted unanimously for a large increase in the scholarships. Has their public spirit been rewarded? So far as any poor man of merit has been enabled to come among us, yes. So far as money has been spent on luxury, or on any thing except books or charity, no, certainly no. We can tell of men whom numerous prizes have lured on to extravagance and so to early death. Assuredly Lady Margaret, the most ascetic of saints(*m*), never meant to pamper her sons, but rather to train them to manly fortitude and temperance. I cannot find that the richer scholars of to-day buy more books or spend more in alms than their poor predecessors. If you do not surpass us in learning, it is a disgrace to you: for neither the university nor the college opened its library to us.

In regard to expenditure a just and plain rule is,

measure yourselves by your sisters. Forswear tastes which make you more burdensome to your homes than a daughter. Play the man here also: forego every luxury which will pinch your mother and sisters. We shall not despise your poverty, we shall honour your thrift. Not the poor, but (as a speaker at the Primitive Methodist Congress said lately) the idle rich, are the degraded classes. Not the roughs of Oxford, but wine-flown lordlings, purse-proud, pot-valiant, burnt the Ch. Ch. statues. Thirty years ago the dinner in college hall consisted of one simple course; the importunity of the students made it more costly. Do you admire those trencher-knights, a garrison in the Transvaal, who surrendered when reduced to rations of bread? Loyal Saguntum(*n*) drew lots which of the besieged should first serve as food to the rest: Caesar's beleaguered veterans fed on roots(*o*). Our troops, it seems, may face bullets, but short commons—never. Capua was the ruin of Hannibal.

Many, it may be, will invite you to cast off the traditions of your childhood. Hundreds of our upper ranks, since 1830, have bowed their necks and now fret in secret, beneath the galling yoke of Rome. Hundreds more have cast off, and are casting off, the easy yoke of Christ. *Will ye also go away?* Divide the world roughly into three classes(*p*), and you will find that most of these secessions belong to the middle class. The first class is of those who add to knowledge. Such men know what they know and are content to be ignorant of many things. The second class is called by the Germans, with keen irony, '*die gebildeten*,' 'the educated.' They must know a little of everything, they supply the bulk of the writers and

almost the whole public for popular journals and reviews. Last come those who make no pretence to learning, but know what they know directly by acquaintance and experience. The second class is at the mercy of fashion: the others can repeat that watchword of the African church (*q*): *Our Saviour Christ called Himself not Custom, but Truth.* Take an example or two of slavery to fashion: Some time since there was a controversy in the press about prayer. No disputant knew the Paternoster, or 'Not my Will, but Thine.' Nay, none can have remembered the heathen petition (*r*): 'Father Zeus, grant us good things, whether we pray or pray not, but evils avert, even though we pray.' All regarded prayer as a magical and unfailing spell for commanding temporal advantages—the purse and wishing cap of Fortunatus.

Again. We read in the sermon on the mount. *Resist not evil: but whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.* Philosophers, I am told, deride this injunction, construing it as a police regulation. Paley (*s*) might teach them that private conduct from private motives alone is regulated by the words. Two simple christians, to whom I propounded the riddle, solved it at once: 'It is the spirit,' 'the feeling,' that is meant. But the salvation army (*t*), who approach very nearly to the condition of the early christians, obey their Lord to the very letter. Strong men and weak women bear patiently the utmost violence, being forbidden by their general's orders to resist. Apply the rule to literary controversy or the strife of tongues, and its wisdom is apparent.

The mention of religion naturally suggests a topic on which opinions are divided, viz., the influence of recent legislation on our position as churchmen here.

Clear the ground by asking what we understand by a university? Is it an institution for squandering in luxury the hardly earned savings of parents(*u*)? Is it a place of trade, in which by the right use of means, namely reading, we may gain the only true end of life, namely money, to be squandered as before(*v*)?

Or is the university a congregation of lovers of wisdom and lovers of learning, *φιλόσοφοι* and *φιλομαθεῖς*, who one and all gladly learn and gladly teach? Place Archimedes on the sea shore, with a rod(*w*) in his hand; place St Paul anywhere, in a prison, at the bar of justice, in a shipwreck; place John Cheke(*x*) in our first court, in a fireless room shared with several chums, his habit bought once a year at Sturbridge fair, his diet stinted to the barest necessaries; surround them with eager hearers, and you have academies of mathematics, of theology, and of classics; more than all, you have schools of self-denial—the discipline of the cross. Thirty years ago (I appeal to those who in 1848 were at the head of the two great triposes to confirm my words), examinations and prizes held a very modest place in the thoughts of the foremost students. We revelled in letters and in the controversies of the time. A pupil asking Mr Hopkins, the great wrangler-maker, 'What place shall I have in the tripos?' drew down upon him the tart rebuff: 'That is no concern of mine: it's my place to make a mathematician of you: it is for the examiners to class you.'

For the last thirty years the more active spirits among our residents have been placed in a false position with regard to *Alma Mater*; they have been employed in distributing its revenues, dividing the spoil; but the history of the university, the sources of its wealth, they

have neglected. Many think that we were endowed by the civil power, which gave unfair advantages to a dominant sect. What is the fact? The state, in the person of Henry VIII, robbed us of our estates before we had a place and a name(*y*). Every farthing that we possess was given to us by private benefactors for one end, to promote sound learning, in order that we might send forth preachers into the world(*z*). Twenty-six years ago I said in print(*aa*): 'Would we ascertain the efficacy and value of religious tests, the sufferings of non-covenanters, non-engagers, non-conformists, non-jurors, furnish abundant matter for grave and impartial reflexion.' That is, in a word, five persecutions raged here between 1640 and 1720, and four times out of the five the tyranny professed the sacred name of freedom. Once the party so-called of order ejected non-conformists, but many of these did but disgorge ill-gotten booty. How did these tests act? It was thought a great relief when subscription to the 39 articles was exchanged for the declaration: 'I am a *bona fide* member of the Church of England.' Yet my honoured friend Dr S. R. Maitland(*bb*), once a Johnian, left Cambridge without a degree, because as a Presbyterian he could not profess himself an Anglican. Yet he would have subscribed the thirty-nine articles.

Professor Maurice(*cc*), that inheritor of the prophetic spirit, born a Unitarian, was offered a fellowship at Trinity Hall when examining the claims of the English Church. He refused to bias his decision by worldly hopes. His first publication, 'Subscription no Bondage,' set forth the intention of the articles as guides for the student. Thirty years later, in 1863, he wrote(*dd*): *We both thought then... that the Articles were useful to those who were seeking a*

learned culture, and were needing to be warned against some errors and superstitions which might interfere with it. We have both, I doubt not, altered our opinions about the wisdom of calling laymen to subscribe a formulary which they evidently do not receive in this sense, which they look upon as a mere bondage upon their consciences. We may both begin to doubt whether the subscription of clergymen is not becoming a snare to them also.

Subscription no bondage! Professor Francis Newman(*ee*), in his most touching and instructive confessions, has testified that it was none to him. I am bound to testify that to me they have been articles of peace; I owe to them that love of church history which has won friends for me in many christian confessions. In my boyhood there were no helps for the scholarlike study of the Greek Testament; a child of ten years old has now better means for ascertaining the real meaning of scripture than I had on taking my degree. So I look forward with hope. Is not God revealed as the God of hope? The reformation revival, the mediæval revival, are giving way to a biblical revival(*ff*), and Cambridge is its chief seat. Bishop Fisher's motto will be fulfilled over sections of the Christian church hitherto estranged from us: *Faciam vos piscatores hominum.*

I have copied with my own hand the roll of our members from the first; I have traced by many years' labour of myself and others the later careers of our graduates: and I say deliberately that since the college was opened in 1516, no year can be pointed out in which so many Johnians were serving in the sacred ministry of the church throughout the world. *Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?* Is it because men speak ill of us?

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad. I would fain quote Hooker's appeal to the Most High against Romish detraction(*gg*): but Frederick Maurice's words are still more to the point and it was he, remember, who in St John's lodge, headed the movement against tests some years ago(*hh*). *It would be a blessing beyond all blessings, and worth encountering all the indignation of all the reviews in Europe for, if we could send forth a few priests, feeling that the word and sacraments are really committed to them, and that the trust is a most real and awful one, and that they have nothing to do with the catchwords of this party or that, and that they may be messengers of truth and peace to high and low, and that God has indeed founded Zion, and that the poor of his people may trust in it. It is terrible to see the noblest, bravest spirits driven to despair by coldness and heartlessness, led to think the church the cruelest of taskmasters, instead of the most loving of mothers, led to spurn the very truths which in their inmost hearts they are confessing and longing for.*

NOTES

(*a*) p. 70. Wordsworth 'poems referring to the period of childhood' 1.

(*b*) p. 70. Arist. pol. I. 2, p. 1253 a 36; 5 p. 1254 a 35 seq. b 6 seq.

(*c*) p. 71. *The Good News of God* (Lond. 1878) p. 184.

(*d*) p. 71. Hercules the philosopher: see my note on Iuv. x. 361.

(*e*) p. 71. See Bp. Turton (Crito Cantabrigiensis): *A vindication of Professor Porson.* Cambr. 1827. Cobet, the glory of Leyden, once spoke to me with enthusiasm of Porson, whose few works he continually read with ever new admiration. *In his* adversaria *there may be some hasty conjectures made when he was a boy; but in his mature works all are certain. He made a hundred conjectures, looked them carefully over and burnt fifty, and so went on sifting, until he reduced them to ten.* So Madvig in his *adversaria critica* (I. 124) commends the 'natural prudence' of R. P.

(*f*) p. 72. In the *Church of England Temperance Chronicle* 5 Nov. 1881 is a report (pp. 722—3) of a meeting of the Church Homiletical Society in the Chapter House, St Paul's. Dr N. Kerr shewed that unfermented wine might legally be used in the sacrament. *He himself, as an individual, cared nothing about what kind of wine was employed at the sacrament. He had always communicated in fermented wine, and perhaps might always do so; but in his capacity as a physician, he would be disloyal to truth if he did not honestly testify to the serious risk of communion in an intoxicant to the reformed inebriate, and to the yet unfallen subject of the hereditary drink-crave. At present what was the fact? Some reformed drunkards had been repelled from the church altogether, some had deprived themselves of the privilege of communion, and some,*

while worshipping regularly at an established church, communicated at some nonconformist place of worship where unfermented wine was used. He implored the clergy, as a mere matter of justice and of right, to render the most sacred rite of their venerable church safe for the weakest of the victims snatched from the fatal embrace of drink.

Two clergymen stated that unfermented wine was used in their churches. Surgeon-General Francis *thought it his duty to bear testimony to the truth of what Dr Norman Kerr had said in reference to the danger drunkards met when they were called upon to drink fermented wine at the Lord's table. Up to his acquaintance with that gentleman he was a disbeliever in this idea, but was quite convinced by the arguments adduced; and recently there had come under his observation a case in point, where a lady, somewhat fond of wine, though not a drunkard, took to drinking (on his recommending) Mr Frank Wright's unfermented wine. Lately she went to a place of worship where fermented wine was drunk, and came back to tell him the following day that she felt all the old feeling coming back. In fact it renewed the appetite, and it was a very dangerous precipice altogether upon which the communicants were called upon to tread.*

Dr B. W. Richardson said: *As to the practical point, whether there is a danger in this matter of using wine at the sacrament?— Yes, I say there is. I say the danger is very great indeed, in regard to a considerable number of people. The clergy have made to them certain statements by those who consult them, and we have too. The physician's room is, in fact, a confessional. Very often statements are made to us physicians which are made to none other. In respect of this very question hardly a month passes but what someone speaks to me on this very point which Dr Kerr has brought forward. I could at this moment, if it were right to do so, name at least ten persons who wish to accept the communion and who do not go to it from the fear lest they should fall back into those ways from which they have been rescued by the influence of friends or physicians* [or] *from other causes. Well, this is a very important point indeed to bear in mind. I don't know whether I have ever known a person myself go back from that cause. I invariably tell them not to run the risk, and therefore I have not had the opportunity of seeing, and never will have. If a person comes and asks me for his body's health, to tell him what is right, and*

I see a risk even in his accepting that part of the service of the church, I tell him not to take that risk, and I always shall. It remains, therefore, for the very careful consideration of the clergy individually whether they cannot meet those who are working as we are, by the general introduction of this particular form of unfermented and harmless wine into the service.

(*g*) p. 72. It is proposed to send to every clergyman and magistrate in the kingdom a copy of *Intemperance: its bearing upon agriculture; with an appendix containing the testimony of landlords, farmers, labourers, travellers, science,* &c. *by John Abbey*, Lond. 337, Strand, 1881. (Subscriptions may be sent to Mr Abbey, 44, St Giles', Oxford.) See p. 3: *I am persuaded, after long experience and much anxious thought on this subject, that by far the greatest hindrance to our Agriculture is England's common enemy or I might say curse, Intemperance, which has been literally forced upon the nation by the Government from age to age.*

At a meeting of the C. E. T. S. in the Town Hall, Buckingham, 31 October, 1881 (*Ch. Eng. Temp. Chron.* 19 Nov. pp. 762—3), the Hon. Percy Barrington said: *He had paid his men money instead of beer. He supplied no beer, but in its place he gave them as much tea as they liked to drink gratis. He had found the greatest benefit from it himself.* Mr W. Collier, of the Radcliffe Infirmary, said: *there could be no doubt that the hay and harvest times were seasons of special temptation to the labourers. The labourers themselves acknowledged when they were admitted into the Radcliffe Infirmary that there were times in their history when they used to take a large quantity of beer per day...They had said to him: 'Oh yes, it's all very well for you, but if you did hard work you could not get on without beer; we cannot get on without beer.' There was another cause too. The beer was supplied to them instead of money, and the labourer thought if he did not have it he would be losing something—a part of his pay.* Mr R. Sawyer pointed out that the alliance between the farmers and the brewers was breaking up. The brewers were giving up malt and hops, and using rice, maize, Russian oats and sugar. *A Kentish farmer once said to him that he would not employ a man who did not drink six pints a day. He asked him how he would go on if a stout strong teetotaller who could do twice the work offered to come: 'Why, I would not have him; I wouldn't have any man who*

doesn't drink beer; I want all England to drink beer, or how can I sell my barley?' Since then things had changed.

A friend of mine was employed harvesting this year. A fine afternoon was wasted by the labourers in drinking, and the next day, also fine, was spent in recovering from the debauch.

(*h*) p. 72. See Miss Ellice Hopkins' *Work in Brighton; Work among the Lost* (Hatchard).

(*i*) p. 72. In the *Ch. of Eng. Temp. Chron.* 29 Oct. 1881 is an extract from the English translation (pp. 700) of this pamphlet, which (1) sums under eight heads the indictment against opium; (2) replies to apologists of the trade; (3) gives reasons for its suppression. The eight counts are (1) it squanders wealth; (2) it interrupts industry; (3) it destroys life; (4) it cramps talent; (5) it disorganises government; (6) it enfeebles the army; (7) it loosens the bond of society; (8) it corrupts the morals of the people. The peroration of part I is worth citing: *If we are told to let things go on as they are going, then there is no remedy and no salvation for China, and as we think of it in the stillness of the night, well may our tears flow down unbidden, and our voices sink to sobs. Oh, it makes the blood run cold.*

(*j*) p. 72. Plin. ep. x. 96 § 7, the renegade Christians declared this was the whole of their fault or mistake, that they used to meet on a fixed day before dawn and recite to one another a hymn to Christ as a God and bind themselves by an oath, not to some crime, but not to commit thefts, robberies, adulteries, not to break their word, not to repudiate a deposit when called on.

(*k*) p. 72. Sen. ep. 47 § 1.

(*l*) p. 73. Mart. XI. 7 4, XIV. 1 2; Solin. 3; Iustin XLIII. 1 § 3 seq.; Serv. Aen. III. 319; Accius in Macrob. 1 7 § 37, in the Athenian Cronia and thence in the Saturnalia masters entertained their slaves: *mos traditus illinc iste ut cum dominis famuli epulentur ibidem.* Arrian Epict. IV. 1 § 58, the Saturnalia a season of truce for slaves. They were masters for the nonce and had full licence of speech (Lucian Saturnal. 5 f. 18; Dio XL. 19 § 3; Athen. 639*b*). Many a master or mistress among Christians might learn priceless lessons for life, if a servant's mouth were unlocked to speak home truths, like the slave in Hor. s. II. 7.

(*m*) p. 73. C. H. Cooper, *Memoirs of Lady Margaret*, and Bp Fisher's funeral sermon upon her.

(*n*) p. 74. Iuv. xv. 114n.

(*o*) p. 74. Drumann, *Gesch. Roms* III. 494 n. 17.

(*p*) p. 74. Compare the three classes in Hesiod (imitated by Sophocles, Cicero, Livy, Basil; see Rog. Ascham, *Scholemaster*, book II. under *Metaphrasis*):

> *That man in wisedome passeth all,*
> *to know the best who hath a head:*
> *And meetely wise eeke counted shall,*
> *who yeldes himselfe to wise mens read:*
> *Who hath no witte, nor none will heare,*
> *amongst all fooles the bell may beare.*

(*q*) p. 75. See my *Modicus cibi medicus sibi* (Cambr. 1880), p. 86 n. 44.

(*r*) p. 75. [Plato] Alcib. II. 143*a*. Cf. Mr Marsden's *Philomorus*[2] 187—8 and Iuv. x. 346—353n.

(*s*) p. 75. *Evidences*, pt. 2, c. 2 (*Works*, 1825, I. 232, 235, 239, 243. *He who should content himself with waiting for the occasion, and with literally observing the rule when the occasion offered, would do nothing, or worse than nothing.* 244).

(*t*) p. 75. Allowing for exaggeration and bad taste, one cannot read *The War Cry* without admiration for the general and his staff. They go into the vilest haunts, declaring that man was made for holiness and peace. They cry: *Heathen England*, P. 42, *Any time is God's time, and any one can be saved. If God can save such a fellow as me, He can save any one else.* They shelter their converts under a purer public opinion. At the Newcastle church congress their services to morals were generously recognised and they have been derided by the *Saturday Review*. See *Heathen England: being a description of the utterly godless condition of the vast majority of the English nation, and of the establishment, growth, system, and success of an army for its salvation, consisting of working people under the generalship of William Booth.*[3] Lond. 1879. Is this fanatical? P. 11, *Thousands of your fellow-countrymen never voluntarily bowed their knees to any god in their lives. Am I not right in*

calling them heathen? And what are you, if knowing all this, you do not do your utmost to turn them to the living and true God that made heaven and earth?

P. 47. '*How do you deal with opposition at your meetings?*'... *We never reply to the objections of any one unless it be by bringing into our speaking in an indirect way an answer when likely to do good...An objection or question rarely comes from any one but a drunkard or an infidel, to reply to either of whom would be a foolish waste of time.* Pp. 48—9, *We conquer by patient perseverance in well-doing. Preacher-hunting is a grand diversion for any number of weeks or months, if the preachers make good running; but if they stand their ground doggedly and invincibly, it becomes uninteresting. To holloa and push for ten minutes is delightful. If no impression be made, however, it becomes rather trying in twenty minutes. In half an hour it begins to be quite monotonous....*

A great crowd of men and lads had assembled one evening for the purpose of destroying an open-air meeting. Shouting and pushing about were the means employed; but the preachers, mostly women, stood their ground, and went on just as if all were quiet.

'*Had you not better go? This is no use,*' *said a friendly man.*

'*Oh; that will never do. It will be all right directly,*' *was the reply. In half an hour the disturbers had all dispersed, leaving the immense crowd they had gathered us to listen in the deepest silence.*

Who is not reminded of the anecdote in Aelian (v. h. IX. 29)? Some rakes waylaid Socrates coming home late at night from supper. It was their way to startle the wayfarers with blazing torches and masks of the Furies. Socrates, with the utmost composure, standing still, posed them with questions, as if they had been pupils in the Lyceum or Academy.

P. 58. *A great navvy was met in the street one day by some acquaintances and knocked down over and over again to test his temper. A policeman suggested that he should give the men in charge,* '*Oh, no; I'll leave them to the Lord,*' *he said. But the same man...called out at parting to a friend,* '*Hit the devil hard, mate.*' Cf. pp. 81, 82, 84, 85 (excellent reasons for daily service), 86 ('army' officers on duty fifteen hours every Sunday), 107 (*We look with the greatest suspicion...upon movements which continually afford to able-bodied men and women the opportunity to feed upon the bounty of*

others. No, no! a company of working people are perfectly well able, unless in times of extraordinary distress, and perfectly glad if their hearts *are set upon it, to provide themselves with victuals, table and crockery).*

P. 137 (the outward change in recruits). *The universal consciousness of right and wrong makes it perfectly clear to the rudest minds that to become one of the Lord's people is to enter upon a new life. The young convert must go home to ask God's blessing upon his food, and to kneel down and pray, in a household where such things have never been done before, and where they must produce general amusement, if not stronger opposition. He must take no further part in the songs he sang up to that evening, and must sing words that shock his friends as much as a lewd music hall ditty would shock polite ears.*

P. 144. *There must be daily, unwearied, insatiable diligence. There must be constant sacrifice of ease and comfort, and ceaseless exertion of all the powers of mind and body. There must be readiness gladly to endure shame, scoffing, opposition, abuse, and even personal violence at times.*

P. 145. *We only desire to form and keep up outside every denominational circle a body as large as we can of free-shooters, for the express purpose of assaulting with spiritual weapons those who, like ourselves, are without the church, but who, unlike us, are still in rebellion against God.*

P. 151. *During one year more than* £12,000 *are received from the poor, as against* £4,000 *given by the rich. We think it a vastly important test of the value of any work done amongst the poor, to what extent they themselves help to keep it up....Nor can we see how any large amount of devotion to God can be developed in the hearts of people who are not taught liberally and practically to support His cause.*

See also Mrs Booth's *Papers on practical religion*, Lond. 1878.

(*u*) p. 76. I know no nobler ideal of university life in this 19th century than the 'idyllic dream' of Richard Rothe (*Theologische Ethik* v. 2, Wittenberg 1871, 148—176). The universities can with difficulty hold their ground, as the guides of scientific life, against the invading flood of popular *Halbbildung*. As they now are, they

may serve a legitimate purpose, namely to train our youth for political life; but this is not their original design. 'We may be content, that institutions should exist, in which our youth may amuse themselves for some years on their parents' hardly earned savings; but still we must wish, that side by side with these there were also institutions for the really scientific training of those who yearn for such a training.' Mark Pattison (*Suggestions on academical organisation*, Edinb. 1868, a book which should be read by every student) honestly confesses that the system of bounties is a failure. P. 58. The commissioners of 1850 *meant scholarships to be so administered as to stimulate the industry of the able, not to aid parents in meeting the expenses of the place....Open scholarships have been multiplied on all sides with eager rivalry. The market is glutted. A scholarship open to competition is now, probably, within the reach of as low a grade of attainments as that which used to fill the old restricted scholarships. Yet university education is not cheapened. For what colleges have done in the way of reduction of their fees and charges with one hand, they have undone with the other, by lavish allowances to scholars. We have secretly supplied fuel to the fire we were engaged in extinguishing. Well-to-do parents continue to make their sons the usual allowance, and the scholar treats his £80 a-year as so much pocket-money, spent in procuring himself extra luxuries.* P. 62. *The scholar's gown is too often to be found on youths who have no vocation for science or literature, and whom it was no kindness to have drawn away from their proper destination to active life. They have come here as a commercial speculation.*

P. 76. *Instead of subsidising the poor student up to the level of our expenses, we ought to bring down the expenses to the level of the poor. It is idle to say we cannot. We have never tried. For what we* have *tried to do is, to restrain those who have money to spend, from extravagance. Something, but not much, can be hoped for in this way. Sumptuary laws will be evaded by the rich. We cannot much beat down what those will spend who can spend, though it is desirable, for example's sake, that extravagance should be discouraged in every possible way.*

P. 78 (from *Oxford Univ. Commission, Evidence*, p. 43, speaking of early times). *The seniors were at once the instructors and example of the juniors, who shared the same plain food, simple life, and*

narrow economy, looking forward themselves to no other life. Cf. p. 122 (Balliol in 1282) *indigent students collected into a house and provided with a table of two meals a day, while attending the university exercises.*

P. 138. *If the public, which believes in newspapers, were to take us in hand now, it would no doubt try to set up a school of liberal education for its youth, in which the measure of attainment would be what would get him on in life.... We have thought it a more wholesome life to live under the surveillance of the press and parliament, than wrapped in our aristocratic seclusion, and polishing our Latin verses.* P. 139. *Can we save the endowments, not for ourselves, but for our country?...Many of us had rather that the endowments were not 'saved,' than that we should remain as we are.... We must do nothing less than ask that the college endowments be restored to their original purpose—that of the promotion of science and learning.*

P. 144. *To endow a professor in a university is as allowable, as necessary, as to endow a minister of religion. To attract pupils round the professor by largesses of money is as little allowable as to pay people for going to church.* Mischief of the system of bounties to learners, teachers, and methods of teaching.

P. 159. *If wealth be a temptation to indolence, the temptation did not exist for our collegiate predecessors. Their life was the life of the labourer. It was a life of self-renunciation for the sake of learning. The Oxford scholar came from poverty and want not to fatness and ease, but to prolonged poverty....The indigence contemplated by the statutes is not indigence with £300 a-year pocket money.*

Pp. 240—1. *Experience has sufficiently refuted the hypothesis that compulsory examinations produce habits of industry. The preparation for them takes up time. But the total of idleness is not thereby lessened. A distaste is engendered for books and reading them, and the youth compensates himself for the hateful hours spent upon his 'grind' by taking all the rest of his time to 'himself.'*

P. 241. *Spoiled by the luxury of home and early habits of self-indulgence, the young aristocrat has lost the power of commanding the attention, and is not only indisposed for, but incapable of work. Profound idleness and luxuriousness have corrupted his nature. He is no longer capable of being attuned to anything. He is either the foppish exquisite of the drawing-room, or the barbarised athlete of the*

arena, and beyond these spheres all life is to him a blank. Congregated mostly in one college, they maintain in it a tone of contempt for study, and a taste for boyish extravagance and dissipation, which infects the moral atmosphere far beyond their own circle....Our examinations harass these students, but do not affect their ideas. They are punishments which do not correct. It is a violation of a first principle of education to use learning as an instrument of chastisement.

P. 242. *Only public opinion among the undergraduates themselves can make ignorance and idleness disreputable among them. It is far from hopeless to win over a percentage of the aristocratical idle to an interest in intellectual pursuits.*

P. 257 (Oxford as it is). *Tutors zealous, diligent, inculcating industry, and spending their strength upon their pupils; the pupils on the other hand—seventy per cent. of them—languid, uninterested, with their intellectual instincts and tastes not only undeveloped, but blunted by school grind, and overborne by a gladiatorial appetite for feats of the cricket field.*

P. 316, *the mastery which the athletic furor has established over all minds in this place. So entirely are the tutors beaten by it, that to cover the disgrace of defeat, they are obliged to affect to patronise and encourage the evil....Can parents and schoolmasters possibly go on any longer pretending to think that cricket, boating, and athletics, as now conducted, are only recreations—are only the proper and necessary relaxation, which fills up the intervals of lecture and private study? it is quite time that this delusion should be dispelled. They have ceased to be amusements; they are organised into a system of serious occupation. What we call incapacity in young men is often no more than an incapacity of attention to learning, because the mind is pre-occupied with a more urgent and all-absorbing call upon its energies. As soon as the summer weather sets in, the colleges are disorganised; study, even the pretence of it, is at an end. Play is thenceforward the only thought. They are playing all day or preparing for it, or refreshing themselves after their fatigues. There is a hot breakfast and lounge from* 9 *to* 10 *a.m.; this is called training. At* 12 *the drag which is to carry them out to the cricket-ground begins its rounds, and the work of the day is over.*

George Grote, the historian, was filled with melancholy by the

sight of 'the boats.' Such energy, such enthusiasm, so wasted. To many of our students Commodus, rather than M. Aurelius, is the exemplar of excellence. Parents early give ambition a wrong bias, by taking pride in the 'cups' won in school contests; forgetting that all prizes ultimately are paid for by themselves. Plato's caution to the gentleman (Protag. 312*b*) against aiming at professional mastery (*ἐπὶ τέχνῃ, ὡς δημιουργὸς ἐσόμενος*) will never be obsolete. Remember what class is called 'Barbarians' by Mr Matthew Arnold. Jockeys and gamekeepers have too large a share in the training of our nobility. Wherrymen could learn their trade cheaper anywhere else than at the seats of learning. Since the above was in type I learn that at Sherborne school cheap bronze medals have superseded 'cups' as prizes. May other schools imitate this pattern of true progress.

(*v*) p. 76. Pattison, p. 64. *There is no difference whatever in principle between paying wages for school attendances, and scholarships, when administered in such a way as to become an inducement to enter the university.* P. 65. *These competitive examinations, even while they urge to work, have a fatal tendency to falsify education. Open scholarships have not been an unmixed good. They have stirred up the schools, but they have also stirred up an unwholesome system of training the competitors for the race. The youth comes up with a varnish of accomplishments beyond his real powers.*

P. 74. *Nothing, indeed, can be more respectable, nor does anything secure more profound respect among us, than the cases (would that they were more numerous!) where a youth of humble origin, from mere love of learning and intellectual aspirations, undergoes bodily privations, hardships, and, harder still to bear, the contumely of the world of flunkeys.*

P. 75. *Already, nearly one-third of the whole number of students within our walls is being paid for coming here.*

P. 244. *The tyranny of the examination system...has destroyed all desire to learn. All the aspirations of a liberal curiosity, all disinterested desire for self-improvement, is crushed before the one sentiment which now animates the honour-student,—to stand high in the class-list.* P. 245. *A sophistic art is found to have taken the place of a scientific training. A vague and windy rhetoric has supplanted*

solid acquisition. Extract from Dr Whewell, *On the Principles of Engl. Univ. Education, The habit of preparing for examinations makes other studies appear flat and insipid.* P. 330. *We have forgotten that we ourselves—the teachers—are here as learners.*

(*w*) p. 76. On the staff with which geometricians drew diagrams on sand see lexx. under *pulvis* (Cic., Liv., Pers., add Sen. ep. 74 § 27, 88 § 39. Sil. xiv. 677. Plut. Dion. 13. Barth on Claudian, p. 128), *pulvisculus* (*Apul.*) *radius* (Cic., Verg., add Tert. idol. 9 *fin.* Oehler. Ambr. hexaëm. v. § 86. Claud. Mam. iii. 9, p. 187, Barth. Amm. xxii. 16 § 17).

(*x*) p. 76. See my edition of Ascham's *Scholemaster* ind. under *Cheke.* Lady Burleigh gave money to provide fire in hall on every Sunday and holiday between All Saints' and Lady-day. (Baker's *St John's*, p. 404.) For the scanty fare of the students see Lever cited *ibid.* 131—2. On the chambers shared by the fellows with their pupils see my *Early Statutes of St John's College* (1859), pp. 164—7; on the livery *ibid.* 172—3.

(*y*) p. 77. See Bp Fisher's account of difficulties overcome in founding the college (Baker 344, 26; *Early Statutes*, p. 240, 7).

(*z*) p. 77. *Early Statutes*, p. 88. The three main designs of the foundress were to promote the worship of God, virtuous life and the establishment of the Christian faith; that from the college theologians might arise, to communicate the fruit of their studies. *ibid.* 96 *seq.* a fourth part of the fellows were to be engaged in preaching to the people in English. Preachers were to deliver at least eight sermons to the people every year, and one other within the college. In 1545 a further *onus* was imposed on the preachers, of delivering one private sermon yearly in the college, in which they should rebuke the reigning vices of the place. Each preacher in turn was to expound the Bible lessons read in hall daily.

(*aa*) p. 77. *Two Lives of Nicholas Ferrar* (Camb. 1855), p. xliv.

(*bb*) p. 77. Dr Maitland afterwards migrated to Trinity, where his bosom friend, Dr W. H. Mill, was then an undergraduate. He told me he attended chapel regularly, 'for I did not know that there was any harm in it.' Mill (of whom he had a miniature

displaying a face of feminine beauty) was even then remarkable for learning.

(*cc*) p. 77. It is to be feared that Maurice's works are now comparatively little read. Those who are frightened by his reputation for 'mysticism,' may begin with 'Learning and Working,' 'The Church a Family,' 'Sermons on the Lord's Prayer.' Something of his power is seen in Kingsley's life, but for an adequate portraiture we must wait for the memoir promised by his son. It is to the credit of the Ritualist party that many of them freely opened their pulpits to him.

(*dd*) p. 77. *The claims of the Bible and of science. Correspondence between a laymen and the Rev. F. D. Maurice on some questions arising out of the controversy respecting the Pentateuch.* Lond. 1863, pp. 16, 17. Take a 'taste' (as John Strype says), p. 36. *The religious world offers a premium to the scientific inquirer to make his conclusions fit the Bible conclusions. So it produces a race of quacks who can always prove what they are wanted to prove; men in spirit much like the false prophets of old. And it often, I am afraid, bribes men of real insight and diligence to suppress or misrepresent facts and their own convictions, lest they should injure their reputation. A heavy price is paid for these momentary triumphs. The discomfiture which follows of course, appears to shake the edifice which had been buttressed so feebly and so needlessly; numbers suppose that the very foundation of it is undermined. And yet this is the smallest part of the calamity. To obtain these physical facts on its side, the Bible suffers greater perversion and contraction than the facts have suffered. We lose the very messages which it delivers to us, whilst we are straining our ears for proofs that it is not deceiving us.* George the Third shewed more than his usual homely wisdom in this criticism of Bp Watson's book. *Apology for the Bible! I never knew that it wanted an apology.*

In the 6th ed. (1881) Mr Stephens has added a letter (p. 528) to the biography of his father-in-law, Dean Hook, who 'fired up at the narrow-minded opposition offered to the appointment of the Rev. F. D. Maurice to the incumbency of Oxford chapel, St Marylebone.'

Chichester: July 20, 1860.

My dear Mr Maurice,—If any steps are to be taken to protect you from this abominable puritan persecution, I for one shall be most happy to stand by you. I am not one of your disciples, though I read you with edification, and because I differ from you in some things, I may be the better friend in this infamous narrow-mindedness. All parties should unite, or we shall be, many of us, burned at the stake. Yours most truly.

(*ee*) p. 78. *Phases of faith: or, passages from the history of my creed, by Francis W. Newman.*[2] Lond. 1853, p. 2. *When I was rather more than seventeen, I subscribed the* 39 *Articles at Oxford in order to be admitted to the University. Subscription was 'no bondage,' but pleasure; for I well knew and loved the Articles, and looked on them as a great bulwark of the truth; a bulwark, however, not by being imposed, but by the spiritual and classical beauty which to me shone in them. But it was certain to me before I went to Oxford, and manifest in my first acquaintance with it, that very few academicians could be said to believe them. Of the young men, not one in five seemed to have any religious convictions at all: the elder residents seldom or never shewed sympathy with the doctrines that pervade that formula. I felt from my first day there, that the system of compulsory subscription was hollow, false, and wholly evil.* For myself I shall always be grateful to Shrewsbury, where I learnt the Articles with the help of several commentaries, and so was led as a schoolboy to buy and study Hooker and Butler.

(*ff*) p. 78. I borrow this from a speech of Dr Sanday's at the Newcastle church congress 1881.

(*gg*) p. 79. Hooker (sermon 5 § 15) after citing the calumnies of Bristow a man 'both born and sworn among us' (He has charged us '*to hold a common school of sin and flattery; to hold sacrilege to be God's service; unfaithfulness, and breach of promise to God, to give it to a strumpet, to be a virtue; to abandon fasting; to abhor confession; to mislike with penance; to like well of usury: to charge none with restitution; to find no good in single life, nor in no well-working;...that all men, as they fall to us, are much worsed, and more than afore corrupted*'), *replies: I appeal to the conscience of*

every soul that hath been truly converted by us, Whether his heart were never raised up to God by our preaching; whether the words of our exhortation never wrung any tear of a penitent heart from his eyes; whether his soul never reaped any joy, any comfort, any consolation in Christ Jesus by our sacraments, and prayers, and psalms, and thanksgiving; whether he were never bettered but always worsed by us.

O merciful God! If heaven and earth in this case do not witness with us, and against them, let us be razed out from the land of the living! Let the earth on which we stand swallow us up quick, as it hath done Korah, Dathan, and Abiram! But if we belong unto the Lord our God, and have not forsaken him, if our priests, the sons of Aaron, minister unto the Lord, and the Levites in their office; if we offer unto the Lord every morning and every evening the burnt offerings and the sweet incense of prayers and thanksgivings; if the bread be set in order upon the pure table, and the candlestick of gold with the lamps thereof, to burn every morning; that is to say, if amongst us God's blessed sacraments be duly administered, his holy word sincerely and daily preached; if we keep the watch of the Lord our God, and if we have not forsaken him: then doubt ye not; this God is with us as a Captain, his priests with sounding trumpets must cry alarm against you; 'O ye children of Israel, fight not against the Lord God of your fathers, for ye shall not prosper.'

The Peace of God

ST JOHN'S

22 *October* 1882

'According to the passable notion and definition, What is a gentleman but his pleasure? If this be true, if a gentleman be nothing else but this, then truly he is a sad piece, the most inconsiderable, the most despicable, the most pitiful and wretched creature in the world: if it is his privilege to do nothing, it is his privilege to be most unhappy; and to be so will be his fate, if he live according to it; for he that is of no worth or use, who produceth no beneficial fruit, who performeth no service to God or to the world, what title can he have to happiness? What capacity thereof? What reward can he claim? What comfort can he feel? To what temptations is he exposed! What guilts will he incur! But in truth it is far otherwise: to suppose that a gentleman is loose from business is a great mistake; for, indeed, no man hath more to do, no man lieth under greater engagements to industry than he.'

Barrow III 419 Napier.

THE PEACE OF GOD

But now ye also put off all these; anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, filthy communication out of your mouth. Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds; and have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him: where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all, and in all. Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye. And above all these things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness. And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful. Coloss. iii. 8—15.

In days of change, when old landmarks are being removed, it is well to take counsel of the past. So may we steady our thoughts, recall them to more sober anticipations, find common ground with those who hope or fear more than it is given to us to do from any legislation or social revolution. In the text we see the mighty antagonisms of race and caste and sect crumbling away in the franchise of the catholic church; Jew and Greek, barbarian, even Scythian, freeman and bondslave, rejoicing together in the one image of the Creator, the one bond of

perfectness, the eternal peace of God; Christ all and in all. Have we in these days forfeited this glorious inheritance? Has Parliament robbed us of our title-deeds, or effaced the cross from our brow? Can the colleges no longer in good faith and due reverence bear such names as Holy Trinity, Emmanuel, Jesus, Christ? For ourselves, must we once more banish St John to his Patmos, to escape an iconoclastic axe of keener edge than William Dowsing's?

Glance for a moment at the persecutions which have again and again driven loyal and learned and God-fearing men from our walls; for no college can shew such an array of martyrs as St John's. The engagement and abjuration oath did not concern the essentials of the faith, the catholic creeds, in the smallest jot or tittle. The nonconformists of 1662 might without surrender of essential principle on either hand have been retained in the visible unity of the national church. Look at the new lectionary of our Prayer-book: those noble books of Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus are indeed still appointed to be read, and so is a small part of Baruch; but the legendary Judith, and Tobit, and Bel and Susanna, are struck out. The last two were newly added at the restoration, in wanton defiance of the nonconformists' scruples against the apocrypha. Surely, as churchmen, we must blush for such petty tyranny. If the charitable mind which twelve years ago conceived a joint revision of the Bible had prevailed two centuries before, certainly there need have been no schism.

I can imagine no nobler theme for a historian of generous sympathies and sound judgement, a Thomas Fuller, a Dr Maitland or a Neander, than the friendly

relations between our church and other Christian communions from the Reformation downwards. Think of Melanchthon and Bucer and Peter Martyr and Casaubon and Isaac Vossius, under the Tudors and Stuarts; then of Bentley and the Benedictines; of Bull and Wake and the Gallicans; of archbishop Sharp and the king of Prussia under queen Anne. In this century our own bishop Marsh, the restorer of biblical learning in Cambridge, an opponent of the Bible Society, was yet one of the first subscribers to the heroic Baptist scholars of Serampore. To these peacemakers add Dr Lingard, whose most intimate friend was the neighbouring Anglican incumbent; Dr Hook, the uncomprising author of 'Hear the Church!' yet he could say to Dr Stoughton, 'I should like to make a churchman of you; but I am afraid there's no chance; and I suppose you would like to make a dissenter of me.' 'No, indeed; if I could, I would not take the trouble.' And they remained fast friends to the last. Dr Hook again, like Mr Tennyson, cheered Frederick Maurice under persecution. For our honoured archbishop as many prayers were offered in nonconformist chapels as in our churches; to their end he kept up loving correspondence with his college friends, deserters from our ranks, Oakeley and Ward.

These examples might be multiplied a thousand fold(*a*). No man, be sure, need sacrifice one friend by taking office in our national church. This is of itself a great security against prejudice and evil speaking. 'Don't introduce me to that man,' said Charles Lamb; 'I don't want to see him.' Why not? 'One cannot hate a man whom one knows.' This is the great value of church congresses. When sects and parties keep to themselves,

they people all beyond their horizon, as old map-makers did *terra incognita*, with Gorgons and hydras and Chimaeras dire.

'The devil,' says the proverb, 'is not so black as he is painted.' Ignorance is the mother of antipathies.

In the days of His flesh the Son of Man was branded as the Friend of Sinners. In that sinless and loving presence hearts hardened to stone by contempt, melted into penitence. Once more the Saviour is calling sinners to himself. Here in England the innocent have by a cowardly silence long given consent to a worse than African slave-trade. 'Licentiousness,' says Bp Fraser, 'not drunkenness, is our besetting sin.' We have set apart one class for honour, another for dishonour, one to receive the homage of us men, the other to serve our brute appetites. These extremes are meeting under the shadow of the cross, and a still, small voice, the voice of judgement and of mercy, reveals to each: 'If I had been in your place, I might have been as you.' 'If women all were holy, men must be holy too(*b*).' Such meetings of two or three, of sinners and saints, in the name of Christ, are no idle imaginations, to point a moral or adorn a tale. They are hard, everyday fact, as real as sin and misery. The saint has no heart to cast a stone, for the sin of a lifelong omission(*c*) has found her out. The sinner awakens to new hope as she hears from spotless lips: *Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more.* Ladies will soon scorn and loathe the advances of gentlemen so-called who neither reverence woman nor pity infancy. 'We are beginning,' says Miss Hopkins, 'to realise the dignity and consecration of our own womanhood as we have never done; to suffer over its degradation as we

have never done; to realise our natural guardianship of all children as, till now, we have scarcely done.' In this holy war we in Cambridge cannot be neutral; and whatever sects press through our open doors, will come, be sure, as allies. Men have corrupted women, and women men; together we have sinned at least by a pharisaic reticence. Knowledge of the worst will only prove to us that no one of us can be spared, all are required to save any of ourselves who may be in danger. For take the most selfish profligate now entering the university, if such a one there be, and shew him the end of his course,—the murder of little children, for it has come to that; Lust hard by Hate, outheroding Herod, for he only *killed the body, and after that had no more that he could do*; shew, I say, to the most dissolute freshman the wages of his sin, and he must cry: *Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?* He must be stark iron who sees unmoved Rachel weeping for her children, the women of England mourning over the lost souls and bodies of the innocents. This then is one safeguard in a period of transition: unite frankly in all works of faith and labours of love.

Some of us remember the parable of the blank bible. No papal censure, but a really infallible, omnipresent Power, had expunged from all literature and all art, whatever directly or indirectly drew its breath from the oracles of God. Consternation seized on the men of sweetness and light, no less than on the humblest Christian, as they discovered little by little the havoc that had been wrought; for virtue had passed away from poet and orator and painter. 'Whither is fled the visionary gleam? Where is it now, the glory and the dream?'

Imagine in like manner the church of England effaced from Cambridge, not by parliamentary abolition of parliamentary tests, but by the Searcher of hearts. Not merely priests and deacons, not merely professing churchmen, but very many nonconformists would appear as in a wider sense sons of the church, listening gratefully to her divines, lifting no finger to harm her. Reputed atheists would *shine forth* as christian of heart and life. Nor would the popular antithesis of science and religion be found to exist here. Geometry on the steps of our altar does obeisance to Theology, not less than do Philosophy and Poetry. We have learnt with Plato ὁ θεὸς γεωμετρεῖ. Remember Clerk Maxwell.

If any of us would fain examine his own attitude toward our church, let him judge her not by 'religious' newspapers or platform agitators, or the din of critics, but by some sample of her hidden life and by her authentic words. Wm Wordsworth's brother, a former master of Trinity, published Ecclesiastical Biography and Christian Institutes. Read these eight volumes, and think: Here is a very small fraction, not a ten-thousandth part of the life and thought of the English church. Look at the monthly paper of the S.P.C.K. See that one society bearing the cross into all lands. In British Honduras a missionary and his wife, ministering to an area of over a thousand square miles, throw their little all, £135, into the treasury of the church, and receive unsought contributions from distant Indians. Follow the track of Charles Lowder in East London. Bp Ryle will shew you in Liverpool a parish of 4500 people, none keeping two servants, only 30 keeping one; 195 houses with more than one family, 133 families living in cellars. In the

church 700 attend the morning service, 300 the afternoon, 950 the evening. There are three mission rooms with 350 attendants in the morning, 450 in the afternoon. There are more than 800 communicants, nearly one half men. The pastor began 14 years ago with four people in a cellar. He has built a church, has one paid curate, one paid scripture reader, one paid bible-woman, one paid organist, 82 voluntary Sunday school teachers, 120 church workers, 17 bible classes with 600 adults on the register. The congregation raises £800 a year for the cause of God. There are 1100 pledged abstainers, not a single house of ill-fame or known infidel in the district.

If we can thus give a reason for our own churchmanship, we may next consider our relation to other communions. We shall find it a convenient division of labour to allow every person and every party to confess in their own words their own faith or their own unbelief. This is no superfluous caveat. Faith is shewn by works, just as the Divine Spirit is known by His operations; where no fruits of love ripen, there, be sure, is no root of faith. This is the only criterion we have; but it is infallible. Profession is but a mist to obscure our judgement. *Let both grow together to the harvest; judge not, that ye be not judged,* are warnings neglected not only by the ecclesiastics who by hundreds condemned unheard books of Drs Ward and Newman and Pusey, of Bps Hampden and Colenso, but by the secular critics who ascribed to Bp Thirlwall a book contradicting the life-long teachings of that master in our Israel. He must have exchanged his delicate irony, his reticence of power, for coarse and feeble braggadocio, his world-wide knowledge for empty parade, his judicial fairness for the heat

of faction, his sober and reasonable faith for haphazard doubt, before he could have penned such a work. The most competent of all critics said to me, as he pointed to a wilderness of errors, scenes surpassing fable and yet true: 'Thirlwall in jackets could not have written thus.' Yet the mere rumour secured a wide sale for a book intrinsically worthless, and dismayed not a few bishops.

Bp Berkeley's Alciphron inferred from a comparative study of religions that all are alike false and fabulous. The S.P.C.K. describes the religions of the world with respect and sympathy, noting their points of contact with our faith. All bear witness to some truth, it may be to truths neglected among us; the very heathen thus serve not only as a warning, but an example; they preach to us. Surely by this Pauline method, becoming all things to all men, we are more likely to save some, than by the heat of a Tertullian or a Dominic.

That same venerable society believing that the visible world is from God, who made all things in number, measure and weight, deals now with subjects wide as knowledge and nature and life and man, employing the ablest writers in each department, careless to what fold of the one flock they belong. It teaches thrift, for we are God's stewards; it teaches the laws of health, for our bodies are temples of the Divine Spirit.

What can we learn from Protestant or Romish non-conformity? Both may teach us to spend our money and our time for our creed and our neighbour. Too many votaries of culture, here and elsewhere, contribute to the elevation of the ignorant and the sinning nothing more comforting than a sneer or an epigram. This cynicism must be cast out. Sooner or later such armies as the

Girls' and Boys' Friendly Societies will enlist all men of virtue in active service. Only a few short years ago laymen found little scope for evangelistic energies in our pale. Miss Hopkins in Barnwell rescued many drunkards. She brought them into the fold of our church. But *there was no room for them in the inn.* They had accepted the call: *Freely ye have received, freely give. It is more blessed to give than to receive.* Silver and gold they had none, but they offered themselves. Repulsed from the Church's gate, they found a welcome and a sphere in other communions.

Again, gorged as we in Cambridge are with the appliances of learning, bribed by its rewards as we call them, nonconformists may lead us to buy the truth and sell it not, to pursue it under all difficulties. Many of the martyrs of 1662 were men of rare parts and culture; with reverence and shame we watch their endeavours to keep alive the lamp of knowledge in exile from this home of the Muses. And when at last some clear-sighted churchmen, with the aid of the state, founded an open university, did we welcome the nonconformists' yearnings for more light? Nay, we spat upon their foundation as godless. But God's ways are not as our ways; He has set His seal upon the work. We are mourning a high church bishop, a man of signal devotion and universal talents, the head of our Universities' Mission to Central Africa. He was bred at University college and found in it a nursing mother of the church. What school sent forth Butler and Secker? *Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?*

Before I release you, I would give a word or two of caution to those who have lately come among us. Learn of St Paul the vulgarity of emulation. *Know ye not that*

they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run that ye may obtain. In the heavenly race, all may obtain; the prize of our high calling is open to all that seek it. Whoever wins it, is a help, not a hindrance, to all others. *I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air.* When I was an undergraduate, those who took the highest degrees thought very little of examinations or fellowships. They read for reading's sake. In my simplicity I thought that this continued to be the case, and when years ago the university was reproached with seeking truth for gain, I publicly repelled the calumny. But I fear that I had not read truly the signs of the times. Two days ago I saw a testimonial signed by a tutor of 32 years' standing: 'I had the great pleasure, which has occurred to me only once besides in all my long experience, of teaching a man who simply wanted to master a subject, with no ulterior views as to its effects in examinations.' Can it be true that curiosity is dead, choked by ambition or avarice, in the university of Bentley and Newton?

If so, hearken to the voice of the friend of Bentley and Newton, a scholar like the one, a mathematician like the other, as a divine superior far to both, and unsurpassed as a master of English undefiled. It was to Cambridge in her poor estate that Barrow thus spoke*:

'And do we not deserve great blame, displeasure, and disgrace from mankind, if, having such opportunities of qualifying ourselves to do good, and serve the public, we by our idleness render ourselves worthless and useless?

'How, being slothful in our business, can we answer for our violating the wills, for abusing the goodness, for

* *Works*, ed. Napier III. 451—2.

perverting the charity and bounty of our worthy founders and benefactors, who gave us the good things we enjoy, not to maintain us in idleness, but for supports and encouragements of our industry? how can we excuse ourselves from dishonesty and perfidious dealing, seeing that we are admitted to these enjoyments under condition, and upon confidence (confirmed by our free promises and most solemn engagements) of using them according to their pious intent, that is, in a diligent prosecution of our studies; in order to the service of God and of the public?

'Let every scholar, when he misspendeth an hour, or sluggeth on his bed, but imagine that he heareth the voice of those glorious kings, or venerable prelates, or worthy gentlemen, complaining thus, and rating him: Why, sluggard, dost thou against my will possess my estate? why dost thou presume to occupy the place due to an industrious person? why dost thou forget or despise thy obligations to my kindness? thou art an usurper, a robber, or a purloiner of my goods, which I never intended for such as thee; I challenge thee of wrong to myself, and of sacrilege toward my God, to whose service I devoted those His gifts to me.

'How reproachful will it be to us, if that expostulation may concern us, *Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a fool to get wisdom, seeing he hath no heart to it?*

'If to be a dunce or a bungler in any profession be shameful, how much more ignominious and infamous to a scholar to be such!—from whom all men expect that he should excel in intellectual abilities, and be able to help others by his instruction and advice.

'Nothing surely would more grate on the heart of one

that hath a spark of ingenuity, of modesty, of generous good nature, than to be liable to such an imputation.

'To avoid it therefore (together with all the guilt and all the mischiefs attending on sloth), let each of us, in God's name, carefully mind his business; and let the grace and blessing of God prosper you therein. Amen.'

NOTES

(*a*) p. 99. There is room for a new harmony of confessions. Bibliographical annals, comprising translations from English divines into Latin and modern languages, and again from foreign divines into English, also Latin theology naturalised on both sides of the water, would prove that one life-blood, one current of thought and feeling, throbs in the remotest veins of Christ's body Catholic. Devotional works of Robert Parsons, 'adapted' by the Puritan Bunney and by dean Stanhope, are eloquent witnesses to the communion of saints.

(*b*) p. 100. THE GIRLS OF ENGLAND: A BATTLE-CALL.

Ye girls, ye girls of England!
  Yours is a blessed lot,
For ye may be good angels,
  Fair guides, deceiving not:
As subtly as a magnet
  May draw to holy things
The hearts of all around you—
  Earth's angels, without wings.

If ye your power could reckon
  To mould men as ye will!
They'll follow where ye beckon,
  They'll wait upon you still:
And ye can give them courage
  To win the dreadful fight,
And be in darkest moments
  An influence of light.

Ye may command unchallenged,
If ye will only dare
Ever to use your fairness
To lure to what is fair:
So may ye be the sources
Of many a noble deed,
Streams turning in their courses
That human action feed.

But ye must have such knowledge
As life demands should be;
Weak innocence for childhood,
For women purity:
And ye must use your beauty,
And keep the weapon bright;
Abuse of it is hateful,
But use of it is right.

The world would be an Eden—
Almost a Paradise—
If women were all holy,
And women were all wise.
Men are but women's vassals,
If women only knew:
If women were all holy,
Men must be holy too.

Vice is consumed by virtue,
Where women all are pure;
O girls, ye girls of England,
Be strong! be true! endure!
Let womankind united,
Stand like a wall of fire,
Till evil shall, affrighted,
Back into hell retire.

But first ye need God's Spirit,
And then ye need a bond
To draw you all together,
That none may be beyond.

Then pray, with strong reliance,
That He will be your Guide,
And love,—for love's alliance
The world cannot divide.

Ye girls, ye girls of England,
Lead, lead! point out the way!
Men look to you for guidance,
Although they do not say.
They measure by your measure
The evil and the good.
Oh! look ye, look ye to it,
Ye measure as ye should.

In fellowship let women
Of every race unite,
That none may be uncared for,
Or lonely in the fight.
So sympathy unfettered
Shall point all hearts to good,
And all the world be bettered
By banded womanhood!

(*Hatchards.*) F. B. Money Coutts.

(*c*) p. 100. You have, I suppose, good food, pretty rooms to live in, pretty dresses to wear, power of obtaining every rational and wholesome pleasure; you are, moreover, probably gentle and grateful, and in the habit of every day thanking God for these things. But why do you thank Him? Is it because in these matters, as well as in your religious knowledge, you think He has made a favourite of you? Is the essential meaning of your thanksgiving, 'Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other girls are, not in that I fast twice in the week while they feast, but in that I feast seven times in a week while they fast'; and are you quite sure this is a pleasing form of thanksgiving to your heavenly Father? Suppose you saw one of your own true earthly sisters, Lucy or Emily, cast out of your mortal father's house, starving, helpless, heartbroken; that every morning when you went into your father's room, you said to him, 'How good you are, father, to give me what

you don't give Lucy,' are you sure that, whatever anger your parent may have just cause for against your sister, he would be pleased by that thanksgiving, or flattered by that praise? Nay, are you even sure that you *are* so much the favourite?—suppose that, all this while, he loves poor Lucy just as well as you, and is only trying you through her pain, and perhaps not angry with her in anywise, but deeply angry with you, and all the more for your thanksgiving?

RUSKIN.

But though he never tolerated selfishness of principle, to all sorts of lapses, from failure, from forgetfulness, from weakness, from ignorance, he was absolutely tolerant. He used to say that 'there is goodness enough in the world to save it over and over again; moral effort enough to effect six times over all that wants doing. Men are anxious enough to live up to a standard; it would be more to the purpose to alter their standard.' Here again he would bring in his favourite idea of nutrition or stored-up force liberated in function. Nature has stored up moral force by setting people for ages to impossible and useless and self-centred tasks, till the habit of doing something else besides what one likes, has become strong enough for any purpose for which it can ever be wanted; and now the thing is to set it free to apply itself to true purposes. In this connexion he often spoke of fashion as a great store-house of moral force. 'It is vain to preach and write and talk,' he used to say; 'nothing would ever persuade men and women to leave off making themselves uncomfortable for fashion's sake, merely in order that they may be more comfortable. The habit of dressing not merely for one's comfort for instance, has become ingrained and inveterate. But once shew people that they can better serve others when more simply dressed, and then all the force of self-sacrifice, which has gone to make them dress outrageously, will flow into some other channel, and they will dress comfortably, as a matter of course.'

Life and Letters of James Hinton, edited by ELLICE HOPKINS, 4th ed., London, Kegan Paul, 1882, p. 342.

How little helping others is put first in our modern Christianity is perhaps best shewn in the choice of a house. Next to the question of health comes a pleasant neighbourhood, fashion,

agreeableness, etc.; *service*, except in the case of a professional man, never enters. Who thinks of taking a house in a healthy but low neighbourhood, because there the people most want raising, holding our social advantages as *what they are*, a trust for the good of the many? If it be urged that the thought of our families must come first, Mr Hinton would say, 'Yes, the devil always comes to an Englishman in the shape of his wife and family.' Not 'l'égoïsme à un,' but 'l'égoïsme à deux, à trois, à quatre,' is the great stronghold of self in England. But would it not be worth considering whether, in the evils around us, we have not, as it were, the weights, the pulling down of which would do our work of raising and elevating in our families, as well as outside them, far more effectually than our too often futile endeavours to raise and elevate our children by our own efforts? Might we not use the evils without to cure the evils within?

Miss Hopkins, *ib.* 300—1.

Love Divine and Human

ST JOHN'S

12 *October* 1884

RETRIBUTION

O righteous doom!—that they who make
  Pleasure their only end,
Ordering the whole life for its sake,
  Miss that whereto they tend.

While they who bid stern Duty lead,
  Content to follow, they
Of Duty only taking heed,
  Find Pleasure by the way.

R. C. Trench.

Gerechter Himmel, der du dies geordnet hast,
Wer Freude sucht als eignes Ziel, verfehlt sie nur;
Wer im Berufe wandelt von der Pflicht geführt,
Die Freude findet er überall am Wege blühn.

Fr. Rueckert.

LOVE DIVINE AND HUMAN

We love, because He first loved us. If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, cannot love God whom he hath not seen. And this commandment have we from Him, that he who loveth God love his brother also. 1 John iv. 19—21.

In appointing the text as the epistle for Trinity Sunday the church declares that Christian doctrine is no barren scholasticism, but fruitful of Christian practice. We love Him,—there is the sum of Christian morals,—because He first loved us,—there is the sum of Christian faith,—God's love manifested in Christ applied to our hearts by the Holy Spirit.

In the gospel for the day, that Old Testament, in which some ears seem to catch no voices but those of sectarian or Semitic bigotry,—in to-day's* gospel, I say, the law and the prophets are summed up in two words—love to God and love to man. In our text, as in the Decalogue and Lord's Prayer, love to God our Father is the source and root of love to man, His offspring, made in His image,—while love to man is the fruit and evidence of love to God. From faith, which receives what no man can give, springs love, which gives what no man of himself

* Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

can give, for it gives only what faith has received of God, —a lively hope, a glad and cheerful heart for the service of God and man. Faith mounts on high and brings man to God, love descends in blessings to man; by faith we suffer God to benefit us, by love we in our turn benefit our neighbour. The slightest service done—the cup of cold water given—to man for God's sake is worship. *Pure religion* (or worship, *θρησκεία*) *and undefiled before our God and Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world.*

God's universal love to the unthankful and the evil is often proposed as the motive of our love, not only towards those who love us, but towards all mankind. *God commendeth His own love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for the ungodly.* The beloved apostle himself bears witness that his own love to his Master was but a reflexion of the Master's love. *Ye did not choose me, but I chose you, and appointed you, that ye should go and bear fruit.* The wise heathen knew this mystery of love. 'This,' says Seneca, 'is the true philtre or love-charm. *Si vis amari, ama.* Wouldst thou win love, display it.' In the commerce of affection, as of trust, its twin sister, the supply precedes the demand and creates it. Our conception of love, as of every virtue, is in the first instance awakened by our experience of it in concrete form in the actions of the virtuous. *Hereby know we love, because He laid down His life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. Beloved, if God so loved us, we also ought to love one another.*

Our age is remarkable for triumphs of mercy, and not the least of the blessings which the merciful have rendered

to us is that they have shewn disinterested virtue to be possible. He who ennobles himself ennobles his race, draws away many a wavering recruit from the seat of the scorner, giving him an ideal and a hope in life. Ask those who have thus elevated their generation whence they drew their inspiration, and they will one and all reply: *We love Him because He first loved us.* They will say: If we have taught our soldiers and sailors to keep their bodies in temperance, soberness and chastity; if we have cleansed and clothed the waifs and strays of our modern Babylons and sent them forth as welcome colonists to subdue the virgin lands of our empire; if we have rescued woman from corruption and slavery; if we have carried thrift and peace and purity into the lowest dens of misery;—we were but following Him who promised rest to the weary and heavy laden. If our light shines before men, if they see any good works in us, let them glorify not us, but our Father which is in heaven, the Sun of all our day, from whom every good and perfect gift descends. We are unprofitable servants: we have but done a scantling of our duty. We that are strong *ought* to bear the infirmities of the weak and not to please ourselves. If He, the Lord and Master, washed our feet, we also *ought* to wash one another's feet. It is the part payment of a debt.

To many of us this is the first Sunday in Cambridge; all here present may claim a free admission to the services of the English Church; they are her sons, and have a birthright in this ancient home of religion. Our latest statutes, though they no longer require the fellows to take holy orders, nor allow any so-called religious tests, expressly provide for the maintenance of church worship

in the chapel, and of religious instruction for the sons of our church. Two venerable members of our society, long in holy orders, who have died within the year, are benefactors to the house. They at least regarded St John's as still a seminary of the church; for the faith in our future we owe them more than for their munificent bounty.

Fifteen years ago this chapel was opened amidst general rejoicings. It was built by the self-sacrifice of the society of that day. A fellow of Trinity, pointing to it, once said to me: 'I know no better example in our day of faith in the permanence of the Anglican church.' He was a man of large experience both of men and books. Have we lost that faith? It was no hasty design that was then carried out. A chapel worthier of the foundation had been a daydream of bishop Gunning, that brave confessor, who by suffering for the church, had learnt to spend and be spent in her service. At this day, we may frankly confess, so costly a chapel could not be raised by any of our old colleges. The impoverishment of the country on the one hand, and still more the diversity of opinion in the society on the other, would soon frustrate such an attempt.

But remember our past history. When Henry VIII seized the estates destined for our foundation, bishop Fisher with unexampled patience and fortitude secured a modest endowment and carried out the design of the foundress. Nor does the university owe less to him: he found her ignorant and obscure; he left her famous and rivalling Italy in learning. The Greek and Hebrew which he imported led to the reformation; and he started in affright—as did Sir Thomas More—from the work of his

own hands, as from the ruins of Biblical learning and of the church. Yet neither the church nor the Bible have ceased to find able ministers here to this day.

Two of those who came up with me 40 years ago have gone as bishops, each to a teeming continent; Mackenzie to lay down his life for heathen Africa; Barry, this very year, to Australia, where the church enjoys no prescription or privilege. In yet another continent, a present fellow of Sidney College, bishop Machray, has seen several sees founded out of his vast diocese, and is chancellor of a university which comprises in harmonious operation a Romish, a Dissenting, and a Church college.

No love of place or power will explain lives like these. And the churchmen of the future here will be fewer perhaps in number than before, but on the average more active in the church's service, knowing that her existence here depends on the living zeal and energy of her sons. When a convert joins Mr Spurgeon's congregation, the first question put to him is: 'Well, what are you going to *do* for us?' Our clergy have till of late not given the laity enough to *do*, forgetting that, if it is more blessed to give than to receive, no order ought to monopolise the blessing of giving themselves.

I will name but three out of many ways in which students who are churchmen may serve the church; (1) by daily reading the Bible, and by study of the history and doctrines of the church on Sunday; (2) by securing leisure for our servants to attend their parish church; (3) by taking part, according to opportunity, in the college mission in South London.

First: Read daily, morning and evening, the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make you wise unto salvation.

If we have to lament many desertions from our church, to the right hand and to the left, few, perhaps none, of the renegades had been eminent as Biblical scholars. Read the 119th psalm; trace the widening empire of the Bible, a paramount book, *the* book, in every language, carrying dignity, contentment and peace to sufferers in every clime. Christ Himself knew it from a child and fed on its hidden manna. What if many profess to have outgrown its teachings? They are not such as are best qualified to speak by acquaintance with the Bible itself or with the laws of interpretation. They kill parable and proverb and metaphor (and Eastern wisdom loves to speak in figure) by reducing it to cold, hard, matter of fact prose. Many who pass current as philosophers do violence to garbled texts, not less than the Roman pontiff himself.

Read not only critically, but as the believing poor read. Two eminent mathematicians, great students of the Bible, De Morgan and Todhunter, used versions as the best interpreters. Chrysostom of old, Bengel among moderns, will fix your attention on the moral lessons, the spirit of the word, without neglecting the letter.

If by reading the Bible and the lives and works of saints, George Herbert, a Kempis or Leighton or Butler, we learn somewhat of the love of God, to learn love to man we must go amongst men. While all know that the separation of classes is a great danger to modern states, some perhaps have not observed that much of the mischief is due to our modern system of boarding-schools. Parents are parted from children, brothers from sisters, the rich from the poor. An Eton or Harrow boy sees no poor but servants or those who minister to his amusements; the

real working classes are known to him only by hearsay. Now for the first time you are brought into direct relations with the class, the relation of master to servant. Say with Seneca: '*Servi sunt? immo humiles amici.* Are they slaves? nay, they are lowly friends.' Be considerate in your demands on them, especially on their Sundays. Many of them as churchwardens or members of the choir are engaged in their parish churches; respect their engagements. Call on them in their homes, and you will know something at first-hand of the struggles of honest labour in a crowded country.

Our Walworth mission is no Quixotic enterprise, springing from the fashion of the hour, no bubble blown to please a childish whim. It is a direct fulfilment of the will of Lady Margaret, who as she established a preachership here in the university, designed her colleges as seminaries of preachers to carry the Gospel through the dark places of the land. The call came from one of our fellows who has long given himself to the work. Read the *Ecclesiastes* of Erasmus, who knew better than most men the mind of bishop Fisher, and you will learn that this is no mere academy for abstract sciences, but was founded for the good of the common people. From the homes of the poor our scholars mostly came; they found here overcrowding and frequent plague; and they were sent forth to speak to rich and poor of those truths which to Margaret of Richmond and John Fisher were dearer than life.

I have only time to notice a few advantages which we may expect to reap from the work as years go on.

We are consumers here, and go amongst the poorest of producers. We shall learn to criticise consumption—

both our own and theirs; ours, for we shall see how hardly the rage for cheapness presses on the workers; we shall be ashamed to live luxurious lives and clamour for more costly dinners while men, women and children are starving around us; we shall criticise *their* consumption, that we may enable them to help themselves. A prosperous German in the neighbourhood set down the sufferings of the people to bad management. If we can learn what is the cheapest and most nutritious diet, if we can prove to the people that stimulants and narcotics are ruinous to health, we may make them richer at once without degrading them. We can check the growing vice of gambling by teaching thrift and giving opportunities for saving.

Remember we have long years of omission to make good, and must not expect to win confidence in a day. We are verily guilty concerning our brethren; for *evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as want of heart.*

Our missionary is cheered by our presence. Coming from many homes, we can bring a varied experience to meet ever new wants. In the International Health Exhibition you may see among the educational apparatus of Japan admirable works from schools for the blind and for deaf-mutes,—so soon do the inventions of Christian charity traverse the globe. Any of us, who sees any where any contrivance for making small means go a long way, has only to think of Mr Phillips and he will be a benefactor to South London. If it is but some rough and ready substitute for the common apparatus of games, it will have its use where money is scarce and hands clever.

In learning to deal with the poor we shall learn at the

same time to deal with the rich. We shall rebuke their luxury, at least tacitly, by refusing to partake of it, ingeniously selecting from a Sybarite board the fare of an apostle, of a Paul, or a Schwarz.

We shall soon find that if we have something to teach, we have more to learn. Take a sample of the population of our district. A poor woman, who sent children to the school, when asked: 'Why do you send them? You are a Roman Catholic.' 'Their parents would have wished them to go.' 'They are not your children then?' 'They are no more related to me than you are.' 'Why did you take charge of them?' 'There was no one else; they could not be left to themselves.'

A wife, deserted by her husband, was in extreme poverty, and pestered by the solicitations of a well-to-do profligate. Her neighbours rallied around her, one asking her to breakfast, another to dinner. She hoped to come to church in the evening, when her rags would attract less notice; but she came in the morning. 'How is this?' 'A neighbour lent me her gown.' The same woman, who earns a living by sewing boots, receiving no pay unless she delivers the full tale at the appointed time, would sit up till one o'clock at night nursing a dying neighbour of ill repute. Yet at four o'clock in the morning she must rise to her own work.

Can you not understand why the Earl of Shaftesbury and Bishop How prefer East-end society,—why Arnold said that prayer and the friendship of the poor are needful to lift us out of ourselves,—why Richard Rothe yearned for a university, frugal as a convent, in which the selfishness of study should be tempered by visitation of the sick during a full half of the working day? Archbishop

Trench shall tell us what the eye made wise by charity can find in the huts where poor men lie:*

> Patience by lengthened suffering not outworn,
> Promptness to aid in one another's needs,
> With self-denial, yea, heroic acts,
> The more heroic, as not knowing themselves
> For such at all,—and there not seldom too
> Such thankfulness for small things, such content
> Under the absence of most earthly good,
> As might rebuke the pining discontent,
> That haunts too often rich men's palaces.

Several of us can speak with far more intimate knowledge than I can of our Walworth friends, but the most superficial view can detect one or two promising features. They never beg, and they can all read. Let us not tamper with their independence but frankly honour it, and let us introduce into their homes the books which are our own best possession.

To those who are now standing at the cross-roads of life, having their whole university career before them, I will add one word. Remember what you do *for* yourself, for your higher self, you do for others, for God and man; what you do *against* yourself, you do against others. For our sakes make the better choice. Shall St John's College be to you what it was to Ascham and Bentley and John James Blunt and Isaac Todhunter?—or what it was and is to many whose names we wish to forget with that of Titus Oates? Remember, the opportunity which you now have thousands of working men are coveting; we hope in time to welcome freshmen from Walworth itself.

* *Antignosticus.*

The sum of all I wish to say I will leave with you in Archbishop Trench's words:

THE LAW OF LOVE.

Dig channels for the streams of Love,
  Where they may broadly run;
And Love has overflowing streams
  To fill them every one.

But if at any time thou cease
  Such channels to provide,
The very springs of Love for thee
  Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,
  That good thing from above,
Ceasing to give, we cease to have,—
  Such is the law of Love.

Boldness of them that have been with Jesus

ST JOHN'S

9 *November* 1890

Tunc stabunt iusti in magna constantia adversus eos qui se angustiaverunt et qui abstulerunt labores eorum.

Sap. v. 1.

Bibentes vinum in phialis et optimo unguento delibuti. Et nihil patiebantur super contritione Ioseph.

Amos vi. 6.

Alii vero ludibria et verbera experti insuper et vincula et carceres. Lapidati sunt secti sunt temptati sunt in occisione gladii mortui sunt circuierunt in melotis in pellibus caprinis egentes angustiati afflicti. Quibus dignus non erat mundus. In solitudinibus errantes in montibus et speluncis et in cavernis terrae.

Hebr. xi. 36—38.

BOLDNESS OF THEM THAT HAVE BEEN WITH JESUS

Now when they beheld the boldness (παρρησίαν, *freedom of speech*) *of Peter and John, and had perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marvelled; and they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus.* Acts iv. 13.

They are the high priest, the rulers, elders and scribes; they are enquiring by what power and in what name the apostles made the lame to walk. By unlearned and ignorant, ἀγράμματοι καὶ ἰδιῶται, we are to understand men without Rabbinical school learning, laymen, belonging to the *accursed multitude which knoweth not the law. Hath any of the rulers or of the Pharisees believed on him?* The rulers might well marvel, for it is the crowning miracle of the kingdom, that *to* the poor, *by* the poor in spirit, the gospel is preached.

From Whitby's note you may see that this foolishness of preaching was an offence to the Greeks, a Celsus, a Julian, a Porphyry, during the ages of persecution.

Throughout the New Testament we hear the same strain: if the servants are despised, the Master bore the cross before them. John vii. 14, 15, *Jesus went up into the temple and taught. The Jews therefore marvelled*

saying: How knoweth this man letters, having never learned? Matt. xiii. 54, 55, *Whence hath this man this wisdom? Is not this the carpenter's son?* To the accomplished Corinthians St Paul (1 Cor. i. 17—25) magnifies Christ as *the power of God and wisdom of God,* a divine foolishness wiser, a divine weakness stronger, than men. To the sons of the imperial city he cries (Rom. i. 14—17), *I am debtor both to Greeks and to Barbarians, both to the wise and unwise. So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you also that are in Rome. For I am not ashamed of the gospel; for it is the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth; to the Jew first and also to the Greek.* Jews, Greeks, Romans, revelation, culture, empire, must bow beneath the cross. Yet there are Christians so ignorant of Christ, or of soul so craven, that in contempt of God and fear of man they will blush to confess that they read their Bible, as their mother bid them, while they dare not risk reputation with their clique by overlooking the last new novel or magazine article that sets our quidnuncs agape. Who is ashamed of health, when sick; of light, when blind? yet the great Prophet warns us that some whose ears have heard His voice shall be afraid to confess its saving power (Mark viii. 38), *For whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My words in this adulterous and sinful generation, the Son of Man also shall be ashamed of him, when He cometh in the glory of His Father with the holy angels.* The Mohammedan is not ashamed of his Koran. The sons of Jonadab the son of Rechab performed the commandment of their father; but Christians incline not their ear nor hearken unto Christ. *We will not have this man to reign over us.* What avail our open Bible, our free press, our

free speech, if we do not use them freely, proving all things, choosing that which is good? Fifty years ago in this place fellows only had access to the college library, only graduates to the university library: what boots it, that you have so vastly wider avenues to learning than *we* had, if you cast them from you in indolence or sheer want of thought?

You will observe that freedom of speech, and therefore still more freedom of conscience, is declared in the text to be due to communion with Christ. 'He is the freeman whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves besides.' The right, the duty of private judgement, is the privilege of the whole family of man: Matt. ii. 25, *I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou didst hide these things from the wise and understanding and didst reveal them unto babes.*

It is a blind philosophy of history that has not been with Jesus, that is blocked out by prejudice and fashion from the Light of the World. Even so it is a limping scholarship that proscribes Christian classics, poring over Libanius and leaving Chrysostom in the dust. Erasmus, Casaubon, Gataker, Gronovius, Bentley, and in our day Lachmann, Frederick Field, Bernays, Lightfoot, have a completeness of learning which we miss even in a Madvig and a Ritschl. How truly said Vauvenargues: *Les grandes pensées viennent du cœur!* Neander's motto was *pectus theologum facit*, and what an intellectual light does his moral sympathy cast over the history of the church, making figures which to Gibbon or Voltaire were simple scare-crows, butts for sarcasm, big with instruction and example for us in these latter days! It is the *mens cordis* that pierces within the veil. He who is the way, the

truth, and the life, is also the light of the world. One day in the Reform Club Mr Bright, talking to a friend of his favourite hymns, began to recite them. That musical voice, that heartfelt conviction, drew one and another to the spot; until at last there was a large circle of listeners, spellbound with unfashionable, unaccustomed reverence. In such a place, a temple of faction, who but one that had been with Jesus would have dared (Ps. cxxxvii. 3, 4) *to sing one of the songs of Sion? How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?*

Have *we* denied Christ? Let us take comfort from the text. John and Peter had forsaken their Master. Peter had thrice denied Him, even with an oath. A few days had passed and these timid perjured renegades amaze their persecutors, and even now confound deniers of the resurrection, by their boldness. Narrow they had been, ignorant and slow of heart, and now behold the disciples of the Gospels have ripened into the apostles of the Acts and Epistles, founding a church under the cross by the spirit of wisdom and of power, and of a large tolerance. Read the scorn and hatred which Greeks and Romans express for the Jew; read the writings of those learned Jews, high in position and influence, Josephus and Philo; then turn to your New Testament. Why are these few pages so far more paramount, catholic, imperishable, than all the wisdom of Athens and of Rome? Why have these Jewish fishermen and tentmakers held in cheerful subjection the hearts and wills of commanding intellects, of an Isaac Barrow or a Leslie Ellis? There is but one possible answer, but it is sufficient. Peter, James and John, had been with Jesus. No man would be ashamed to be known as the friend of those accomplished gentlemen,

George Herbert and John Donne; why then should we be ashamed of their Master? Matt. x. 24, *A disciple is not above his Master, nor a servant above his Lord.*

The recent opening in Cambridge of a Roman Catholic Church, dedicated to our Lady and the English martyrs, Blessed John Fisher, Thomas More, and the rest, together with this present date, four days after the fifth of November, in the ninetieth year of the 19th century—these coincidences naturally turn our thoughts to the great struggles for religious freedom which have agitated Western Christendom for four centuries, and which have been marked by signal triumphs of the right at the close of each century. In 1590 the Armada had been overthrown, very mainly by the patriotism and princely liberality of Howard, who, true to queen and country, dared to defy the papal interdict; a tradition of loyalty to which the Roman Catholic families of England have clung stedfastly to this hour. The sums advanced by Gregory XIII for the queen's assassination had not been earned. Henry IV was on the throne of France. In 1598 Philip II died, and the edict of Nantes gave a breathing time to the reformed church of France.

In 1685 that edict was revoked, the perjured king having sapped it piecemeal since 1660. In that same year 1685 James II came to the throne pledged to destroy Protestantism. The best of our Protestant dissenters, Baxter, Howe, Bunyan, had the honesty and the sagacity to discover that there and then the *test* was a bulwark of liberty; they refused emancipation from a tyrant, fearing the Danai even with gifts in their hands. In 1690 England was safe under the strong rule of William of Orange, while the Protestants of France were in exile or

pining in dungeons or galleys or clefts of the rocks. Once again in 1790 French Protestants were exulting in the unwonted possession of citizenship. On the 21 Aug. 1789 the constituent assembly declared that all citizens are equal in the eyes of the law, and that no one may be disturbed for his religious opinions or molested in the exercise of his religion. On the 15 March 1790 Rabaut St Etienne, a pastor himself, wrote to his father, the long proscribed Paul Rabaut: 'The President of the National Assembly is at your feet.'

I propose to speak of the French church of the desert, a living commentary on our text, but first to prove that for religious liberty we are indebted not to Milton or Jeremy Taylor or Bayle or Locke or Voltaire, though each of them deserves all honour for his services in the cause, but to the New Testament. Protestants, even the Long Parliament and men of rare moderation like Thomas Fuller, long thought that some few extreme opinions, as atheism or Arianism, might justly be punished by death. Roman Catholics, as Lord Burleigh pleaded, were executed for treason, not for religion, however much we may deplore such sacrifices as that of Robert Southwell. But from Priscillian, A.D. 385, onwards, whatever blood has been shed by Christians on account of opinion, has been shed in direct opposition to the warnings of our holy religion. Matt. vii. 1, *Judge not that ye be not judged.* xiii. 29, 30, *Nay; lest haply while ye gather up the tares ye gather up the wheat with them. Let both grow together until the harvest.* If the rebuke in Luke ix. 55 is uncertain in the letter, it breathes the very mind of Christ, and was in the Bible of all persecutors: *Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. For the Son of Man came not to destroy*

men's lives but to save them. If Baronius could before Paul V venture upon such a freak of exegesis as this: 'Holy Father, St Peter's office is twofold, it consists in feeding and in slaying, as it is written: *Feed my sheep* and *kill and eat*'; a Protestant might retort that to Peter it was said: *Put up the sword into the sheath,* a lesson which, if the syllabus may be trusted, Rome has not yet learnt. Christ's *kingdom* (Jo. xviii. 36, 37) *is not of this world.* 2 Cor. x. 4, *the weapons of our warfare are not of the flesh.* Augustine, alas (ep. 93), misapplied the words *compel them to come in* (Luke xiv. 23) to authorise persecution, but Bayle's immortal commentary has for ever dispelled the calumny.

What a freedom breathes through the New Testament any one may see, if he will but read a chapter and compare it with any heathen author of the time. Take the Apocalypse, that indignant protest against the worship of the emperor, and against the persecutions by which that worship was enforced. Mommsen, unhappily himself a worshipper of Caesarism, is distressed by the obstacle which Christian faith, uncompromising, resolute to the death, presented to the imperial policy. But Mommsen at least sees that the wonderful book is to be interpreted by contemporary history. Jurieu in predicting the downfall of Babylon as represented by James II and Louis XIV, in three and a half years from 1685, created false hopes and fostered a dangerous sedition in France; and like presumptuous augurs, as I knew to my cost when a child, still disturb the peace of the unlearned.

To Tertullian (apol. 23) belongs the honour of first uttering the great word 'liberty of religion.' *Non est religionis,* he cries (ad Scap. 6), *cogere religionem.* 'To

force religion is irreligious.' In a sublime application of Juvenal's words (apol. 33) he exclaims, 'I will not call the emperor god, because I know not how to lie.'

I pass on to the church of France under the cross, and will speak briefly of Louis XIV and of the public opinion of his day, and then of four ministers whose work spanned the century from 1685—1790, ending with a few thoughts on the bearing of this question of religious freedom on our college life in the past and in the present.

In the imperial library at St Petersburg is shewn a sheet of paper, bearing in a boyish scrawl, six times repeated, the words: *l'hommage est dû aux rois; ils font tout ce qu'il leur plaît.* The writer was the future king Louis the Great; his Jesuit teachers chose those fatal signs as a copy for the infant hand to trace. That child was father of the man who declared *l'état c'est moi.* So Pius IX boasted: *La tradizione sono io.* So certain teachers of our day, dogmatising with a hectoring bigotry under the mask of nescience, virtually call on us to submit our reason to them as incarnate Science. Nay: with the great Richard Rothe we hold: 'The entire and pure truth is no man's monopoly, all of us together have it': individual knowledge must be partial.

The edict of Nantes was recalled on the 17 Nov. 1685. The elder Le Tellier, dying aet. 83, some days later, sang a *Nunc dimittis.* Long before, many churches had been destroyed, 141 in 1663 alone, Roman clergy authorised to force their way to the dying, children of seven allowed to change their religion and claim a pension from their parents; singing of psalms was forbidden in the open air or in the churches while a procession went by; funerals were restricted to the twilight; dragoons

quartered on the Protestants with orders to push them to the last extremity to live very licentiously. Louvois has enriched our language with two words, the verb 'to dragoon,' the substantive 'dragoonade.' By the edict all churches were destroyed; all pastors banished with one fortnight's grace under pain of the galleys; lay emigration entirely forbidden; all children, from five to sixteen years of age, to be taken from their parents and brought up as Catholics; death to all pastors found in the country; men who helped them to be sentenced to the galleys, women to prison for life; death to all holding assemblies or any exercise of religion; all who in sickness refused the sacraments, on recovery to be sent to the galleys or prison for life, in case of death, their bodies to be cast out unburied; in either case their estates confiscated; books of religion, Bibles, prayerbooks, psalters, to be burnt; all offices and professions, down to that of midwife, closed to professors of the *religion prétendue réformée*; the marriages of Protestants were declared void, their children illegitimate. I mention only one torture out of many, the invention of Foucault, very effective in procuring conversions: the torturers by relays keeping sleep from the victims' eyelids. This Foucault was, I grieve to say, a scholar, and, by a strange irony of fate, first discovered Lactantius 'On the death of persecutors.' All these and countless other penalties, more grievous than death, were summarily inflicted without due form of trial. In one year, though France was kept like a dungeon girt by troops and ships, 9000 sailors, 12,000 soldiers, 600 officers had emigrated, including the best general of his age, Schomberg. Switzerland, the Low Countries, Germany, England, America, the Cape, all gained by the loss of the

flower of the French industry and learning. Berlin, till then not half the size of our present Cambridge, made rapid strides. In London there were 31 churches of French Protestants. The present Lord Mayor, the Bishop Designate of Worcester, our Junior Missioner at Walworth, are all of emigrant blood.

How was the royal massacre welcomed? Foucault told the gentlemen of Poitou: 'It was a mistake to distinguish the obligations of conscience from the obedience due to the king.' Bossuet exclaimed to the new Constantine, the new Theodosius: 'You have confirmed the faith, you have exterminated the heretics.' Massillon, Fléchier, Fénelon, all joined in the chorus of praise and in the work of compulsory conversion. The hundreds of persecuting edicts were purchased one by one by the clergy; each new subsidy producing a new violence. Mme de Maintenon obtained the assent of the Archbishop of Paris to her secret marriage with the king by undertaking to stimulate him to fresh outbreaks. As David covered adultery by murder, so Louis was taught that Heaven's vengeance on his sins must be washed away in the blood of heretics. La Bruyère, La Fontaine, Mme de Sévigné, all applaud the champion of the faith. The last writes playfully: 'Father Bourdaloue, by the king's order, is going to preach in the provinces where so many folk have been converted without knowing why. He will teach them why. Hitherto the dragoons have been excellent missionaries. The edict by which the king has recalled the edict of Nantes is admirable.' She lamented the fatigues bravely borne by a marquis, hunting the miserable Huguenots to exterminate them. 'No sooner is your back turned,' she complains, 'than they are out of their dens

again.' Yet Mme de Sévigné was no bigot. She read with enthusiasm the Protestant Abbadie's treatise on the truth of the Christian religion: 'It is the most divine of all books.' 'No other book to read in all the world but this.'

On the 8 March 1715 the king issued an edict declaring that there existed no more Protestants in France. *Non estis* goes beyond the old *non licet esse vos.* A statue was erected, medals were struck in honour of the exterminator of heresy.

He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh them to scorn, the Lord shall have them in derision. What was the truth? Since 1685 France had fallen lower and lower. In 1693 an anonymous piece, known to be by Fénelon, found its way into the king's hands: 'you do not love God, you do not even fear Him except with the fear of a slave; it is hell, and not God, that you fear. Your religion only consists of superstitions. You refer everything to yourself as if you were the God of earth, and as if all else were made only to be sacrificed to you.'

On the 26 Aug. 1715 Louis XIV lay on his death-bed. Mme de Maintenon, two cardinals and Father Le Tellier were there: fastening his eyes on them, he said he was sorry to leave the affairs of the church in the state they were in; 'he was perfectly ignorant of such things; he took them to witness that he had done nothing but what they wished; he had done all that they wished; it was for them to answer before God for all that had been done, the too much or the too little. His conscience was clear.' It is sound Jesuit doctrine. Five days after, the Most Christian King died, deserted by Mme de Maintenon; the next day his will was set aside. When his body was

carried out, it was pelted and hooted. Massillon in his funeral sermon preached: 'God alone is great.' From Bentley's sermon on popery, preached on the 5 Nov. 1715, we gather what Cambridge feared and hoped at that critical time.

In and after 1685 about fifty of the emigrant clergy are known to have returned to their flocks and held assemblies in the desert. The chief was Claude Brousson, an advocate, who had at the risk of his life defended the cause of the Protestants until Nov. 1683, when he fled to Lausanne. From that time to the day of his torture and martyrdom, 4 Nov. 1698, as diplomatist, lawyer, controversialist, preacher, apostle, he was the great stay of the afflicted church. He summoned the emigrant pastors to the post of duty and of danger. When they discovered no vocation for martyrdom, he exclaimed: '*If these shall hold their peace, the stones will cry out.* I am one of these stones.' *Uno avulso non deficit alter aureus et simili frondescit virga metallo.* Two years before Brousson's end, Pierre Corteiz, a lad of 16, fell in with some of Dumoulin's books and with a tract against hypocritical compliance with the mass. He resisted the prophets who preached rebellion, and confronted persecution and the pestilence with unshaken resolution till his retirement in 1733. He was a simple artisan, though ordained in 1717.

In 1696, when Corteiz began to act, was born Antoine Court, the statesmanlike restorer of French Protestantism. His father died when Antoine was four; he went to school at seven, and soon learnt all that his master could teach. To the boys he was known as the first-born of Calvin. One day four of the strongest of his schoolfellows tried to drag him to mass; he held fast by the banisters and,

though begged by the bystanders to yield, remained victor of the field. When yet a stripling he withstood to the face the prophetesses who preached a new war of the Cevennes. On the 21 Aug. 1715, a few days before the king's death, he, a lad of 19, convoked the first synod to restore church order and discipline, appointing elders to collect funds, summon assemblies, guard against scandals, provide for the safe-conduct of preachers. The Bible, not revelations of new prophets, was declared the sole rule of faith. Prayers should be offered for the king and all in authority.

From 1715 to his death in 1760 Court was the mainspring of the wonderful revival. Whereas in 1715 he collected with difficulty 15 to an assembly, in 1744 10,000 congregated. Schisms arose, but were quelled by his tact and firmness. In 1729, with the help of Abp Wake, he founded at Lausanne a seminary of candidates for martyrdom, from which 450 students went forth before 1809, when Napoleon transferred it to Montauban. For the last thirty years of his life Court resided in Switzerland, maintaining an immense correspondence, collecting materials, still at Geneva, for the history of the churches under the cross. *La froissure de Joseph*, 'the affliction of Joseph,' occurs again and again in the writings of these confessors; it seems to have been the keynote of their preaching; and indeed the sixth chapter of Amos, the herdman of Tekoa, must have thrilled with a sense of present reality the shepherds and ploughmen of Languedoc.

From 1743 to his death in 1795 Paul Rabaut was the leader of the resident pastors of the desert. He acknowledges the aid of Abp Secker and George III in 1762.

In a memorial addressed to the intendant Le Nain in 1746 Rabaut sums up in prophetic vision the course of his ministry. 'In determining to exercise the ministry in this kingdom, I was not ignorant to what I exposed myself: I regarded myself as a victim devoted to death. No human consideration could have led me to such a choice. I thought to do the greatest good in my power by devoting myself to the office of a pastor. Ignorance is the death of the soul and the source of an infinity of crimes. Protestants being debarred from the free exercise of their religion, not believing that they could attend the exercises of the Roman religion, not having access to the books necessary for their instruction, judge, Monsignor, what their state might be if they were absolutely bereaved of pastors. They would be ignorant of their most necessary duties; they would fall either into fanaticism, fruitful source of extravagance and disorders, or into indifference and the contempt of all religion.' It is a proscribed outlaw, with a price on his head, who thus reasons with his oppressor.

Verily Michelet speaks words of sober truth when he cries: 'Poor forgetful France! how little hast thou cherished, preserved thy tradition! How negligent, regardless of thy national treasure! By this word I mean that which was thyself, thy higher life, in the grand crises: the martyrs and the true heroes! All this in the dust and tost to the wind!' We English also have to revise our judgement of the French; not fickle, frivolous, indifferent, easy, debonnaire, and brisk, were these countrymen of Coligni and Duplessy-Mornay, but stubborn with an iron will, fearing God and nothing else. Witness above all the life-long agony of the galleys. Not the sophist at

his desk, but the martyr at the stake or on the gibbet, bought for us this freedom of speech. 'Be of good comfort, master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never be put out.'

Our college has borne a full share in the battle for freedom of thought. To Burleigh England owes it that Elizabeth escaped the fate of William the Silent and Henry of Navarre. Thomas Lever, our seventh master, one of the Marian exiles, 'a man,' says Baker, 'of as much natural probity and blunt native honesty as the college ever bred, had the spirit of Hugh Latimer'; our sixteenth master, William Whitaker, the most learned who ever sat in that chair, more than a match for Bellarmine, raised the college to the rank of a university, and won the admiration of Scaliger. Add a few out of many. Bp Morton, whose long life stretched from near the beginning of Elizabeth's reign to near the end of the Commonwealth, whose reverend form gives dignity to our hall, whose services to the Reformation raised a scruple even in roundhead persecutors; Overall; Stillingfleet, whose library and example made Richard Bentley possible.

Shall I claim John Fisher? I will not, if you can name another man to whom Cambridge and the Reformation owe so much. He brought hither Erasmus, Hebrew, Greek, the Bible; he is himself an excellent textuary. May the college never cease to feel for him that reverence which they expressed to him in prison: 'Thou art our father, our teacher, our lawgiver, the pattern of all virtue and holiness.' And may the blessing which closes his statutes never fail to descend on those who meet here: '*When*, saith He, *the Spirit of truth shall have come, He*

will lead you into all the truth. But whom shall He lead? even the lowly and obedient; on such He rests, fostering them and refreshing them with consolations unutterable; and being the porter, He opens and unlocks to them the mysteries of Scripture.'

The college has many links with the reformed churches beyond sea. The first fellow admitted by King Edward's visitors was an Italian; in 1744, when the great final persecution of the desert churches began, Antonio Ferrari, a Neapolitan convert, who from the beginning of the century had received hospitality here, bequeathed to us a unique collection of early French and Neapolitan Reformation literature, from which Churchill Babington recovered what Macaulay lamented as gone beyond hope, irrecoverable as the lost decades of Livy. In 1762, the year of the last French martyrdoms, William Grove, formerly fellow, gave to the college seven folio volumes of acts and documents relating to the Protestants of France. When their councils are published, these manuscripts will be of signal service.

One last word. Thirty-five years ago I said in print, in a volume which the *Examiner*, the chief literary authority of the day, denounced as smuggling Popery into Cambridge: 'Would we ascertain the efficacy and value of religious tests; the sufferings of non-conformists, non-covenanters, non-engagers, non-jurors, furnish abundant matter for grave and impartial reflexion.' Twenty-one years before that, in 1834, sixty-two members of the senate, including Sedgwick, Henslow, Peacock, Thirlwall, petitioned for the abolition of religious tests as at variance with the true principles of Christian toleration. In the year of the opening of this chapel, at a meeting in our

new lodge, on the 29th November 1869, Thompson and Sedgwick and Maurice spoke, and a petition was adopted for the opening of college fellowships. Our wish was granted.

Has the Church of England been despoiled by the admission of men of any or no creed to place and power here? Are we churchmen here under the cross, in the desert, like Paul Rabaut? No doubt, fewer fellows take holy orders, fewer attend college chapel than was the case fifty years ago; and if that implied indifference to religion, or the belief that religion concerns clergy and the poor only, it would certainly cause us poignant shame and grief. We should have taught them better. Indifference is the deadliest of heresies, it is the palsy of the soul. Yet it is surely something that no one is profane enough to come here merely to set a good example. At any rate no dragoons have destroyed our chapels, burnt our books; if we are ignorant of the Bible, ashamed of Christ, we individually are to blame, not the persecuting state. The college is bound by statute to maintain the services of the church. Our loss can be told in pounds, shillings, and pence. What is our gain? It is a spiritual gain, too volatile to be fixed by statistics. *Sirs, ye are brethren.* The sons of the exiles are coming back to *alma mater*; even Romanists, I rejoice to hear, are now encouraged to graduate here. We are becoming one nation, not as party prints may vaunt or murmur, in defiance of churchmen, but in answer to the prayers of many of them from generation to generation.

William George Clark once said to me: 'Your chapel is a signal evidence of faith in the future of the national church.' Have we lost that faith in the short span of 21

years? Let old members of the college answer: 'Fifty years ago your Walworth mission would have been impossible.'

If *the wild boar out of the wood* should indeed once more lay Cambridge waste, as in Ascham's days, would St John's be worthy to furnish martyrs as of old?

You remember the warning uttered by that Nestor of divines, Mr Gladstone's patron saint, my reverend friend Dr Döllinger: 'The destruction of the Church of England will be a deadly blow to Catholic Christendom.'

If government, fashion, literature, should conspire against us, as they did against the French Reformation two hundred years ago, God is able of these stones to raise up a Claude Brousson, an Antoine Court, a Paul Rabaut. *My kingdom is not of this world. A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation: I, the Lord, will hasten it in his time. Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.*

NOTES

Most of what I have said respecting the churches of the desert may be found in one or more of the following: [A. Mäder] *Die Protestantische Kirche Frankreichs von* 1787 *bis* 1846. *Herausgegeben von Dr J. C. L. Gieseler.* Paris 1848. 2 vols.—*Histoire des Protestants de France...par G. de Félice....Quatrième édition.* Paris 1861.—*Histoire des Eglises du Désert chez les Protestants de France depuis la fin du règne de Louis XIV jusqu'à la Révolution Française. Par Charles Coquerel.* Paris 1841. 2 vols.—*Histoire de la restauration du Protestantisme en France au XVIII^e Siècle—Antoine Court—d'après des documents inédits par Edmond Hugues. Quatrième édition.* Paris 1875. 2 vols.—*Les premiers Pasteurs du Désert* (1685—1700) *d'après des documents pour la plupart inedits par O. Douen.* Paris 1879. 2 vols.—*Jean Calas et sa famille. Etude historique d'après les documents originaux...par Athanase Coquerel fils.* Paris 1858.—*Les Forçats pour la Foi, Etude historique* (1684—1775) *par Athanase Coquerel fils.* Paris 1866. Also Lichtenberger, *Encyclopédie des Sciences Religieuses;* Martin, *Histoire de France;* Haag, *La France Protestante* (both editions, so far as the second has gone); Herzog's *Real-Encyklopädie* (both editions).

Commemoration Sermon

ST JOHN'S

6 *May* 1891

COMMEMORATION SERMON (6 May)

For verily I say unto you, that many prophets and righteous men desired to see the things which ye see, and saw them not; and to hear the things which ye hear, and heard them not. St Matt. xiii. 17.

HERE, as elsewhere in the Gospels, we are plainly told that the revelation to Israel was but as twilight, that patriarchs and prophets are neither in life or doctrine an absolute standard for the Christian Church. *Moses for your hardness of heart suffered you to put away your wives* (Matt. xix. 8). *Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of* (Luke ix. 55).

Nor would Abraham, Moses and David alone, have rejoiced to see the day of Christ. Read such commentaries as those of Grotius, John Price and Wetstein on the New Testament, or of our Johnian Thomas Gataker on the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius, or the *Echoes** and *Seminal Word*† in which modern divines have

* R. Schneider: *Christliche Klänge aus den griechischen und römischen Klassikern.* Gotha. 1865. 8vo.

† Edm. Spiess: *Logos Spermaticós. Parallelstellen zum Neuen Testament aus den alten Griechen.* Leipzig, Wilh. Engelmann. 1871. 8vo.

collected the yearnings and strivings of the better heathen towards a Sun of Righteousness, and you will confess that Justin Martyr and the Alexandrian church were justified in regarding Socrates and Plato, Musonius and Epictetus, as heralds of the Gospel dawn, of that *light* which arose *to lighten the Gentiles*, if it was *the* special *glory of His people Israel. The God who made the world, made of one every nation of men, that they should seek God, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him.* The Hortensius of Cicero was a main instrument in Augustine's conversion. *God's ways are not as our ways.* The spiritual needs of our race are one and indivisible. St Paul bore the reproach of the cross at Athens and Rome, at Corinth and Ephesus. Greek philosophy may even yet have a work to do in lifting the church and the world from the death of materialism to a nobler life, to sweeter manners and purer laws.

Plato reverently but firmly ejects Homer and his frail, passionate gods from the ideal state; and from the days of Xenophanes onwards the crimes and vices of Olympus were an offence to thoughtful heathen and a temptation to the weak. The imitation of Jupiter would degrade human nature below the level of the brute; the imitation of Christ transfigures earth into a forecourt of heaven.

But not only would the ancient world have envied the privileges of such a society as ours; at this hour foreigners, even from the most civilised states, admire our polity, consecrated not only by memories of noble endeavour and repeated martyrdom among the sons of the house, but also by the very auspices of our birth, by the saintly example and earnest entreaty of the Foundress and of our legislator Bishop Fisher. Lady Margaret prayed

(Statutes, c. 19, 1530) that her fellows and scholars might keep three ends in view—the worship of God, innocency of life, and the establishment of Christian faith. A college may be, and is in design, a family, meeting around the family altar, to begin and end the day with prayer and praise.

After the fusion of East and West under Alexander, Stoicism, rising above narrow antipathies of sect and race, of birth and fortune, conceived the intellectual world as one state, animated by one spirit, ruled by one law, where men are fellow-citizens with gods. How easy should it be for us here to widen our hearts to these catholic hopes! Our studies, as symbolised on the steps of the holy table, embrace all nature and all history, Greek wisdom, Roman order, and the divine oracles of Israel. Among those whom we honour as Johnians are found sufferers for very different causes. Mere local curiosity, common college patriotism, makes us seek for the good which now unites those who in life fought in opposite camps. We learn that the things in which good men agree are many and of eternal moment; that differences arise in great part from misunderstanding. If we are *all one in Christ*, there can be *neither Jew nor Greek, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free.* The fogs of prejudice and of party melt away as we follow those who in this place for near four hundred years have followed the Light of the World.

Many at this day, I have said, envy our liberty and order. Hear the teachers of Dorpat groaning under Russian tyranny, or the children of Israel appealing to a new Pharaoh. Mark how Prussia since 1870 has crept to Canossa, and, to win the suffrages of the Ultramontane Centre, has sacrificed the Old Catholic faculty at Bonn,

swamping loyal professors by the creation of superfluous chairs for men of no academic fame; long withholding from Professor Langen, a man of rare merit, the increase of stipend which was his due; making acceptance of the Vatican decrees a condition of advancement in the hierarchy of schools. Nay, Pastor Thümmel was prosecuted by the Protestant state for teaching the very doctrines of the Augsburg confession, the public prosecutor daring to say that, if Luther were now alive and spoke as he did in the 16th century, the government would drag Luther himself to the bar. English politicians may indeed buy Vatican votes by unworthy concessions; but the example of James II does not encourage an assault on academic freedom.

Three hundred and forty-one years ago one of our college preachers, afterwards master, delivered at Court on Midlent Sunday a sermon such as few kings have been privileged to hear. 'There was in the North a grammar school, having in the University eight scholarships of one foundation, always replenished with the scholars of that school, which school is now sold, decayed and lost.' In a year and a month Sedbergh school was refounded by King Edward. When another Thomas Lever or Hugh Latimer shall be raised up, he may say here what he will: none will silence his blunt prophetic speech. We have the liberty of prophesying for which Jeremy Taylor pleaded; an Elijah, or, to come nearer home, a Rowland Hill, may freely rebuke what he sees amiss in us, and win the thanks of all men of good will. Many an Austrian, Russian or Spaniard at this hour sighs for a mere fraction of the full tolerance which our martyrs earned for us at the stake and in exile. If any man chooses to change his

religion with the last magazine article or controversial novel, without approving his choice of an oracle, we leave him to go his way. It may be that after many days an Epictetus or an Antoninus may teach him what the Church means by saving the soul alive, saving the higher self, the true man, by crucifying the flesh with its affections and lusts.

Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us. The first place, without dispute or doubt, belongs to John Fisher, of whom the tyrant who beheaded him challenged all the monarchs of Christendom to shew a peer among their bishops. Hear him recount the endless delays on the part of Rome, of the Bishop of Ely, of my Lady's servants, of Wolsey, of King Henry; how each clamorous suitor had to be bought off; consider the cost and fatigue of travel in those days; and you will confess that the mere material foundation and endowment of this house was work for a hero of faith and patience. Examine the statutes carefully corrected by the Bishop's own hand; how code succeeded code, as the vision of culture widened before him; read his funeral sermon on the Foundress, and other discourses which rank him high among the fathers of English prose; of that prose which in the sermons of John Donne reached perhaps the greatest majesty of which our language is capable. Four colleges—of two of which he was master, Queens' and Michaelhouse (now Trinity)—of two of which he was legislator and virtual founder, Christ's and St John's—are bound together by special obligation to Fisher; but the entire university owes to him more than to any other man. Oxford in the middle age ranked with Paris; Roger Bacon, Bradwardine,

Occam, Wiclif, to name a sample, spread the fame of literary England through Europe: but Cambridge was unknown till Fisher introduced Greek and Hebrew among us; when Erasmus in his rooms at Queens' was busy on the first published Greek Testament, the reformation of religion and the part which Cambridge would play in it, became a mere question of time.

Of our masters two—Nicholas Metcalfe and William Whitaker—are immortalised by Thomas Fuller in his *Holy State*, the one as the good master of a college, the other as the controversial divine: Scaliger's exclamation, *Comme il était docte!* ('What learning!'), is weightier evidence of Whitaker's worth than any laboured encomium or royal patronage. The days when our sizars had 3*d.* a week and fragments from the fellows' table, were days in which the college harboured as great men as it has ever bred, and as loyal and grateful.

Of scholars, John Cheke, who taught Cambridge and King Edward Greek, Ascham and William Grindal who taught Elizabeth, were of this hardy race. Since then Gataker, Bentley, John Taylor, down to the Butlers and Kennedys, have handed on the torch from age to age. To this day the best editions of venerable Bede and of Philo are the work of Johnians of the last century, John Smith and Thomas Mangey.

Of poets we claim a score or more, including Greene, Ben Jonson, Herrick, Prior, Akenside, Wordsworth, who in his life and doctrine set forth that *plain living and high thinking* which have been the glory of our house in the past; its best friends will pray that it may cease to be when it renounces the one or the other. John Stuart Mill looked forward with dread to an age in which

Wordsworth should lose his hold on the mind and heart of England.

Of statesmen I will name but three, Burghley, Strafford, Falkland. I make bold to say that the counter-reformation in the 16th century and in the 19th, could not have triumphed as it has, if Austrian, Italian, Spanish, French statesmen, had possessed the insight of Burghley; Prince Bismarck's defeat sprung from an ignorance as to the designs and power of Rome shared by Niebuhr and Ranke. When a learned German editor prints as a Greek comic fragment a verse of St Paul, it is not only a revelation of individual sloth, but it portends world-wide changes. Protestants who despise the Bible justly forfeit the freedom which Luther inherited from St Paul. There is a melancholy truth in Dr Cole's maxim, so often cast in his teeth by Protestant disputants: *Ignorance is the mother of devotion, i.e.* of Romish devotion.

Of divines, Redman, Lever, Fulke, Morton, Cartwright, Overall, Sibbes, Thomas Goodwin, Cave, Stillingfleet, down to Herbert Marsh and John James Blunt, are names merely taken at haphazard; of the seven bishops imprisoned by James II, three were of St John's. One forgotten worthy, Thomas Becon, Cranmer's chaplain, awaits resurrection as a master of racy, homely English; a concordance to his works would be a priceless boon to English lexicography. Of converts to Rome we have had several, the most considerable of whom, John Sergeant, had been chaplain to Bp Morton, so that he had at least heard all that can be said on the Protestant side. Of John James Blunt, as of Julius Hare, Frederick Maurice, Bishops Kaye and Thirlwall, we may safely affirm that their influence, so far as it reached, was a talisman of

proof against all spells of John Henry Newman, perhaps the most overrated Englishman of this century.

Of the noble army of missionaries, Martyn, Jowett, Whytehead, Selwyn, Colenso, Cotterill, were ours. In my own year Mackenzie, who graduated from Caius, went forth, not because he felt any peculiar aptitude for the work, but because he thought that some one should go.

Of philanthropists we claim the liberators of the slave, Clarkson and Wilberforce. One of the earliest apostles of temperance, Thomas Spencer, sometime fellow, has earned the unsuspected praise of his nephew Mr Herbert Spencer.

Of antiquaries, Baker will ever be remembered by the title 'ejected fellow' which he wore for more than twenty years as a badge of honour. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, Dodsworth, Nalson, Peck, the Drakes, Whitaker the historian of Yorkshire, are well known to students of history.

Of mathematicians, Gilbert, John Dee, Henry Briggs, Brooke Taylor, Herschel, are a handful out of a vast multitude who have gladdened the hearts of their teachers on degree day and still keep alive among us the old Platonic warning: 'Let none enter here without geometry.'

Among physicians, Martin Lister, Heberden, Frampton, Gisborne, Pennington, Haviland, Watson, deserve to be rescued from that oblivion which too soon overtakes even the greatest of the sons of Aesculapius.

On a day like this I do not care to play the part of Cassandra. In a few words I will name one or two points in which the college seems to have gained ground since I came up in 1844.

The endowments are more effectively applied, so that it is possible, as we saw the other day, for a boy from a London board school to pass through a Johnian fellowship to a professorship in New Zealand. Many more subjects are studied now, with far better appliances; lecturers can concentrate their attention on a limited field; text-books are more exhaustive and research more universal; our younger graduates more often study in foreign universities. Then in Cambridge the poorer residents greatly value the College concerts, which are a proof that we are beginning to hold our advantages as a trust for the community, not for selfish enjoyment; *we* have too much recreation, the poor have far too little. The college mission must reassure those of our friends who, with the kindest intentions, have for some years informed the world that we have cast off the faith; in the first thirty years of my life here no sermon ever produced a tangible result like Lady Margaret's Church, Walworth.

One word about work remaining to be done.

Two great libraries, Bp Fisher's, the richest in England, and Abp Williams's, were lost to us in troublous times. We cannot make good the loss, but if each Johnian would endeavour, wherever he goes, to inquire for books published by members of the college, or for records of their lives, and would send his acquisitions to our librarian, in a few years our stores would be of priceless value to the historian of letters. For many years I have sent books to the libraries to which they by birthright belonged, whether our Public Library, or the Bodleian, or college libraries, or Stonyhurst, or Protestant nonconformist institutions. We may be loyal to our own church and yet desire that every other communion should

breed men learned in its annals. If we give, we shall soon receive.

It depends on us whether this place shall be a more or less comfortable club, or a home of sound learning. Both it cannot be. Epicurus and Metrodorus vied with one another who could spend least on the wants of the body. The gentlemen who dined in London the other day for £16 a head wished to rival Vitellius. Epicurus tells us that he found pleasure in curtailing his desires; if any one has a prejudice against the observance of Lent, the May term affords an unexceptionable stage for experiments in abstinence.

Sallust's remark has passed into a proverb: 'It is easy to maintain empire by the arts whereby it was won at the first.' Newton and Bentley had means of research far inferior to ours, and perhaps for that very reason they did more: they learnt self-reliance. Cobet, the most soul-stirring teacher of this age, made his pupils begin Greek anew by closing their lexicons. We do not learn English by looking out every word we hear or see, but by continual practice in speaking and reading; gradually the meaning of words dawns upon us. The pushing throng of aids to learning shuts us out from the Canaan of our day-dreams, from the sources of ancient wisdom. If we once more, like Lipsius and Casaubon, read the Greeks for their moral doctrines, if like Gataker we seriously compare the Stoic rule of life with the Christian, we shall learn that against a mechanical philosophy the Greek sages and the Hebrew are at one. It is idle, it is weak, to complain that such books as de La Mettrie's *L'homme machine* are reprinted in this age and make converts. Let us hear in such conversions a divine call to us in our own action,

whether as churchmen or citizens, to trust to spirit and to life, rather than to complex machinery. None but a madman could see in Luther an automaton; if we had a spark of Luther's faith, we should laugh at those who explain spiritual life—faith, hope, love—by the random clash of atoms. *Δῖνος βασιλεύει, τὸν Δί' ἐξελήλακώς.*

The greatest of the masters of Trinity College, Isaac Barrow, like our greatest master, William Whitaker, died at the early age of 47. The most industrious of men, Barrow must have carried all generous hearers with him, when pleading thus for industry in our particular calling, as gentlemen and scholars.

'How, being slothful in our business, can we answer for our violating the wills, for abusing the goodness, for perverting the charity and bounty of our worthy founders and benefactors, who gave us the good things we enjoy, not to maintain us in idleness, but for supports and encouragements of our industry? how can we excuse ourselves from dishonesty and perfidious dealing, seeing that we are admitted to these enjoyments under condition and upon confidence (confirmed by our free promises and most solemn engagements) of using them according to their pious intent, that is, in a diligent prosecution of our studies; in order to the service of God and of the public?

'Let every scholar, when he misspendeth an hour, or sluggeth on his bed, but imagine that he heareth the voice of those glorious kings, or venerable prelates, or worthy gentlemen, complaining thus and rating him: *Why, sluggard, dost thou against my will possess my estate? why dost thou presume to occupy the place due to an industrious person? Why dost thou forget or despise thy*

obligations to my kindness? Thou art an usurper, a robber, or a purloiner of my goods; which I never intended for such as thee: I challenge thee of wrong to myself, and of sacrilege toward my God, to whose service I devoted those his gifts to me.

'How reproachful will it be to us, if that expostulation may concern us. *Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a fool to get wisdom, seeing he hath no heart to it?*'—Prov. xvii. 16.

Our late master will always be kept in memory by this chapel, and by the unfailing prudence which steered the college through the breakers of unrest. More than 200 years ago Bp Gunning had bequeathed £300 towards a new chapel, but we had to wait till the 12th of May 1869 before this building was opened for daily service. Let me recall one of the lessons taught by Dr Bateson from the master's seat. 'Suppose a college like our own, founded in a remote age to foster learning and the arts, to be a centre of intellectual life and of moral influence.... Suppose there be in such a college, with every incentive and appliance for learning and study, a band of students sent hither from year to year with bright hopes and noble aspirations, yet many of them neglecting or misusing the opportunities for good, acquiring evil habits and indulging in vicious propensities, and gradually becoming a gnawing care to their parents and friends and finally a burthen to themselves, may we not ask whether a student's life in a noble college like this is not in danger of becoming worse than a wasted opportunity?'

I have spoken of the college, but a college is after all only a member of a larger body; when the university

suffers, it is unnatural, it is impossible, for us not to suffer too.

To-day we have given to earth what is mortal of a loyal son of the university, who knew and loved its history as few had done, deserving to rank with Thomas Fuller, Thomas Baker, William Cole and Charles Henry Cooper. No man perhaps was ever more deeply versed in the chronicles of mediaeval England. Like many undergraduates some 47 years ago, he was inspired by the *Dark Ages* and other essays of the acute and witty Samuel Roffey Maitland, in whom St John's boasts the father of modern historical criticism, and to whom, as in private duty bound, I feel gratitude and reverence for encouragement generously given to my early studies in church history.

Luard was a mathematician, but he was also an accomplished, ardent scholar, to whom—as to Cobet, whom in many things he resembled—Bentley, Dawes, John Taylor, Markland, Tyrwhitt, Porson, Dobree, Elmsley, Gaisford, Monk, Blomfield, were intimate friends; he was encompassed by their relics and literally sat in Porson's chair. I never met in any professed philologist so exact an acquaintance with the emendations on which critical fame rests.

In defiance of broken health, and of the bereavement which cast a gloom on his last years, making him long for death, he was an untiring student almost to the very end. Chastened in the school of suffering, constrained to dwell much abroad, he moved among foreign churchmen and authors, as amongst the poor of Great St Mary's, an ambassador of whom Cambridge need not be ashamed. He was a constant friend, true to the wholesome Trinity

tradition that flattery degrades receiver and giver; he had indeed a gracious courtesy of manner telling of French descent, but words smoother than butter, softer than oil, could no more be wrung from him than from Hugh Munro, William Hepworth Thompson, or the prophet Isaiah himself.

Of the registraries his predecessors John Taylor alone rivalled him in learning, while none approached him in ungrudging pains lavished upon his office, the mere routine of which became of late years overwhelming. Mathematician, bibliographer, antiquary, historian, linguist, divine, he united in his single self, like his friend our own Churchill Babington, interests and capacities which the division of labour tends more and more to keep asunder; if the whole gains, the individual will assuredly be dwarfed.

Not their own, ah! not from earth was flowing
That high strain to which their souls were tuned,
Year by year we saw them inly growing
Liker Him with Whom their hearts communed.

Then to Him they pass'd; but still unbroken,
Age to age, lasts on that goodly line,
Whose pure lives are, more than all words spoken,
Earth's best witness to the life divine.

Subtlest thought shall fail, and learning falter,
Churches change, forms perish, systems go,
But our human needs, they will not alter,
CHRIST no after age shall e'er outgrow.

Ready to Distribute

ST JOHN'S

1*st Sunday in Lent*

11 *February* 1894

Christianity is not a sum of isolated observances. It is the hallowing of all human interests and occupations alike. Worship is a very small fragment of devotion. The Christian does not offer to God part of his life or of his endowments in order that he may be at liberty to use the rest according to his own caprice. All life, all endowments, are equally owed to our Lord, and equally claimed by Him. Every human office in every part is holy. Our conduct—our whole conduct—is a continuous revelation of what we are. At each moment we are springs of influence. Virtue goes out of us also—or weakness. Our silence speaks. We who profess to be Christians must from day to day either confirm or disparage our Creed. Our faith—our want of faith—must shew itself. It is finally the soul which acts. The body is but its instrument. Under this aspect it is evident that the voice of conscience repeats in our hearts the words of St Paul: *Whether ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God.* Do all, that is, so as to make the purpose and the will of God—His love and righteousness, His compassion and grace—better known and more inwardly prevailing.

B. F. Westcott, *The Incarnation and Common Life* (1893), 128, 129.

We cannot in many cases expect to see the issue of our labours, but we can foresee it in faith; and for the present no reward can be more satisfying than to know that another has had benefit through our ministry. It is a reward which stirs to fresh activity. The desire to serve more perfectly, more bountifully, increases with the sense of the joy which comes from each partial effort. The terrible contrasts of life are found to be less perplexing when love is enabled to use them as an opportunity for fresh endeavours after fellowship. If personal wealth has a tendency to encourage selfish indulgence and display, to exaggerate the value of the services which it can command, to occupy and absorb the possessor in sordid cares, the thoughtful use of it, as a responsible trust, deepens the sense of our social dependence, discloses pleasures which do not cloy by continuance, quickens and extends the power of the common life. If the love of money is, as all experience teaches, a root of all evil, the use of money as an instrument of God is a spring of divine force.

B. F. Westcott, *The Incarnation and Common Life* (1893), 200.

I, A B, elected scholar, do solemnly promise that I will submit myself cheerfully to the discipline of the College and obey its orders, according to the Statutes. So far as in me lies, I will endeavour, by diligence and innocency of life, to promote its peace, honour and well-being, as a place of education, religion, and learning.

Declaration of Scholars of St John's College.

But what is the meaning of this coming to the Father by the Son? Can these theological mysteries be translated into common experience when we close our books and go forth into the open air? It is in the open air that we may best learn what they mean. We know that there is around us what we call the world: we have been told, and we partly believe, that there is above us One whom we call God. We know that at every moment we are acted on by the world: we are told, and we partly believe, that we were created and that we are sustained by God. We know that we cannot stir a finger without ourselves acting on some part of the world: we are told, and we partly believe, that all we do is marked and judged by God. We know that the world is full of objects which attract that which is in us, drawing forth our desires and energies towards them: we are told, and we partly believe, that God claims the direction of our hearts to Him. Our time, our capacity, our mental and bodily force are limited: how are we to apportion them between the world which we hear calling to us from around and from below, and the God whom we suppose to be calling to us from above? Are the two powers entirely at variance, or do they at all coincide in their requirements, and if so, how far?

F. J. A. Hort, *The Way, the Truth, the Life* (Cambridge 1893), 160.

READY TO DISTRIBUTE

Charge them that are rich in the present world, that they be not high-minded, nor have their hope set in the uncertainty of riches, but on God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, that they be ready to distribute, willing to communicate. 1 Tim. vi. 17, 18.

MANY years ago, in the chapel of the London Oratorians, I heard Father Faber preach on almsgiving. He attacked the church of his baptism for lukewarmness in regard to this branch of duty to our neighbour. Noble works of charity, he allowed, issue from our communion, but as fruits of our discipline, he gave us no credit for them. We must declare the universal obligation of stinting ourselves to feed the poor; we must denounce woe on all who neglect this elementary obligation of the Christian life. Otherwise works of mercy amongst us must be regarded as happy inconsistencies, exotics, which had strayed into our wilderness from the Roman paradise, where alone they were native to the soil. With characteristic hardihood he held up the example of Naples to put London to the blush.

Must the Church of England plead guilty to this indictment? Has she no heart for the sufferings of our

Lord in His poor? Or had the renegade's memory played him false as to her authentic teaching?

Our Thirty-eighth Article upholds, against Anabaptist communism, the right of Christians to enjoy private property. But it adds, in the same breath, 'Notwithstanding, every man ought, of such things as he possesseth, liberally to give alms to the poor, according to his ability.' One of our homilies is entitled: 'Of Alms-doing.'

Deacons promise at ordination 'to search for the sick, poor, and impotent people of the parish,...that...they may be relieved with the alms of the parishioners, or others.'

The bishop at his consecration is examined in certain articles, the last of which is: 'Will you shew yourself gentle, and be merciful for Christ's sake to poor and needy people, and to all strangers destitute of help?' He answers: 'I will so shew myself, by God's help.'

The litany and communion service enforce the same lesson on the laity.

He must know little of our country's church history, of the origin and growth of colleges, schools, hospitals, who will not bear witness to the generosity and alacrity with which our bishops and clergy have fulfilled their solemn promise and vow. Take one example, the martyr John Hooper. John Foxe speaks as an eye-witness:

> Twice I was in Bishop Hooper's house at Worcester, where, in his common-hall, I saw a table spread with good store of meat, and beset full of beggars and poor folk. And I asking his servants what this meant, they told me, that every day their lord and master's manner was to have customably to dinner a certain number of poor folk of the said city by course, who were served by four at a mess with wholesome meats. And when they were well served, being before examined by him or his deputies of the Lord's prayer, the articles of the faith, and ten commandments, then he himself sat

down to dinner and not before;...being spare of diet, sparer of words, sparest of time.

Those who know the story of Little Gidding will remember how Nicholas Ferrar also combined food for soul and body in his alms.

If there was one teacher whom Mr Faber and his school laid under ban as a corrupter of youth, it was Thomas Arnold. Yet from Arnold's life and works Lenten lessons might be culled, earnest and persuasive as those of any famous master of fasting under the Roman obedience, and far more manly. Thus he says:

I can imagine hardly anything more useful to a young man of an active and powerful mind, advancing rapidly in knowledge, and with high distinction either actually obtained, or close in prospect, than to take him—or much better, that he should go of himself—to the abodes of poverty, and sickness, and old age. Everything there is a lesson; in everything Christ speaks, and the Spirit of Christ is ready to convey to his heart all that he witnesses. Accustomed to all the comforts of life, and hardly ever thinking what it would be to want them, he sees poverty and all its evils,—scanty room, and too often scanty fuel, scanty clothing, and scanty food. Instead of the quiet and neatness of his own chamber, he finds, very often, a noise and a confusion which would render deep thought impossible; instead of the stores of knowledge with which his own study is filled, he finds perhaps only a prayer-book and a Bible. Then let him see—and it is no fancied picture, for he will see it often if he looks for it—how Christ is to them that serve Him, wisdom at once, and sanctification, and blessing. He will find, amidst all this poverty, in those narrow, close and crowded rooms...old age, and sickness, and labour, borne, not only with patience, but with thankfulness, through the aid of that Bible, and the grace of that Holy Spirit who is its Author.

Arnold, speaking to schoolboys more than sixty years ago, maintains that 'the profitable duty of visiting the

poor' concerns his hearers in the springtime of their life. The founders of school and college missions are only following in the track laid down with prophetic foresight at Rugby before the Reform Bill of 1832. He continues:

It would indeed be a blessed thing, and would make this place really a seminary of true religion and useful learning, if those among us who are of more thoughtful years, and especially those who are likely to become ministers of Christ hereafter, would remember that their Christian education has commenced already, and that he cannot learn in Christ's school who does not acquaint himself something with the poor. Two or three at first, five or six afterwards,—a very small number might begin a practice which, under proper regulation, and guided by Christian prudence, as well as actuated by Christian love, would be equally beneficial to the poor and to yourselves. Depend upon it the time must come, and come speedily, when the spirit of the schools of the prophets, such as we read of in Israel in old times, must be revived amongst us here, or a worse fate than that of Jerusalem will be ours. If such were the case, if young men here remembered that they were preparing to become, some, ministers of Christ, and all His servants—and if therefore they would begin, even here, to practise Christ's lessons, and to follow Christ's example, I should not dread, but fully rejoice in the highest exertion of their intellectual powers; and a blessing, both on themselves and others, would come upon that pursuit of truth which did not exclude humility, and ministered to the purposes of charity, and to the service of Christ.

Another voice may speak for the Cambridge of this generation, as Arnold for the Oxford of the last. The Bishop of Durham is putting into practice lessons learnt and taught at Birmingham, Harrow, and Cambridge. The Gospel, the centre of his life-long study, still, as of old, speaks with living force to the poor. The war of capital and labour, envenomed by agitators who traffic in votes, is hushed by one whom none that knows him, even by look, can take for a hireling. Dr Westcott says:

We can feel at once, when we come to reflect, that service is a necessary element in every Christian life. It is through service rendered to others that we can secure—that we can alone secure—our own personal growth. And this being so, my friends, surely it must strike us with wonder to see the overwhelming disproportion between the number of those who bear the name of Christ, and the number of avowed Christian workers. I speak, of course, only of our own communion; but certainly at present we have not, in our great National Church, claimed from every Churchman the fulfilment of his own proper work. We must claim it. We cannot rightly rest till every churchman...is a church worker.

We need then some fellowship which shall bind together all workers of all classes, all men and women, in their endeavours to do, in the words of our communion office, 'all such good works as our Father has prepared for us to walk in.'

And again:

Almsgiving is the natural, the necessary expression of a healthy Christian character. The Christian cannot but be communicative of the goods which he has. Almsgiving is not a concession to importunity, by which we free ourselves from unwelcome petitioners: it is not a sacrifice to public opinion, by which we satisfy the claims popularly made upon our place or fortune: it is not an appeal for praise: it is not a self-complacent show of generosity: it is not, in a word, due to any external motive. It is the spontaneous outcome of life.

I might multiply evidence without end to prove that English churchmen need not reinforce the Italian mission in order to learn the second great commandment.

The Quinquagesima collect and epistle remind us that our Liturgy connects Lenten abstinence, self-denial, with almsgiving. We should scorn to give to God that which costs us nothing.

What can we save this Lent?

A Cambridge philosopher, lecturing lately in London on luxury, called attention to the ambiguity of the word;

what is to one man a luxury, is to another, or to the same man, at another period of life, an ordinary comfort, even a necessary.

The remark is just, and conveys an important warning. *Whosoever committeth sin*—at first with repugnance, by habit losing shame and self-control—*becomes* at last the willing victim, *the bond-slave of sin;*—even so, whoever *spends money for that which is not bread, and labour for that which satisfieth not,* is in danger of being by his artificial appetite enthralled. Starving men, we are told, have refused bread for their accustomed stimulant or narcotic.

Heathen gods were patrons and incarnations of excess. We Christians are taught to ask of our Heavenly Father, bread, the simplest and most universal of all foods, and that not for ourselves only, but for all His children: not *my* bread, but *our* bread.

Even if they cost us nothing, manufactured cravings must be eschewed by all who covet health of body and mind. My honoured friend, Dr Döllinger, who attained his ninetieth year in perfect sanity, would often say: *L'homme ne meurt pas, il se tue*—'Men do not die, they kill themselves.' It is a common-place with the few modern physicians who study diet and its effects on the body, that many a man shortens his days by strong drink —is emphatically 'the worse for drink'—who was never drunk in his life. And proverbs, not a few, testify in Seneca's words: *Multos morbos multa fercula fecerunt*— 'Many dishes, many diseases.'

In Seneca's age men of luxury fitted up a pauper's cell in their mansions, where from time to time they would live as poor men live, on hard fare, in coarse clothing,

lying on the bare boards. Lent affords an occasion to gauge our loss of freedom. Let us refrain from some customary indulgence. If the abstinence is irksome, 'forewarned is forearmed'; let us make it perpetual. Nor should we regard our own liberty only. St Paul in his two greatest epistles lays down the Christian rule of choice in things called indifferent, that is neither absolutely commanded nor absolutely forbidden. He jealously resents all abridgement of his own freedom in principle, as a matter of abstract theory and dogma; for himself he knows no weak scruples. Since the day when the Lord *made all meats clean* by His universal charter of release, *there is nothing from without the man that going into him can defile him.* Christians must not *make unclean what God hath cleansed.* In St Paul's casuistry there is no room for works of supererogation, because no man ever satisfied the searching demands of God's positive law, which requires the sacrifice of the whole man, body, soul, and spirit. For a like reason the Apostle will not create imaginary sins, *ficta peccata*; our real sins are enough and more than enough. *Whatsoever is set before you, eat, asking no question for conscience sake. All things are lawful for me;* but it does not follow that, when it is a question of practice, I insist on doing all lawful things. Often I prove my liberty by abstinence. My right is mine to be surrendered. *All things edify not: all things are not expedient: I will not be brought under the power of any. Destroy not with thy meat him for whom Christ died. If meat maketh my brother to stumble, I will eat no flesh for evermore lest I make my brother to stumble.*

In the debate last week in the Canterbury convocation, it was stated that intemperance is on the increase in the

universities; that 'drunkenness in moderation' is scarcely felt to be a disgrace. If so, the duty of all who are in danger, or whose friends are in danger, is as plain as their interest. There are in this town, and in every large town in the land, many earnest workers for temperance, who have seen, some of them, fathers or brothers or messmates descend into a drunkard's grave. To all who are hovering on the brink of ruin they propose this dilemma: 'If you find it hard to abstain, abstain for your own sake; if easy, surely it is no great hardship to abstain for your neighbour's safety.' Such men are the seal of God's Spirit on St Paul's words: *Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.*

For some among us the call of Lent may be not to generosity, not to charity, but to bare justice. At Egyptian feasts a skeleton formed one of the party. Revelry would often come to an untimely end if the economic history of the host suddenly, as by some mystic MENE MENE, flashed upon the guests; father perhaps, mother and sisters, pinched for years to enable the hope of the house to enter college; or tradesmen the real, though unwilling and unthanked, givers of the feast. A resolution never to run into debt, never to gamble, would be a worthy Lenten offering.

By an oversight of the last commissioners considerations of poverty were struck out of the qualifications for scholarships and fellowships. That the bounty of ascetics like Lady Margaret and Bishop Fisher, who lived for and with the poor, should endow luxury, is plainly an abuse. Extravagant habits, encouraged by an accumulation of scholarships, have been known to blast a life of high promise. Such a fall may be averted in various ways.

The stipend may be returned to the college; restitution of this kind is by no means unknown, and would no doubt be more frequent if the opportunity were more distinctly offered. There is abundance of public spirit here, only it needs direction.

Some, as the late librarian of Corpus Christi, Bishop Lightfoot, and very many of the clergy, spend their whole professional income for public ends. Such examples of the consecration of wealth are always seasonable, especially to the young. Nor need we scruple to supply ourselves, even beyond what is absolutely necessary, with books for our own use, the tools of a scholar, the only property valued by St Paul.

I would plead also for the needs of the university and colleges, and of the church. Why should Benedictines and Jesuits be more loyal to their foundations than we who inherit traditions of freedom? If each of us adopted some one Cambridge worthy, and collected his works and investigated his history for preservation in our libraries, we should add a new interest to our lives and new glories to our annals. I gratefully acknowledge the services of our college magazine in this direction. Again, enquire what libraries over the world would welcome, and turn to fruitful account, books of great intrinsic value which now moulder in the dust, a mere encumbrance to the warehouses of our universities. A few thousand pounds spent in furnishing home and foreign missions, the Old Catholics of the continent, our sister churches of Ireland, Scotland, and America, with treasures precious as ever, though neglected by the caprice of passing fashion—I say, a moderate sum so spent would carry far and wide the light which universities exist to diffuse. Mrs Spurgeon set an

example here which we might do well to follow. Diogenes the cynic, when sold as a slave, was asked by his purchaser of what art he was master? He replied: 'I know how to rule.' So St Paul, poor as he was, tells us, *I know how to abound.* It is a great art, and therefore we pray for deliverance *in all time of our wealth.* General Gordon was an adept in this art. China and Egypt could not understand a man who returned four-fifths of the salary assigned to him. Yet it stands blazoned in history that money has never made the true man. Read the story of apostles, philosophers, martyrs, reformers, missionaries, of our colleges three hundred and sixty years ago, and you will learn that the best work has always been done by men of fewest wants and most unshaken faith. When the Twelve went out *without purse or scrip, they lacked nothing.* There are some men who, we feel sure, would live as simply in possession of boundless wealth as they do on a scanty income. Several of the great American philanthropists, as Peabody, were of this sterling type. But few heads are strong enough not to be turned by a sudden whirl of Fortune's wheel.

We are labouring here under a burden of books. Fifty years ago no library was open to undergraduates, but they formed libraries for themselves. Now we must go, it seems, to Uganda to find a genuine thirst for letters. Bishop Tucker in six months sold 35,000 books at three or four times the English price. One reason for the decay of interest in books is the slavish way in which we read them, not for our own needs, but to satisfy an examiner. I am told that Paley's manual of Evidences is supposed to be obsolete. If I had read, not the original, but a bald compendium, I should certainly loathe the subject myself.

But the university recommends, not a summary of Paley, but Paley himself to our notice. Let us make ourselves at home in Paley's works, and in the records of his life; let us survey the part he played in the reform of studies here, and in social reforms in after years. His style is a model of perspicuity and strength. We shew contempt for the university when we study, not the classic which she commends to our attention, but a worthless changeling. So with the humanities; for weary years we wander in the wilderness of crude grammar, and thus never reach the promised land of ancient letters which Ascham's pupils entered from the first.

Sometimes the question is asked, why a student here is idle, while his sister at Newnham or Girton is almost sure to be diligent. Dissipation of energy accounts for the sloth of the one, concentration of energy for the eagerness of the other. The sister is carefully shielded from temptations, not merely to downright vice, but to frivolous society and amusement; the brother is so overwhelmed with good-fellowship that he has no time to reflect that a student's calling, the very reason and justification of his existence and of his name, is to study. As with time, so with money. The sister has little or no opportunity of running into debt; the brother finds it sometimes difficult not to ape the expenditure of his rich acquaintance; unawares, blindfold, he falls into a snare from which it may take years to escape. In Seneca's first epistle he urges Lucilius to claim the mastery of himself, to gather and treasure the precious time, the only true possession of man, which hitherto was wrested from him by force, or filched by cunning, or slipt noiselessly away. *We die daily*, he says with his contemporary St Paul; while we

look forward to death, a great part of death is already past and gone. And Pliny, in the seventh letter of his first book, shews how in fashionable society time flits away in the busy idleness of compliment; conventional engagements crowd out the thought of work. *Strenua nos exercet inertia.* The greatest curse of luxury, moralists warn us, is the loss of time. If our students would stickle for an eight-hours day, eight hours of silent and solitary study, 'never less alone than when alone' with the mighty dead, we should have fewer shipwrecked careers to lament. We cannot, and would not if we could, return to the monastic discipline of 1525, but if outward law controls your steps less and less, see to it that you become as the heathen whom St Paul admired, *a law unto yourselves.* Walk in the one *Way*, in the light of the one *Truth*, the Sun of Righteousness, that you may lay hold of eternal *Life.* 'Scorn delights and live laborious days.' Neglect not,—there is little danger of your neglecting—the discipline of the body,—but remember that ancient sages and physicians contrasted the athlete's body, gross and incapable of sustained effort, with the soldier's body seasoned to endurance and to abstinence. Galen was physician to athletes, and he, with all antiquity, pours contempt on the athlete's mind. Plato cautions us that a gentleman may carry exercise to an illiberal excess; he may degenerate into a professional swordsman or runner. Do not make a trade of recreation; let it not benumb your thought or engross your conversation.

As we see generation after generation haunt these seats of learning, we know that some will go away the worse, not the better, for the time spent here; the traditions of the place will not colour their lives; our

venerable buildings, as Canon Browne told the extension students last summer, will be known only 'as the nearest way to the boats.' Such idlers will certainly bear away no good report of us; but the fault may perhaps be theirs and not ours; they may hate us with the hatred which man harbours to those whom he has injured; *odisse quos laeseris;* we *may* be to blame; they *must* be to blame. For suppose our whole society were a godless, careless crew, and one single Abdiel, humbly but bravely, every where and at all times, confessed the faith of Christ crucified, alone in the worship of this chapel, alone with the officers of the church at the table of the Lord; can you doubt that such a man would carry away a grateful memory of his sojourn here?—above all rejoicing that the right of the Church of England, even if represented by one single member, to that daily order of open prayer for which St John's was founded, is scrupulously respected?

Never was a nobler example of a 'general artist' than Isaac Barrow. In his sermon on 'Industry in our particular calling, as gentlemen and scholars,' he sets forth the peculiar guilt of slackness in our high service here. With his words I will conclude:

> How, being slothful in our business, can we answer for violating the wills, for abusing the goodness, for perverting the charity and bounty of our worthy founders and benefactors, who gave us the good things we enjoy, not to maintain us in idleness, but for support and encouragement of our industry? How can we excuse ourselves from dishonesty and perfidious dealing, seeing that we are admitted to these enjoyments under condition and upon confidence (confirmed by our free promises and most solemn engagements) of using them according to their pious intent, that is, in a diligent prosecution of our studies, in order to the service of God and of the public?

After the idea of walking in righteous ways or 'ways of the Lord' has long prevailed, the thoughts turn inward and the communion with God rises to a higher level.

Then a difference is felt to exist among men analogous to that which distinguishes a body from a corpse. Among those who are engaged in every pursuit of life there is felt to be something in some which is not in others. The outward fashion of the doings differs little or not at all. All are pursuing the same occupations, meet with the same accidents of life, and are subject to the same cycle of change. Yet the psalmist or wise man or prophet whose heart has been in the presence of God feels that the common busy life of many is in itself as the state of a corpse in contrast with the state of others not outwardly different but who have learnt to look up to God.

In these last there is a second life, a life within and above that universal life which they share with all that breathe, a life exempt from being dried up, for it flows from an ever-living fountain in the heavens.

F. J. A. Hort, *The Way, the Truth, the Life* (Cambridge 1893), 191, 192.

Neither Jew nor Greek

ST JOHN'S

19 *January* 1896

Non dissimile Platonis illud est, quod aiebat se gratias agere naturae: primum quod homo natus esset potius quam mutum animal, deinde quod mas potius quam femina, quod Graecus quam barbarus, postremo quod Atheniensis et quod temporibus Socratis.

LACT. *Inst.* III. 19, 17 (cf. Plut. *Mar.* 46. Diog. Laert. I. 33).

The *secret of true breeding*, its beginning and the special key to it, lies in the mastery over selfishness and particularly over dissipation. Hence it happens that often a very plain man, without much knowledge or acquaintance with so-called good society, is nevertheless better bred than a gentleman of fashion or a scholar. He surpasses them in the *essence* of breeding, and has taken the easiest road to acquire it. Of *all* people whom I myself have known, peasants, artisans and servants have been the *best*, indeed they alone have really taken all the commandments of Christianity seriously and have endeavoured to fulfil them; when they do not perform their duty *to the utmost*, they are not spared, but sharply reproved. For the so-called upper classes one cannot say as much.

Prof. CARL HILTY, *Glück* (Part II. Leipzig 1896), 164, 165.

NEITHER JEW NOR GREEK

For as many of you as were baptized into Christ did put on Christ. There can be neither Jew nor Greek, there can be neither bond nor free, there can be no male and female: for ye are all one man in Christ Jesus. Gal. iii. 27, 28.

Lie not one to another; seeing that ye have put off the old man with his doings, and have put on the new man, which is being renewed unto knowledge after the image of Him that created him: where there cannot be Greek and Jew, circumcision and uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bondman, freeman; but Christ is all, and in all. Col. iii. 9, 11.

CONSULT the wisest and best informed contemporaries of St Paul or of his Master. Ask what nation bore the palm for bigotry, for exclusiveness, for hatred of the human race. All with one voice assign the bad pre-eminence to the sons of Abraham. A learned critic, the latest editor of Juvenal, acquits his author of prejudice against the Jews. Yet the satirist makes proselytes forswear all ties of country and of blood, refusing to Gentiles the most elementary offices of charity. 'None,' he says, 'but the circumcised, votaries of the Mosaic law, will these renegades lead back to the road which they have lost, or guide to watersprings in a thirsty land.' And

certainly, if we take Tacitus as a standard of educated Roman opinion, Juvenal is tolerant in comparison. The great historian may well have known Josephus personally; he probably had some knowledge of the native chronicle of the Jewish war. He ought to have examined the Old Testament, which was ready at hand in the Greek. He is content in blind credulity to repeat slanders against the worship of Israel which those who know the law and the prophets would expect to meet on the lips of the rabble, but not as the deliberate verdict of a philosopher and statesman.

Even to this day many, as Mr Goldwin Smith, who calls the Old Testament the Christian millstone, overlook in the old covenant elements of catholic, universal brotherhood. They see deeds of blood, words breathing fierce vengeance, ascribed to men after God's own heart. Patriarchs, psalmists, prophets, in such outbursts sink to the level of heathen around them. But the interest of the Old Testament lies in what we search for in vain elsewhere; in its care for the stranger, the fatherless, the widow; in its preference of mercy to sacrifice. When Simeon hailed the glory of God's people Israel, he did not forget that a light was rising to lighten the Gentiles. The hope of Abraham was not selfish or tribal; in his seed all nations of the earth were to be blessed. St Paul delights to cull from the records of his country such foretastes of a universal kingdom of God. *The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising. I will call that My people which was not My people; and her beloved which was not beloved.* Assuredly we shall not serve the cause of Christianity by cutting it off from its root; the New Testament itself supplies all needful

cautions: *Ye know not what spirit ye are of; Moses for the hardness of your hearts; Ye have heard that it was said to them of old time, but I say unto you.*

Think of the brief summary which has come down to us of St Paul's lecture on Mars' Hill. Are these the words of a narrow bigot? *The God that made the world and all things therein, made of one every nation of men, that they should seek God, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him. The times of ignorance therefore God overlooked; but now He commandeth men that they should all everywhere repent.* Compare Plato's confession, so often contrasted by the early Christians with the universal message of the Gospel. 'It is hard to find out the Maker of all, impossible to make Him known to all men.' Or compare our text with the saying fathered on Thales or Socrates, or in this form on Plato: 'Thanks be to Nature, first that I was born a human being, not a brute beast; next a male, not a female; a Greek, not a barbarian; an Athenian and in the days of Socrates.' So in the Jewish prayers to this day: 'God, I thank Thee for making me a man, not a woman.' More Christian sounds the women's thanksgiving to Him who made them as they are.

Consider St Paul's testimony delivered before each of the three great fathers of our modern life, the Jew, the Greek, the Roman. How narrow was the stage from which Plato or Seneca addressed the world compared with the audience that still hangs upon the lips of the tent-maker of Tarsus! True it is that after the conquests of Alexander men's horizon expanded. There rose before the mind visions of a spiritual commonwealth, of which gods and men were citizens. Diogenes is said to have

anticipated St Paul's charter of universal dominion. 'Friends,' he cried, 'have all things in common; good men are friends of the gods; therefore they are lords of all.' Yet while we welcome all such testimonies of the naturally Christian soul, wherever we find them, we must after all confess with St Paul that to the Jews were committed in a higher sense the oracles of God; the Son of David is *the Light of the world, the way, the truth, and the life.*

Max Müller has said that the science of language was born on the day of Pentecost. And certainly the indifference of Greeks and Romans to foreign tongues, their contempt for barbarians, shew strangely by the side of that missionary zeal which in our days has made the Bible a classic in every nation under heaven. Many languages are first reduced to writing in the Scriptures. There are languages which escape extinction only by their consecration as vessels of the sanctuary; thus Virginian survives as a dead language nowhere but in John Eliot's Bible. Indeed we may doubt whether even the three languages inscribed on the Cross do not owe their enduring place in education, if not their very preservation in libraries, to the necessities of the Christian church. What would Tacitus or Pliny or Antoninus have thought, could they have foreseen that the persecuted and despised faction would outlive the empire of Rome and the learning of Greece, or that these world-wide forces would owe their immortality to the forbearance and enlightened curiosity of the Nazarenes? The conception of the unity of the race is a Christian conception, and so are the ideas of humanity, of the philosophy of history. The University which has made accessible the religious

books of all nations, gives as its motto *Dominus illuminatio mea.*

The stern Tertullian even in things indifferent may widen to the utmost the gulf between the Church and the world, 'What has Athens to do with Jerusalem, the Academy with the Church? Out upon those who have brought forward a Stoic, a Platonic, a dialectical Christianity!' Wiser, calmer teachers, the Justins, Clements, Origens, loved to trace the action of the Divine Word in Socrates or Plato or Musonius. They had caught the principle of St Paul's saying, *neither Jew nor Gentile, neither circumcision nor uncircumcision.*

In proclaiming the overthrow of barriers, middle walls of partition, in the Christian Church, St Paul does not destroy patriotism. Christians are not like the cosmopolites of the French revolution, men without a home or an altar. To St Paul the law was indeed a national institution, yet not an end but a means, to awaken the consciousness of sin and a hunger and thirst for righteousness. Like the Baptist, the law must decrease that Christ may increase. The law teaches us a just discontent, holding up an ideal, that we may learn how far we fall short of it. The law must train us to become a law to ourselves; to put on Christ; perfect love must cast out fear. The glory of the law is that historically and morally it leads to Christ; as His disciples we are no more bond-servants but sons; and the divine sonship is not only a comfort and a hope, but a call to holiness; *Be ye holy for I am holy.* 'Our wills are ours to make them Thine.'

Barbarian, Scythian. To Greeks and Romans, though they boasted that the whole world had its Greek and

Roman Athens, yet in practice all peoples beyond the favoured two were barbarian; and of barbarians the Scythians took the lowest rank. Much the same antipathies exist now; Europeans call coloured races by opprobrious names, and often exterminate them. Missionaries, taught by St Paul, see in these outcasts *fellow-citizens with the saints, a chosen generation, a royal priesthood.* A school of Australians, taught by German Moravians, has been known to win from Government larger grants than any English school in the colony. Patagonians and South Sea Islanders have become new men, carrying to their neighbours the light which they have received. Perhaps no district in Great Britain rivals Uganda in a thirst for Christian teaching, and readiness to make sacrifices for the faith. The day has long gone by when no Englishmen could be found to offer themselves for the mission field; Germans and Danes no longer furnish recruits to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. This very month there was a meeting in Liverpool of a students' volunteer missionary association. Both sexes were represented, and many nations, including Japan. So abundantly is the Lord of the harvest sending labourers into the harvest.

Neither bond nor free. To Plato and Aristotle slaves were living tools. Christ did not proclaim a hasty revolution, but the epistle to Philemon and incidental precepts elsewhere shew how the bitterness of bondage was sweetened in the Church. Slaves were the Lord's freemen, freemen were the Lord's bondsmen. All have a Master in heaven, neither is there respect of persons with Him. In the Christian church slaves could become bishops; imperial freedmen were numerous among the

converts. England led the way in striking off the slave's fetters; and we must never forget, not as a matter of boast but as an example to encourage or shame us, that the Johnians, Clarkson and Wilberforce, gave up their lives to overthrow the slave-trade. Never was university distinction so big in momentous issues as Clarkson's Latin Essay on the middle passage. The English settlements in Central Africa may, in the life of many of us, put an end to the Mohammedan raids which supply the slave markets of the Turkish Empire.

No male and female. It was almost a paradox when Musonius pleaded for the right of sisters to share their brothers' studies. The German historian, Hermann Schiller, even now derides his proposal to teach philosophy to women. Yet the prophet Joel had foreseen the day when the daughters of Israel should prophesy. Women of refinement, shielded from temptation, are beginning to ask: Who made us to differ? Wherever their weaker sisters are in danger, there, like angels of mercy, they appear to save them: no place, they say, no hour, shall be devoted to sin; where the tempter is, there the Saviour shall be in the person of His servants, the King's daughters. Two women, alike in good breeding, may be living, one wholly for self, the cause of cruelty even in her choice of food and clothing, the other wholly for God and the friendless of her sex. The women of India, of China, cry, if only by mute sufferings, to their safe sisters here: *Come over and help us.* And many neglect the idol comfort to obey the call. To Zenanas they carry medicine for body, soul and spirit. Nor do they shrink from martyrdom; in China last August the sufferers knew a rapture of joy when their hour came. One who has

recovered from her wounds tells us that she felt no pain; and she is going back to her post of honour and of peril. Fathers and mothers rejoice that their sacrifice has been accepted. Well might the whole population of Uganda, with the king at their head, go forth to greet the first English ladies who had marched up from the coast. Already, in India and in China, native ladies are qualified to practise medicine and to teach; but it will be long before they can dispense with European guidance. Even Christian men in China despaired of teaching their heathen wives and daughters. 'If ever they are to learn,' they would say, 'they must learn from women.'

We have seen how men heard of the unity of mankind from Jews and from Christians, from a race and a sect denounced and hunted down as enemies of the kind, as atheists and rebels. Years went by, and the church, ruined by outward success, deserted the principles of its birth, setting up a human centre for the one cornerstone of its foundation. It became a kingdom of this world, ruling by main force, by poisoning truth in its sources, by closing the Bible, by offering prayers in an unknown tongue, by forged decretals, by the inquisition and the stake, by the confessional and enforced celibacy. Mankind was divided into men, women,—and priests, a third class, divorced from the sanctities and the discipline of home life. The dead hand of clerical ownership palsied commerce and crippled the resources of the state. And when Luther freed Europe from her Babylonian captivity, the counter-reformation by assassinations, by wars and slander, by setting class against class and dividing families, by a literary policy corrupting history in its documents and in catechisms for infancy, brought great part of Europe under

the yoke again. Fifty years ago, in Germany especially, where Protestant and Roman Catholic faculties of theology lived in academic peace, and reforming prelates dreamt of a national independent church, a catholicism arose worthy of the name, tolerant, learned, charitable.

In such an atmosphere Döllinger grew up, and threw off prejudice after prejudice as he took a wider view of Scripture and of the growth of theology. The Vatican Council destroyed in a day the work of years, making an Italian priest the centre of unity, the fountain of Christian dogma. Prelates who had opposed the Papal claims, laid under ban the very professors who had supplied them with arguments and with authorities. Governments, even Protestant governments, persecuted men whose only crime was that they continued to teach what they were appointed to teach. As a citizen, a Christian, a theologian, a historian, Döllinger could not accept the Vatican decrees. *Man proposes, God disposes.* Pius IX thought by his new dogmas to unite the world under his sway. Cardinal Manning hoped for a rich harvest of perverts. But what has been the result? The most learned divines of the Vatican church have been lost to Rome, and have formed plans for the reunion of Christendom more full of promise than any since the great schism of East and West. At the Bonn conferences, presided over by Döllinger, representatives of the chief historical churches met to find in how many points, and those fundamental, they were at one. My revered friend, Bishop Reinkens, who was called to his rest a fortnight ago, delivered at Cologne in 1872, in the presence of Bishops Christopher Wordsworth and Harold Browne, a stirring speech on Christian Union, the echoes of which have not yet died out.

A quarterly review, published at Berne, supplies common ground on which Russians, Anglicans, Latins, Greeks, Lutherans, and divines of other churches, discuss their differences in peace. The Old Catholic Church, some thirty years ago, counted but one bishop in Holland. Now there are three in Holland, one (lately two) in Germany, one in Switzerland, one in Spain, one in Haiti, one in Mexico, one in the United States; Portugal, Italy, Austria are biding their time. And everywhere the help of Protestants has been sought and often freely given. Most of the congregations could not have met for public worship if Protestant churches had not been thrown open to them. In Switzerland a church has been consecrated for the joint use of the Swiss Old Catholics and the American Episcopalian Protestants. Bishops Reinkens and Herzog have communicated in both kinds with Anglicans. Not long ago Bishop Reinkens and Professor Friedrich, the historian of the Vatican Council, asserted the validity of Anglican orders. All these symptoms are new in the history of Christendom, and they may be traced to reaction from the Vatican Council.

If I may apply the subject to our life here, I would ask: 'Why are we selected from the mass of our countrymen, to spend in study years which others must devote to winning a livelihood? Why this preference, as of Jew over Gentile in religious privilege? as of Greek over barbarian in means of culture?' Surely not for our own sakes, but for the public good. Let us read what is best, custom will make it easy and pleasant. Cambridge has done much of late years to make the Bible an open book. Bishop Ryle complains that though there never were so many Bibles, there is little Bible reading. If every one

who leaves Cambridge were a student of the Bible, what a bond that would be between men of different Christian communions, between natural science, and history, and the Church! St Paul bids us despise no man, no class of men. I will only point to one class, who have much leisure for reading, whose reading we may, some of us, be able to direct in healthy channels. Only yesterday I read of a Pembroke man, a Norfolk vicar, who had twice spent some time in Australia, and learnt the methods of a voluntary church. His parish consists of 1400 people. Of their own impulse they are forming a fund for the improvement of the benefice; and the vicar testifies that they are, in the long winter evenings, great readers. Look at the solid theology of the seventeenth century; ask yourselves where was the demand for so many editions of writers like Baxter. If our clergy love good learning, be sure their flocks will catch the sacred flame. *Thy testimonies are my delight and my counsellors.*

A Goodly Heritage

ST MARY'S

Commencement Sunday

17 *June* 1900

Bishop Wren was a true antiquary. He has left collections wherever he went, as Pembroke hall, where fellow, Peterhouse, where master, Windsor, where dean, and Ely, where bishop, many of which Mr Baker hath seen: but being in loose scattered papers are in danger of perishing. Dr Tanner hath likewise seen many of this good bishop's collections. The Cambridge men are much wanting to themselves in not retrieving the names of their worthies. Mr Baker is the only man I know of there that hath of late acted in all respects worthily on that head, and for it he deserves a statue.

THOMAS HEARNE, 25 *June* 1728.

A GOODLY HERITAGE

I have a goodly heritage. Ps. xvi. 6.

NEARLY 400 years ago Bishop Fisher, our Chancellor, welcoming Henry VII to our borders, deplored the destruction by fire of our archives. Still, notwithstanding the loss of title-deeds, there could, he thought, be no doubt that Paris was daughter of Cambridge. On the 5th of August 1564, William Master, Public Orator, introduced *Alma Mater* to Queen Elizabeth as the fountain-head both of Oxford and Paris. Oxford took up the gauntlet. In 1566 the Queen, being there, accepted a defence of that University, written by Thomas Key or Caius. Archbishop Parker was on the alert. He charged our John Caius to answer his namesake, and Thomas Hearne, as late as 1730, honoured the controversy with a reprint. In the 17th century Brian Twyne and Antony Wood bore the cudgels for Oxford, Sir Simonds D'Ewes and Thomas Fuller for Cambridge. On three several days of March 162$\frac{9}{1}$ this question of precedence arrested the attention of the Lords. Early in 164$\frac{9}{1}$ a bill before the Lower House placed Cambridge first. Oxford protested,

and Cambridge cheered. Sir Simonds D'Ewes, professing great moderation, stated our case thus:

> If I do not prove that Cambridge was a renowned city, at least 500 years before there was a house in Oxford standing, and whilst brute beasts fed and corn was sown on that place where that city is now seated: and that Cambridge was a nursery of learning before Oxford was known to have a grammar-school in it, I will throw up the bucklers.

In the bill, as carried, Oxford took the lead.

No men deserve better at our hands than Fisher and Parker, Caius and Fuller, yet here we must forsake them. Could we fill the years before 1500 with names like Alexander of Hales, Robert Grosseteste, John Peckham, Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus, William of Occam, Bradwardine, Wiclif, Reginald Pecock, then indeed we might encroach upon the unknown past; but barren years, when wealth accumulates and there is little to shew for it but bricks and mortar, bring no glory to man or corporation.

In antiquity we now cheerfully vail to Oxford, counting it no treason to say, not in courtesy but as a matter of right, Oxford and Cambridge. We grudge our sister no honour that is her due; rather we resent any slight cast upon her fame. Take an instance or two. We are proud, on the whole with reason, of a national work, maintained by the public spirit of a wealthy bookseller—I mean the Dictionary of Biography, now nearing its completion. We dare not hint that the Cambridge editor gave of malice prepense short measure to Oxford worthies as such. Nor can malice, or any graver crime than ignorance, be cast in the teeth of the Cambridge scholar who wrote the account, one of the shortest of the whole

series, of Peter Elmsley(*a*). Yet short as it is, it sins by excess even more than by defect. A piece of vulgar gossip is here, and in two other articles, canonised as history, though in one article the authority for the story is decried as untrustworthy, and though nearly fifty years ran by after Elmsley's death before it found its way into print. See now what is left untold. Not Samuel Parr, not Charles Burney, but Peter Elmsley and Peter Paul Dobree, rank second and third—or, if you please, third and second—as Grecians to Richard Porson. In Greek grammar, in lexicography, in metre, Elmsley was a discoverer. He was the first to estimate aright the manuscripts of Sophocles, and one of the first to give antiquity its due weight in balancing manuscript evidence generally. Of history he was a master, notably of Church history, and of the Roman controversy. He approved Roman Catholic emancipation. From a boy he was a friend of Robert Southey; by his generosity Southey was enabled to pursue his studies. After Middleton's death *noluit episcopari*, he refused the see of Calcutta, which fell to Reginald Heber. Turn to the name of Joseph Mendham. He was a controversialist we are told, and a list of his works is given. That he brought to light new evidence, for which Ranke thanked, and the Vatican librarian Theiner envied him, this we must learn for ourselves. Do not suppose that Cambridge has no ground of complaint. John Strype and Joseph Wasse(*b*) (of whom Bentley said, 'When I die, Wass will be the most learned man in England')—Strype, I say, and Wasse may pair off with Mendham and Elmsley.

Standing at the parting of the ways, in the year of grace 1900, it is natural to glance backward and forward.

As for more than half a century my leisure has, from time to time, been spent on academic history, I will trace a few lines on which honest toil may expect a reward.

Our first want is an authentic list of all who, if but for a day, have been enrolled on our boards. Do you ask who among Englishmen have studied abroad, at Padua, Leyden, Heidelberg and elsewhere, printed books will tell you. Oxford too has left us in the lurch. By the zeal of an American colonel and an English antiquary, employed on records more complete by far than ours, *Alumni Oxonienses* have been carried back to 1500.

Cambridge has printed lists of graduates, and graduates only, from 1659 to 1884. Following a foolish fashion, set by Oxford, we started with the Restoration and adopted an alphabetical order. Many lists of admissions to schools, colleges, universities are now appearing. All follow the order of date, so shewing boy or man among his fellows. Think of the risk of error in compiling a printed index to a manuscript register. Those who are at home in their *Graduati*, a class larger now than of yore, will echo my cry for reform. The *Graduati* teem with errors. Even Dr Luard, one of the most exact of men, dropped all degrees conferred in one congregation. I forestall an objection. To set up matriculations will cost money. For many years they *have* been set up. I only ask you to keep the type standing. With the new year and the new century let us turn over a new leaf—musing why antiquaries, like William Cole, bequeathed their Cambridge collections away from us to the British Museum. Let us at least shew some colorable concern for our goodly heritage. At each year's end issue a yearly part, containing the year's matriculations and degrees. When you have

parts enough for a volume, furnish it with an index. Gradually go backward through the centuries. Until Elizabeth's time there are many gaps; further back evidence can be found in the proctors' books. For the first half of the fifteenth century, and all beyond, we must be content to wait in patience. Little by little ramblers will rifle national, municipal and family archives, college treasuries, diocesan registers, chronicles, statutes of colleges and monasteries and guilds, letters, wills, epitaphs. Many such contemporary documents are stored in county histories. Our Roman Catholic students may find employment to their mind on a *Monasticon Cantabrigiense.* So by the year 2000 hundreds of names may be won from the abyss. Here and there one or another may have brought back new learning from Italy or Paris, have collected books, or have endowed or reformed colleges or churches or religious houses.

Would you learn what we lose by making graduation the one necessary passport to our lists, take the Thomas Fuller of our age, Samuel Roffey Maitland. Of him legends are current, which I can refute from his own lips. Fifty or sixty years ago Maitland was like Coleridge, Julius Hare, Thirlwall, John James Blunt, Frederick Maurice, a voice of power in Cambridge. The Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, acknowledges the same spell. Maitland came of Presbyterian stock. To be near William Hodge Mill he migrated to Trinity from St John's. 'Mill and I,' he said to me, 'have always been fast friends, but on the church and other matters of opinion, we agree to differ.' When the time came for his first degree, Maitland was confronted by the declaration substituted (by grace of the Senate 23 June 1772) for subscription to the 39

articles. 'I could subscribe to the articles, for I do not know,' he said in his droll way, 'that there is any harm in them; but I could not call myself *bona fide* a member of the English church, when I was a Presbyterian.' See the pity of these tests. The Senate in 1772 plumed themselves on lightening our burden; for Maitland they increased its weight. On taking orders, Maitland fell to the study of prophecy, and gave the death blow to the uncritical year-day theory. From the days of Flacius Illyricus and Gottfried Arnold men had sought champions of the truth among victims of Roman tyranny. Faber found the two Apocalyptic witnesses in Albigensians and Waldensians, assumed to represent Reformers before the Reformation. In a goodly volume, 'Facts and Documents illustrative of the History, Doctrine, and Rites, of the ancient Albigenses and Waldenses,' Maitland proved, to the satisfaction of all later historians, that the Albigenses held dualistic tenets. Foxe and Milner being cited against him, he dissected those writers in criticisms, which for curious learning and racy humour stand almost alone in our literature. He was charged with betraying Protestantism. Mr John King of Hull, true to the traditions of Queens' College, wrote a tract whose very title to us now-a-days seems startling, 'Maitland not entitled to censure Milner.' And when in the *Essays on the Dark Ages* Robertson, Warton, Jortin, and many another popular idol was shattered, and the Bible found to have been known before its discovery by Martin Luther, Maitland was denounced, *e.g.* by Merle d'Aubigné, as a traitor to the Reformation. Maitland's reply absolves him from all taint of dalliance with Rome. 'If it should be proved that I am a Crypto-papist and a Tractarian, and the

properest person in the world to be triplicated with the gentlemen he has named [Pusey and Newman], yet that does not affect the matter.' I repeat what I have before stated in print. Maitland projected a Church History of his own time, hoping to expose the unfair dealing of Messrs Pusey and Newman towards his friend Hugh James Rose. During Rose's illness the Oxford men had foisted into his organ, the *British Magazine*, matter extremely distasteful to him.

The *Dark Ages* emboldened some would-be monks to crave Maitland's support and counsel. He replied: 'We can no more revive the Monastic System than the Feudal System.' His warnings, in the light of later events, shew prophetic insight. He guarded himself, writing in 1844, against the suspicion of Romanising, in words which would seem to bar cavil. 'No one who fairly and candidly reads these essays can imagine that I designed to hold up to imitation what has, since I wrote them, been much talked of as "the mediæval system." As to some superstitions and heresies, and a thousand puerilities, which seem likely to creep into the Church under that name, I do not feel it necessary to say anything. I have never, I hope, written a line which the most ingenious perversion could construe into a recommendation or even a toleration of them.' The true Cambridge, ever since I knew it, would I believe endorse every one of these words, written 56 years ago.

When Dr Maitland shewed me at Gloucester his copy of Strype, corrected by the Lambeth registers, I coveted it for the University Library. It is now there, by favour of Dr Maitland's grandson. There, too, are the Strype and Patrick papers from Milton Hall, a treasure which also I had long coveted. In St John's we have Baker's copy

of Strype's Parker, with copious notes. A student of Church history could brave no more bracing discipline, could render no more loyal service to his Church and University, than by editing Strype's works, the corner-stone of all serious study of the Reformation. I repeat Dr Maitland's pleas for Strype prizes and Strype examinations. Surely Matthew Parker is worthy of our homage.

Do not forget two other claims of Dr Maitland on our gratitude. He, if any man, created those societies for publishing historical documents, which are a glory of the Queen's reign. The Roman Catholic records, above all, are a revelation. Maitland also it was who first freed bibliography from the contempt into which its ape bibliomania had plunged it.

Happy the writer whose theme is Cambridge and the Bible. Erasmus and Tyndal, Taverner and Sir John Cheke, Cranmer and Parker will pass before him. In Spain itself no Spanish Bible(*c*), not even a New Testament, was printed before 1790. But our Greek Reader, Francis Enzinas or Dryander, in 1543 dedicated to Charles V a Spanish translation from the Greek New Testament; Cyprian de Valera, fellow of Magdalene, revised the whole Bible in 1602, after which no Spanish Bible was printed for near two hundred years. Archbishop Grindal, of Pembroke, saved from destruction the manuscript of a Spanish Bible, as the translator, Cassiodoro de Reina, avows in the dedication. Late in the 16th century Bishop William Morgan, of St John's, translated into Welsh the Old Testament and revised the New; in the 17th century the bosom friend of the great Paolo Sarpi, Bishop Bedell of Emmanuel, caused the Bible to be translated into Irish; in the 18th Bishop Mark Hildesley,

of Trinity College, into Manx. 'Strange to think that no one has ever written lives of King James' translators.' It was a remark of Charles Henry Cooper, and lapse of time only enhances our wonder at the undeserved neglect. Cambridge men, at their head the illustrious Andrewes, took the lead in that work, to which under God England owes her greatness. Will no young ambition buckle to a task like this, to be followed after many days by a gallery of the Victorian companies? John Eliot, of Jesus, born at Nazing, Essex, in 1603, the apostle of the Indians, who died full of years on the 20th January 1690, is best known by his Bible, in a language long since dead.

It is hard for us now to conceive the storm raised in Cambridge, 89 years ago, by the inroad of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Bishop Marsh, who by lectures to an overflowing audience in this church, had roused his faculty from its slumbers, and brought criticism of the Greek Testament into vogue in England—Marsh, of all men, sounded the note of alarm. He proposed a donation from the chest of £100 to S.P.C.K., and the grace was carried on the day before that announced for the installation of the intruder. Simeon, E. D. Clarke, and their friends, outwitted the enemy by cordially supporting the grace. In spite of Marsh, Christopher Wordsworth, and Maltby, the Cambridge Auxiliary(*d*) was happily launched on 12 Dec. 1811. Charles Simeon, with fine tact, in the very thick of the fray, in November, preached before the University four sermons on the excellency of the Liturgy. For the new Society, it was foreboded, would damage the old, the Bible needing the safeguard of the Prayer Book. William Otter, of Jesus, afterwards Bishop, proved the panic to be groundless. In his parish the Bible Society

had given new life to S.P.C.K. To Marsh's credit one thing must be borne in mind. He aided the heroic translators of Serampore, who to Sydney Smith(*e*) were but 'Anabaptists,' 'a nest of consecrated cobblers,' 'delirious mechanics,' 'didactic artisans'; and to Marsh, Carey and his brethren turned, not in vain, for comfort after their disastrous fire.

The century now expiring has witnessed the growth of Christianity from a European and American to a world-wide brotherhood; and from the pioneer chaplains, Buchanan, David Brown, Corrie, Henry Martyn, Thomason, down to Pilkington of Uganda, Cambridge soldiers have fought in the van. For the history of missions much has still to be done in England. In Germany text-books are in use in schools and colleges, special libraries are springing up, and one watchful scout, Gustav Warneck, keeps in touch with the armies of the Cross in whatever uniform, under whatever flag they serve.

Take a few heads of promising research: the imperial ambition of secretary Walsingham; the chaplaincies at our merchant factories abroad—here Dr J. B. Pearson, of Emmanuel, has broken ground; the Virginia Company, as piloted by Nicholas Ferrar and Sir Edwin Sandys; plans for a colonial church, which like Bishop Berkeley's and that of the large-minded Archbishop John Sharp, of Christ's, failed through no fault of the promoters. John Marshall, of Christ's, prompted by the Master, Dr Covel, sometime chaplain of our embassy at Constantinople, spent many years in India, and translated the Puranas. He read before the Royal Society, in 1700, just two hundred years ago, 'An account of the religion, rites, notions, customs, and manners of the Indian priests called

Bramins.' Marshall took his B.A. degree in 166$\frac{3}{4}$, and, one is glad to find, had a mandate for M.A. in 1704. Among Covel's papers, in the Harleian MSS., are several volumes by Marshall, containing accounts of his travels. Some time ago, at my request, Professor Cowell inspected the collection and found much that would have been news to Europe long after Marshall's death. I return to an earlier name, the apostle of Virginia, Alexander Whitaker(*f*), son of that William who was the most learned of all Masters of St John's. Alexander had his Christian name from his father's uncle, the excellent Dean Nowell. He was at Trinity, B.A. 160$\frac{4}{5}$, M.A. 1608. Will no Trinity man revive his memory? Since Claudius Buchanan preached in this church, in 1810, on *Let there be light*, many and many a language has been reduced to writing by Cambridge men. Thomas Fanshaw Middleton, William Jowett, William Hodge Mill, the Bishops Selwyn, father and son, Jani Alli, these may serve as samples of multitudes who have carried forth from this place that gospel light and cup of salvation, *lucem et pocula sacra*, which it is our mission to receive and pass on. Beacons of that light have been kindled not at Delhi only, not in Uganda only, but North and South, East and West, amid eternal snows where the post comes once a year, amid torrid heat, in that white man's grave, Sierra Leone. Those who knew Robert Machray in early days, see with admiration how he has risen with the increasing demands of his office. Patriarch of a virgin province of unwieldy range, Chancellor of a mixed University, Professor of mathematics and of theology, he seems to find time and strength for every new duty. Bishop Whipple(*g*) last year called him the greatest and grandest missionary of the Cross of

Christ. Doubtless it is to Christian labourers in our Colonies, not from our nation alone, not from our Church alone, that we owe the loyalty, the amazing loyalty, of all races and creeds in the Empire in our hour of need. Said Keshub Chunder Sen: 'England holds India not by the sword, but by the Bible.' Maoris, Malays, Indians of every caste, French Canadians, even many Dutchmen in South Africa, rejoice in the *Pax Britannica*. Since my father was visited, in September 1825, at his mission station in Ceylon, by his old Shropshire neighbour, Reginald Heber, progress has never flagged. In forty years our Indian congregations multiplied twenty-fold. In 1883 there were but five Christians, all told, in Uganda. Assuredly we children of the mission manse, and there are many of us here, will never be ashamed of that plain living which was bred in our bone. Nor do missionaries alone deserve honour. The Church Missionary Society, watched in its cradle with dismay by our wary Fathers-in-God, has grown up into the chief power of its class in the world. And how has it grown? By the zeal and statesmanship of its home staff, such as Josiah Pratt, Henry Venn, and many a soldier or governor from the East.

Yesterday the Propagation Society celebrated its 199th anniversary. It was founded by Archbishop Tenison, of Corpus, a true Father of our Church.

Among allies of missions, room must be made for the uprooters of the Slave Trade. By the side of Clarkson and Wilberforce the name of Peter Peckard, Master of Magdalene and benefactor, should never be overlooked. Not only did he often preach against our national sin, but as Vice-chancellor, by his choice of a subject for the Latin Essay, enlisted Clarkson in the holy war. Nor then alone

did a university prize give a bias to a career. James Bass Mullinger also and Christopher Wordsworth were by a like bait enticed to the work of their lives.

There are other points on which I would fain linger, as the international and interconfessional relations of our church and university; our many MSS. still awaiting an editor, including notes of Bentley, Porson, Dobree(*h*)—H. R. Luard often pleaded for justice to these three lights of his beloved Trinity; the letters of those Cambridge writers of news, John Chamberlain, Thomas Lorkin, Joseph Mede, who interpret for us the university of the early Stuarts. Of the wills, long since wrenched from our grasp by absent-minded legislators, and banished to Peterborough, I have spoken often in the ear to men in office, and now, as a forlorn hope, here tell it out. Oxford, without a moment's delay, spoiled the spoiler(*i*). While our registrary wept, his brother on the Isis was up in arms. *Vulnus et auxilium Pelias hasta tulit.* The wound dealt by one act, another act—a brief clause in the next local act—can heal. I leave the responsibility with you. Some forty years ago Dr Corrie, Charles Henry Cooper, William George Clark, the two Babingtons, George Williams, and others, put out a prospectus of a Cambridge Historical Society. For want of support our plan fell through, but you, who have your lives before you, will surely, now that the Oxford Historical Society points to its forty volumes, take up and carry to a happy issue what we could only design. A history of toleration would do honour to Cambridge, for Roger Williams, of Pembroke, founder of Rhode Island, his friend John Milton of Christ's, and Jeremy Taylor, of Caius, fought in the forefront of that crusade of mercy and justice.

They were in advance of their age, for on the 9th of August 1644 the House of Commons ordered Williams' book, 'The bloody tenet of persecution for conscience sake,' to be burnt by the common hangman; it was also bitterly assailed by William Prynne and the pilgrim father, John Cotton, of Emmanuel, both of them themselves victims of intolerance.

Arthur Stanley often contrasted the storms of Oxford with our unruffled calm. The fact is certain: what was the cause? If we had full and judicious memoirs of Julius Hare, Connop Thirlwall, John James Blunt, James Amiraux Jeremie (*j*), William Hepworth Thompson, the answer would be ready to hand. The solution of Stanley's riddle, propounded in 1865 by a popular author, fails to convince me. Mr Stephen records, honestly I doubt not, his impressions of Cambridge. But there is another side to the shield. My view of the second third of our century is not altogether the same as his. It is the time of Sedgwick and Whewell; of Henslow and the Babingtons; of William Carus, Corrie, Philpott, Thompson, William Selwyn, Harold Browne, Bateson (*k*), Harvey Goodwin, John Grote, Charles Kingsley, Luard, Hugh Munro, H. J. S. Maine, Vansittart, C. B. Scott, Westcott, Hort, Lightfoot, Henry Bradshaw; of Hopkins, Thurtell, Cayley, Leslie Ellis, Adams, Todhunter, Maxwell; of Edwin Guest, George Edward Paget, George Murray Humphry. Of such a band Mr Stephen drew this portrait (*l*). 'Our prevailing tone is what I should venture to describe as one of quiet good sense, and what fanatics would consider only fit for careless Gallios.' 'We leave theology to theologians, and mind our classics and mathematics.' Party feeling during the American civil wars somewhat vexed Mr Stephen's

bliss, but 'it was only necessary to turn the conversation upon theology to smooth the troubled waters.' 'The one thing that can spoil the social intercourse of well-educated men, living in great freedom from unnecessary etiquette, is a spirit of misplaced zeal.'

Yes indeed: *surtout point de zèle.* If Mr Stephen ever tried to draw Mr Hopkins or Dr Thompson into trial of tongue-fence on sacred themes, he recoiled, I am very sure, baffled from the sport. Yet the late Master of Trinity once said to me, as we left these walls: 'People think going to church means nothing: it means much.' That saying marked the man. His presence or absence, his speech or silence, meant much. Men feared him as haughty and cynical. He was in fact very shy, very modest and diffident of his own powers; kind-hearted as a woman, and generous beyond his means. 'I have no financial ability,' as he put it. But where he saw a mean or unjust action, where he heard railing or ribaldry, his shyness gave way to a stern sense of duty. Of Mr Hopkins his daughter testifies: 'My father was not a man who talked much about religion(*m*), but he lived a holy, God-fearing life constantly before us, and always had a tender word ready for us.' In 1867, two years after Mr Stephen had unmasked us to the world,—in 1867, I say, J. A. Dorner(*n*) drew the attention of divines to the rising Cambridge school. The life, visible from afar, was hidden from the 'chield amang us, taking notes.'

We felt in Cambridge some faint ripple of the Oxford movement. There was a jealousy, lasting into my time, of London University, partly, I am afraid, as vulgar, partly as profane. It was known by a rude nickname. *Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?* See how Divine Providence

put to shame the ignoble scare. From Gower Street went forth that devoted head of the Universities' Mission, Bishop Steere. Nor were Key, Long, Malden, and Maitland's life-long friend, Augustus De Morgan, the men to plot against the Christian's hope. Of one and all Trinity may well be proud, as Cambridge is proud of Dublin and Harvard. Mr Stephen, I am aware, says of De Morgan: 'He preferred the unitarian to other creeds.' I presume to check this statement(*o*) by the testimony of Mrs De Morgan, daughter of the Unitarian William Frend, of Jesus.

The state of mind in which he had lived, and in which he died, is shewn by a sentence in his will:

I commend my future with hope and confidence to Almighty God; to God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, whom I believe in my heart to be the Son of God, but whom I have not confessed with my lips, because in my time such confession has always been the way up in the world.

You have before you the two,—the confession of a dying man, heart and flesh crying out for the living God,—this, I say, on the one hand,—this dream, if you will—and on the other hand, this interpretation thereof into the bald prose of the clubs. 'He preferred the unitarian to other creeds.' Forewarned, forearmed. Knowing our teacher's licence of paraphrase, we shall be on our guard. Here the giddiest reader must take refuge under Dr Routh's golden canon: 'Verify quotations.'

I think little worse of our Norrisian Professor, John Hey, because Mr Stephen lays him under ban as a Rationalist. On such a point, I confess, the verdict of Bishops Kaye and Turton, and Dr Arnold, carries more weight with me. Little children should beware of edged tools, and standers by of technical terms. Anathemas sound uncouth on English lips, not Italianated. Our

master may—possibly—attach a definite meaning to the word 'rationalist,' but we learners are left groping in the dark. If he means rationalism as known to church history, we find small trace of it in Professor Hey, whose lectures were edited by Bishop Turton, and recommended to candidates for orders at Ely in the time of John William Colenso.

For many months our thoughts have dwelt on South Africa. Christian missions there are full of promise. This faith we English have long upheld by word and deed, and time in its flight makes it doubly sure.

In March 1855 two Second Wranglers—of 1836 and 1848—sailed together for Natal—the one as Bishop, the other as Archdeacon.

Some time after the present war broke out, a letter appeared in a public journal (*p*). The writer had employed a nephew of King Cetewayo, and still hears from him, supplying him with books. The last choice of the Zulu prince was Napier's *History of the Peninsular War*. Travelling through Zululand in October, he found his countrymen in our favour to a man. Their motive was this. Englishmen treat the blacks with justice, Boers deny them rights; Englishmen train the intellect and foster spiritual yearnings among their subjects, Boers harry them like wild beasts. As their chief benefactor, Sobantu or 'father of the people,' Zulus reverence Bishop Colenso. His noble presence might of itself win their confidence. Are they not right? Altogether setting aside the years spent in England in critical study, and the results of that study, I beg you to ponder these facts. In seven years Colenso learnt the Zulu language, and printed eighteen volumes, including Zulu grammars, and a Zulu-English dictionary, together with Zulu translations

of Genesis, Exodus, Samuel, and the whole New Testament. And when he had incurred a sentence of deprivation, endorsed indeed by English convocations, but null and void in the eye of the law, he forfeited the support of other classes, to whom his criticisms, if not welcome, as to George Grote and M. Renan, were at least indifferent. All oppressors of coloured races combined to crush one who to the last was the Las Casas of South Africa. No man, of whatever shade of opinion, who knew Bishop Colenso, but must have admired his courtesy and Christian temper under sore provocation, and his chivalrous bearing towards Bishop Gray. His friends rejoice that he ended his days on African soil, and not, as he had fondly hoped, in charge of a theological college here in Cambridge.

Turn now to Mackenzie, who entered St John's when I did, in October 1844.

A German lady (*q*), for some years busy in the service of our Church in South Africa, introduces us to a native, 'one of Nature's gentlemen, as the English say,' Charles Frederick Malunga.

Miss von Blomberg had opened an evening school for Kaffirs near Cape Town. One day a man, between forty and fifty, called on her. He was a gardener, and had spent more than twenty years at Rosebank, half an hour from the Cape by rail. Having long wished to consecrate his leisure to good works, now at last he found the door open. He gave his help freely, as a labour of love, refusing even travelling expenses.

For nine years—indeed until Miss von Blomberg's return home—he spent the evenings of all weekdays, and the whole of Sundays, in teaching, not merely reading and writing, but—a more difficult art for Kaffirs—how to speak the truth.

To Miss von Blomberg he became a friend and brother, overflowing with humour, of sound and sturdy judgement. Who was he? Until his tenth year he lived with father and mother on the upper Zambesi, a happy life as of Eden, on milk and fruits. One night Arabs fell on the village and set it on fire, slew the father and mother, yoked the boy to another, and drove them, with a large troop, on foot northwards for many days. At last white men attacked the caravan, and beat off the slavedrivers. The kidnapped lads having never seen Europeans, feared that they would be killed and eaten. But Livingstone—for he was in command—set them free, took them to Zanzibar, and made them over to Mackenzie, who built houses for them and put the children to school. He acted as godfather to young Malunga, and gave him his own names, Charles Frederick. No wonder that Malunga exclaimed:

> You can imagine how gladly I lend a hand to others—I who have been so wonderfully rescued, and have by God's grace become a Christian.

So the seed sown in tears by Livingstone and Mackenzie, has after many years grown up with increase at the Cape. Some of us will recall to mind the meeting in the Senate House, on the 4th of December 1857, which heralded the birth, within a twelvemonth, of the Universities' Mission. Livingstone formally bequeathed his mantle to us. His parting words were:

> I beg to direct your attention to Africa; I know that in a few years I shall be cut off in that country, which is now open; do not let it be shut again! I go back to Africa to try to make an open path for commerce and Christianity; do you carry out the work which I have begun. I LEAVE IT WITH YOU!

NOTES

Motto at back of title. p. 200. When I was allowed to fill a niche on the north side of the new chapel of St John's with a statue of the admirable antiquary on whose manuscripts I have bestowed so many months of labour, I did not remember this aspiration of Thomas Hearne.

(*a*) p. 203. *Peter Elmsley.* Some Oxford scholar will surely do justice, however tardy, to Elmsley's memory. I transcribe a few references from my collections. *Annual Biography*, 1826, p. 42 seq. cf. 1822, p. 460 b; Van Mildert's *Life*, p. 34. Hermann's *Opuscula*, VI. pt. i, p. 95 seq. James Tate (*Mus. Crit.* i. 522) urged him to collect his observations on Greek authors. His indices to Thucydides, ed. Edinb. 1804, 6 vols. cr. 8vo (cf. Dalzel, *Analecta maiora*, i. 2, 28). Edited the homilies Oxf. 1822. 'The fattest undergraduate' of his day, engaged afterwards (1820) on the Herculean manuscripts (Southey's *Life*, v. 21). Julius Hare's wish (Philol. Mus. i. Cambr. 1832, pp. 207—8) still remains unfulfilled: 'Very little has hitherto been publisht out of Elmsley's papers since his death: and yet so laborious and accurate a scholar must probably have left many important observations: it was even reported that he had collated the manuscript of Hesychius, and read it very differently from either Musurus or Schow. It is to be hoped that some member of his university will ere long be induced to inquire into this point, and, should there be anything to be placed before the learned world, will superintend its publication. A collection of Elmsley's reviews and scattered critical dissertations would also form a valuable volume.' Probably much material will be found in the Burney and Butler MSS. in the British Museum. See Bishop Samuel Butler's *Life* by his grandson, I. pp. 64—6, 70—1, 74—6, 88—9, 146. Above all see Southey's *Letters*, 1856, I. 102, 248, 289 *ad fin.*, 340—5, 371,

392; II. 21, 53, 228, 329; III. 93, 222, 227, 230, 262, 321, 351, 371, 430—1, 433, 499, 509, 510, 535; IV. 310, 355, 530. Southey's *Life and Correspondence*, 1849, II. 98, 133, 180, 212, 286, 295, 298, 347, 351, 354; III. 44, 85, 87, 187; IV. 112; V. 21, 181, 191. One or two of these passages may refer to the bookseller. The article *Elmsley* in a book of no pretensions, *The Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography* (Wm Mackenzie, London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, n.d.), written by Thomas Jackson, afterwards Bishop of London, shows an intelligent appreciation of the great scholar in which we in vain seek in *D. N. B.* In the article *Tyrwhitt, Tho.* (*D. N. B.*) is a notice of a minor publication of Elmsley's.

(*b*) p. 203. *Joseph Wasse.* Many years ago I printed an account of him for the Cambridge Antiquarian Society.

(*c*) p. 208. *Spanish Bible.* See my *Spain, Portugal, the Bible* (Cambridge, Macmillan and Bowes), 1892, pp. 7, 8.

(*d*) p. 209. *Foundation of the Cambridge Auxiliary of the Bible Society.* See my edition of Baker's *History of St John's* (Cambridge University Press, 1869), pp. 809—862. Marsh's support of the Serampore mission, p. 856, l. 46.

(*e*) p. 210. *Sydney Smith.* See his flippant essays on Methodism (*Edinb. Rev.* 1808, 1809) and on Indian Missions (*ibid.* 1808). He dares to say (preface to his works, June 1839) 'I have nothing to retract, and no intemperance and violence to reproach myself with.' Thus he in cold blood wishes to be known to all times as the author of such flowers of rhetoric as this—and the metaphor is carried out in loathsome detail—(*Works*, I.^{5}, 1859, p. 138 b) 'the nasty and numerous vermin of Methodism.' Julius Hare long ago called for a collection of Southey's essays. Side by side with Sydney Smith's, Macaulay's, and other utterances of the *Edinburgh Review*, Southey's Quarterly essays are the work of a grown man respecting himself and his readers, as against the babble of Donnybrook fair. As for the Edinburgh Reviewers, read Copleston and Spedding, and remember their treatment of Wordsworth. 'This will never do!' Munro spoke with vehement contempt of Macaulay's essay on Boswell as compared with Carlyle's. The main value of Macaulay's papers is the research which they have provoked. If not critical himself, he is the cause of criticism in others. See Churchill

Babington's early book on Macaulay's caricature of the country clergy in the 17th century.

See in the first number of the *Quarterly*, February 1809, Southey's 'Account of the Baptist Missionary Society,' and remember that he represented the aristocratic, Smith the democratic, side in politics.

P. 220. '"Why should we convert the Hindoos?"—because our duty to God and man alike requires the attempt. Why should we convert them?—because policy requires it, religion requires it, common humanity requires it. Why should we convert them?—because they who permit the evil which they can prevent are guilty of that evil, and to them it shall be imputed.'

P. 225. 'Nothing can be more unfair than the manner in which the scoffers and alarmists have represented the missionaries. We, who have thus vindicated them, are neither blind to what is erroneous in their doctrine, or ludicrous in their phraseology; but the anti-missionaries cull out from their journals and letters all that is ridiculous, sectarian, and trifling; call them fools, madmen, tinkers, Calvinists, and schismatics; and keep out of sight their love of man, and their zeal for God, their self-devotement, their indefatigable industry, and their unequalled learning. These low-born and low-bred mechanics have translated the whole Bible into Bengalee, and have by this time printed it. They are printing the New Testament in the Sanscrit, the Orissa, Mahratta, Hindostan, and Guzarat, and translating it into Persic, Telinga (?), Karnata, Chinese, the language of the Sieks and of the Burmans, and in four of these languages they are going on with the Bible. Extraordinary as this is, it will appear more so, when it is remembered, that of these men one was originally a shoemaker, another a printer at Hull, and a third the master of a charity-school at Bristol. Only fourteen years have elapsed since Thomas and Carey set foot in India, and in that time have these missionaries acquired this gift of tongues; in fourteen years these low-born, low-bred mechanics have done more towards spreading the knowledge of the Scriptures among the heathen than has been accomplished, or even attempted by all the princes and potentates of the world,—and all the universities and establishments into the bargain.'

(*f*) p. 211. *Alexander Whitaker* seems to be forgotten. See Ralph Churton, *Life of Alexander Nowell* (Oxford 1809), p. 331: 'One of the orphans, named after the Dean of St Paul's, and educated in Trinity College, Cambridge, had competent provision as a clergyman, in the north of England; but quitted his preferment and native country to assist as a preacher of the gospel in Virginia; and from his meritorious labours, in that infant province, obtained the title of the "Apostle of Virginia." He is mentioned with respect in Smith's travels*, in the year 1614; and was himself the author of a tract entitled "News from Virginia," published the year before. It contains, I am informed†, a good zoological sketch of the country: and in speaking of the various kinds of fish in those rivers, it appears, that he had caught the propensity of his father‡ and great uncle for the amusement of angling.'

(*g*) p. 211. *Bishop Whipple.* At the C.M.S. Centenary (*The Record*, 14 April 1899, p. 386 a).

(*h*) p. 213. *Bentley, Porson, Dobree.* Luard did but echo the wishes of Julius Hare (Philol. Mus. I. 207—8): 'Dobree's notes on the Greek prose writers are to be followed by those on the poets. During his life he publisht but little: he was so fastidious, that hardly anything but death could loose his tongue, except his reverence for Porson. There may probably however be a few scattered articles from his pen in some of our reviews or journals; and if so, and they can be ascertained, it were much to be wisht that they should be subjoined to this collection. It is not likely that he should ever have printed anything which was not valuable. After finishing this meritorious task, Professor Scholefield would confer a fresh obligation on all scholars, if he would undertake the labour of editing the unpublisht portion of Porson's remains, the remarks on the Greek prose writers and on Hesychius, which we have been told are of such great importance. It is worthy of the chair which he fills, to discharge this pious duty towards his predecessors in it....

* 'Account of Virginia, etc. by Captain John Smith, p. 117, 147.'

† 'By Dr Whitaker from the tract itself, by Alex. Whitaker, Minister of Henrico in Virginia.'

‡ 'How dear a lover and great a practiser of it [angling] our learned Dr Whitaker was.' Walton's *Compl. Angler*, p. 40.

'Even Bentley himself has never had justice done to him in this matter: his works have never been collected; many of his notes and conjectures have only recently seen the light; others perhaps are still lurking in some of our libraries; all these ought surely to be collected. Would that the weightier avocations of the distinguisht person who has displayed such exemplary diligence and love of truth in recording the events of Bentley's life, would allow him leisure to erect this second monument to the honour of his hero, a monument which unlike the other would be wholly and solely to his honour.'

Monk began a collection of Bentley's letters, which was continued by John Wordsworth, and after his death completed by his brother Christopher. That admirable scholar Alexander Dyce printed only three volumes of Bentley's works. His *adversaria* remain to be collected; delay is dangerous, for a German was detected, many years ago, cutting manuscript notes from Bentley's books in the British Museum. With Monk should be compared De Quincey and R. C. Jebb. Luard printed some letters from the originals for the Cambridge Antiquarian Society. In Luard's article on Dobree (*D. N. B.*) he does not refer to the Dutch Professor Bake. W. H. Thompson never spoke of Dobree without recommending Bake.

(*i*) p. 213. *Oxford spoiled the spoiler.* See Jo. Griffiths (keeper of the university archives) *An index to the wills in the Court of the Chancellor of Oxford*, 1862, with the preface. If my memory does not deceive me, a Cambridge student, long after the migration of our wills, travelled to Peterborough to consult one, and found that the collection had not been unpacked. Cambridge has already fulfilled, in great part if not entirely, the condition on which Oxford retained its own property. I printed, in the calendar of the Baker MSS. a summary (not a mere list, as the Oxford one) of all the wills noticed by Baker.

(*j*) p. 214. *James Amiraux Jeremie.* Munro often pointed him out as a man for a bishopric. While leading Oxford divines were hounding their pupils against Hampden, Gorham, and others, founding party journals, and procuring signatures far and wide to party memorials, the foremost men of Cambridge, with knightly generosity, came forward again and again in defence of the weaker

party. Dr E. A. Abbott (*Anglican career of card. Newman*) reveals the tactics by which J. H. Newman raised an uproar against a man (Dr Hampden) who was a far more consistent member of our church than his assailant. J. C. Hare, Thirlwall, and Maurice, and among Oxford men Arthur Stanley, never failed to allay the artificial storms which agitated the Church. So too Jeremie. When J. W. Donaldson found himself ill at ease in Bury, after the publication of Jashar, Thomas Carlyle advised him to settle in Cambridge. 'No where else will you be so free.' Thompson, Cope, Munro, and W. G. Clark, and most of the chief Cambridge scholars of the day, welcomed him by attending his lectures on comparative philology. A rising divine, I think in an official (Christian Advocate's) publication, rebuked Cambridge for 'harbouring' a heretic. Jeremie compelled the offender to cancel the persecuting note. Donaldson, in a paper written for the *Journal of Classical and Sacred Philology* answered violence by violence. Hort and Lightfoot, my brother editors, left me, as the senior, to deal with him. I showed him that we professed to avoid polemical theology, and the stir ended peacefully. Again, when Bishop Gray had deposed the Bishop of Natal, Jeremie said to me—a young M.A.—'I should not like to be tried by a clerical court.' He then spoke of Colenso's books on the Old Testament. Most of the criticisms on history were, he said, borrowed from others, but some of the remarks on the Psalms were, he thought, both new and true. Hupfeld at Halle, a well-known commentator, said the very same thing to me. A high churchman, Mr N. Pocock, in his article in *D. N. B.* on Bishop Robert Gray, notes the want of ability shewn by most of the bishops in dealing with Bishop Colenso. Jeremie, from his Haileybury experience, viewed all things with the eye of a statesman; and was too genuine a scholar to dream that England could be hermetically sealed against the researches of Ewald and his compeers beyond the sea. F. J. A. Hort, in a letter written to me and printed in his life (Vol. II.), has some caustic remarks on a memorial, largely signed by the clergy, against the late Archbishop Plunket. In so writing he was true to the traditions of the Cambridge faculty of divinity. Take another proof of Jeremie's tolerant nature. In Mr Spurgeon's early days young Cambridge found it pleasant and profitable to poke fun at him in the *Saturday Review*. Jeremie—his disguise

was treacherously betrayed in a leading article—seized an occasion in the *Times* to thank the strong hand stretched out to rescue the fallen. He had heard Spurgeon preach, and recognised the voice of a true man.

(*k*) p. 214. *Bateson.* When St John's new chapel was opened on the 12 May 1869, the preacher, who had been chosen because of his most effective sermons in St Mary's during the Crimean war, woefully disappointed his hearers. The sermon was an old one, with one purple patch of novelty. Describing Bishop Colenso, so that no one could fail to know who was meant, he spoke to this effect. 'He went out *from* us, but he is not *of* us. One thing still remains: we can at any rate pray for him.' Colenso was Bateson's friend, of the same year. He was a subscriber to the chapel, and had wished to be present at the opening, but at once acquiesced, when Bateson suggested that his presence might lead to a scene. The indignation was general at the want of courtesy in a place and on a day when we would fain have been of one heart and one soul. If one hearer had left the chapel, the sermon would have been continued to empty benches. I presided at dinner in the combination room, but Bateson himself told me what took place in the hall. 'I felt I must do something.' So, on proposing prosperity to the College, he spoke of the many who had come, some from far, to share in our joy. 'And others there are, who, though unable to be present in body, are present with us in spirit,—not the least the illustrious prelate, whom the preacher specially commended to our prayers.' Dr Garrett saw a grave Doctor of Divinity hammer on his plate with his spoon, till he thought the plate would break. Cambridge men of that day did not trust to numbers, but to each man doing his individual duty, however disagreeable it might be.

(*l*) p. 214. *this portrait.* See *Sketches of Cambridge by a Don*, 1865, pp. 136—7, 140—2. Mr Stephen has fallen a victim to what we may call the *Wir*-fallacy. Silence does not always give consent. Those who listened to his theological arguments, may well have changed the subject, not from indifference, but because no good result could be expected from discussions so conducted. It never occurred to him that his cynicism was the Medusa's head that petrified his company. David Strauss, in his *The New and the Old*

Faith, assumed that 'we' of this day,—such of us at least as are abreast with the march of science—are materialists, and accept his reducing 'life to a simple chemical and physical mechanism, and making thought a mere secretion of the brain.' Every critic that I have seen—and among them my Old Catholic friends, Johannes Huber and E. Zirngiebl,—bad Strauss speak for himself. 'Vieux et nouveaux catholiques, protestants de toutes nuances, rédacteurs de la presse, philosophes et même naturalistes, tous furent d'accord de repousser les principes et les conclusions de Strauss. Ses amis, les Zeller, les Vischer, se turent' (A. Freydinger in Lichtenberger, *Encyclopédie des sciences religieuses*, XI. Paris 1881, p. 727). As Strauss failed utterly in his passage from literature and theology to physical science, so conversely Ernst Haeckel is likely to ruin as a theologian the reputation which he made as a physiologist. See Dr Loofs *Anti-Haeckel, eine Replik nebst Beilagen*, Halle, Max Niemeyer, 1900 (also a review in *Litterarische Rundschau für das evangelische Deutschland*, Leipzig, Carl Braunn, XI. 51, June 1900). None but those who have occasion to search the sweepings of the gutter press, will recognise the name and the *nom de guerre* of Haeckel's authority, 'the learned and acute English divine, Saladin (Stewart Ross).'

(*m*) p. 215. *not a man who talked much about religion. Christopher Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln*, 1807—1885, by John Henry Overton and Elizabeth Wordsworth[2], Rivingtons, 1890, pp. 49, 50: 'It was not the habit of his mind, nor that of the circle in which he moved, to be prodigal in the expression of religious emotion. In a household composed entirely of men there was a healthy interest about concrete realities which left little room for the subjective side of life. There was the proverbial Englishmen's reserve on religious matters. And it may not be untrue to say that, where intellectual interests are strong, and there is great enjoyment in the use of one's mental and bodily faculties, the *apparent* religious development is slower than in cases where—there being less to mature—maturity is sooner reached.'

G. W. Prothero, *Memoir of Henry Bradshaw*, London, Kegan Paul, 1888, p. 414: 'Though by no means all things to all men, he was remarkably capable of regarding a question from the same point of view as his interlocutor, so much so that he sometimes conveyed

the impression of an agreement which did not really exist. Thus it came about that different persons formed different conceptions of his views ; and I have been assured, on the one hand, that he was a High Churchman, on the other, that he was an Agnostic. Those who knew him best will probably agree that, while not caring to formulate his belief too closely, he died as he had lived, a devout Christian, and a member of the Church of England.' Many other instances of Cambridge reticence, the offspring, not of coldness, but of reverence, might be cited.

(*n*) p. 215. *J. A. Dorner.* See *Geschichte der protestantischen Theologie*, p. 914.

(*o*) p. 216. *this statement.* The last words of De Morgan's life.

(*p*) p. 217. *a public journal.* See the *St James's Gazette*, 1 Dec. 1899, p. 5:

DUFFS ROAD, DURBAN,

November 3rd, 1899.

'SIR,—I keenly appreciate your generous tribute to the loyalty of the Zulu nation during the fierce crisis of English rule in South Africa. It is the first real test of the loyalty of the Zulus, and as a Zulu who was once a chief, to see that the loyalty and gratitude of my people is appreciated by the white people of Natal.

'It is as you say, respected Sir, a tribute, and a magnificent one, to England's just policy to the Zulus. I dare to assert it is even a finer to the native's appreciation, not only of benefits already conferred, but of the spirit that actuated England in her dealings with him. I may disagree as to the lessons taught by Maxim guns, hollow squares, and the "thin red line." I think no one can have read Colonial history, chronicling as it does the rise again and again of the native against Imperial forces, without feeling that he is influenced far less by England's prowess in war than by her justice in peace. My Zulu fellow-countryman understands as clearly as anyone the weakness and the strength of the present time. If the Zulu wished to remember Kambula and Ulundi, this would be his supreme opportunity to rise and hurl himself across the Natal frontier. But I, having just returned from my native country, have been able to report to the Government at Pietermaritzburg that

there is not the slightest symptom of disloyalty, not the idea of lifting a finger against the white subjects of the great and good Queen.

'There is among the chiefs and indunas of my people an almost universal hope that the Imperial arms will be victorious, and that a Government which, by its inhumanity and relentless injustice, and apparent inability to see that the native has any right a white man should respect, has forfeited its place among the civilised Governments of the earth, and should therefore be deprived of powers so scandalously abused—formerly by slavery—and in latter years by disallowing the native to buy land, and utterly neglecting his intellectual and spiritual needs. There are wrongs to be redressed, but we Zulus believe that England will be more willing to redress them than any other Power. There is still much to be done in the way of educating and civilising the mass of the Zulu nation. We chiefs of that nation have observed that wherever England has gone, there the missionary and teacher follow, and that there exists sympathy between the authority of Her Majesty and the forces that labour for civilisation and Christianity. We Zulus have not yet forgotten what we owe to the late Bishop Colenso's lifelong advocacy, or to Lady Florence Dixie's kindly interest. These are things that are more than fear of England's might, that keep our people quiet outside and loyal inside. This is not a passive loyalty with us. Speaking for almost all fellow-countrymen in Zululand, I believe if a great emergency arises in the course of this history-making war, in which England might find it necessary to put their loyalty to the test, they would respond with readiness and enthusiasm, equal to that when they fought under King Cetewayo against Lord Chelmsford's army. Again assuring you that the Zulu people are turning deaf ears to Boer promises as well as threats, I remain with the most earnest hope for the ultimate triumph of General Buller—who fought my King for half a year—

'Your humble and most obedient servant,

'M'PLAANK,

'Son of Maguendé, brother of Cetewayo.'

Another evidence of the moral influence exerted by Colenso may be seen in *British Central Africa* by Miss A. Werner (in *British Africa*, London, Kegan Paul, 1899, p. 256): 'Several native Christians I know in Natal, who had received their religious instruction under the late Bishop Colenso, struck me as sincere and honest people, who, to the best of their ability, lived up to the light that was in them, and did not appear to have lost either in reverence or simple, childlike faith from having been frankly told that the story of the Ark was an *inganekwane*, or, as we should say, a fairy tale.'

(*q*) p. 218. See *Allerlei aus Süd-Afrika*, von P. D. von Blomberg. Gütersloh, C. Bertelsmann, 1899, ch. 4, 'Der Mann vom Zambesi.' Copies of this interesting book may be seen in the libraries of Mackenzie's two colleges, St John's and Caius, and also in Henry Martyn Hall.

Render to all their dues

ST JOHN'S

Trinity Sunday

7 *June* 1903

RENDER TO ALL THEIR DUES

Render therefore to all their dues. Rom. xiii. 7.

FEW pages in literature are more winning than the preface wherein M. Aurelius pays a tribute of gratitude to the gods, to his parents, and to the teachers who trained him to live, even in the purple, a life according to nature, content with little. Some early Christians, as Tertullian, saw in the gentile faiths and the gentile sages pure and unmixed evil. Wiser fathers, as Clement and Origen, pierced deeper with a kindlier insight. The Divine Word, they held, was not idle throughout the ages, was not left without a witness outside the chosen people. Socrates and Musonius, in their measure, rejoiced in His light. Happily scholars and missionaries are abandoning the despairing view which espies nothing but blank night outside the Christian fold. With loving sympathy Nägelsbach traces high instincts in Homeric and post-Homeric theology. The venerable Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Oxford Press (whose motto is *Dominus illuminatio mea*) place in the hands of Western Students fair and calm renderings of the Sacred Books of the East. When Mohammedan soldiers come to London they scorn to neglect their

religious duties, and the crowds, if they wonder, look on with respect. The change of tone on the Christian side has been met in a kindred spirit. The Lord Mayor this year, a Jew by birth and creed, presided over the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Would that Russians and Roumanians would learn something of this Christ-like tolerance!

M. Aurelius thanked not only the gods but his parents, and we, in a period of change, may combine the two and think what we owe to the God of our father and mother.

Some of us, perhaps, have grown up, as I did, under the older puritan discipline. To us the Bible was, in a literal sense, from first to last, the Word of God who cannot lie. Of a growing revelation, of human elements through which the divine light forced its way into the world, of the earthen vessels in which we have this treasure, of historical criticism, we learnt nothing. Life on earth was bounded by the tables of Archbishop Ussher. We were trained to attend family prayer morning and evening, to keep holy the Lord's day as a day of rest and worship. Then came upon us the discovery of a history and a civilisation far older than the Hebrew, of cosmic changes working through countless ages. My friend Brooke Foss Westcott*, born in the same month, who has lately passed away, after C. F. Mackenzie and Isaac Todhunter and C. B. Scott had gone before, shall tell what theology owes to the new learning. He said, thirteen years ago, at the beginning of his episcopate:

'Physical science places vividly before us the solemn and majestic background of Revelation. Historical criticism brings the records of Revelation into contact with human life. As long as

* *Lessons from Work.* Macmillan, 1901, pp. 32—3.

the Bible was supposed to be wholly removed from the general mass of literature, and exempt from the action of the natural forces which affect the composition and transmission of other books, it lost more than half its power over the souls of men....

'To compare carefully the first chapters of Genesis with the corresponding narratives in the Babylonian tradition is to gain a lesson in the methods of Divine teaching....Above all, perhaps, the Psalter gains most in power when we realise that it contains the words of many men in many ages who realised each for himself, under most different conditions, the master-truths of the glory, the faithfulness, the mercy, the love, the righteousness, the sovereignty of GOD, the Lord of Israel and the King of the whole earth. What would be the difference if we continued to think, with not a few older teachers, that David composed *By the Waters of Babylon* in some prophetic trance instead of hearing in it the real voice of men who had felt the bitterness of exile not without accents of human passion?

'Historical criticism, in a word, brings to us, through the Bible, messages from living men like ourselves, among whom God is shewn to be working: it enables us to feel that He is working also in the chequered events of human life all the days and now among us: it dissipates the paralysing illusion that in some distant period of prophets or apostles there was once a golden age utterly unlike the times on which we have fallen: it makes it possible for us to believe that even through us, as we are faithful, the Divine counsel is carried forward to its issue.

'And more than this: it encourages us to place the writings of the Old Covenant side by side with the sacred writings of other pre-Christian religions.'

It speaks well for Christianity in England that this frank acceptance of new lessons, thanks mainly to the labours of Westcott, Hort and Lightfoot, is no longer strange to Protestant communions among us. The national Church of Scotland, the Nonconformist Churches there and here, have, during the last quarter of a century, made great advances in candour as in biblical learning.

If any one is in honest doubt respecting the faith of his infancy, I commend to him a maxim of Thomas Scott, which in early days deeply moved John Henry Newman.

'If you have no good reason for doing a thing, that is a very good reason for leaving it undone.'

Pause long, with meditation and prayer, for the guidance of the Divine Spirit, before you cast off the creed of your childhood. And if at last conscience bids you go, never speak harshly of the Church of your baptism. Julius Hare and B. F. Westcott resented, and with reason, the flippant scorn with which Newman assailed the Anglican Communion and especially the Oxford School. Far different was the tone and temper of Archer Butler, of Dublin, who left the Roman Church for the Reformed. Aurelius does not forget his teachers and the spiritual profit drawn from them.

So we, as we pass through our second court alone on some moonlight night, cannot but think sometimes on what a heritage of simple and severe dignity we have entered. As we turn over the books in the library, each telling of some scholar's eager joy at its acquisition, as we lament the violence that robbed us first of Fisher's library, the choicest of its age in England, and then of that of the founder of the third court library, Archbishop Williams, we resolve to do what in us lies to sow the seed of sound learning throughout the length and breadth of the land, to make Walworth the better for the name of Lady Margaret.

Ask why Manchester is less enslaved to money-making now than 70 years ago; much may be due to its university,

its bishop, its high schools for boys and girls, but something, no doubt, to its almost peerless libraries.

Freely ye have received. Look at one who received little but bare life, and is now the happy head of one of the most peaceful and earnest schools in the world*. At Tuskegee, in Alabama, is an industrial college for negro men and women, with 1,100 students gathered from the United States, Africa, Cuba, Porto Rico, Jamaica, and other countries. After 19 years it has amassed property to the value of half-a-million dollars, and counts 86 officers and teachers. Nearly all the buildings, 40 in all, were put up, from first to last, by the students. Yet he who in 19 years has won this great success, the first negro to receive an honorary degree from Harvard, was born a slave. He never heard his white father's name; as a child never knew what play was, never slept in a bed, never had more than one piece of clothing, never sat down to a meal. At the end of the war numbers of Christlike men and women from the north opened negro schools, and were rewarded by a passionate thirst for knowledge on the part of the liberated slaves. Few were too young and none too old. If they could do no more, they craved to read the Bible before they died. One ex-slave had struck a bargain with his master, two or three years before the Emancipation Proclamation, to buy his own freedom. When emancipation came, some 300 dollars were due, but could not in law be recovered. Still, the slave had pledged his word, and had never broken a promise. He paid the very last cent with interest; and then, and not before, felt himself free indeed.

* *Up from slavery: an autobiography.* By Booker T. Washington. London: Grant Richards, 1902.

This example may shew that payment of debts, commercial honesty, is no mere material thing, but has a spiritual element. Trade rests on *credit, trust,* that is on *faith, πίστις, fides.*

No man more stoutly enforced this truth than Westcott*, whom many mocked as a mystic, a high-flown Utopian dreamer. He was addressing the annual meeting of the Christian Social Union, Liverpool, 27 Nov. 1899, that is, his words apply to those who live on their own means:

'While we endeavour to gain the largest and keenest power of appreciating all that is noblest in nature and art and literature, we must seek to live on as little as will support the full vigour of our life and work. The standard cannot be fixed. It will necessarily vary within certain limits, according to the nature and office of each man. But generally we shall strive diligently to suppress all wants which do not tend through their satisfaction to create a nobler type of manhood; and individually we shall recognise no wants which do not express what is required for the due cultivation of our own powers and the fulfilment of that which we owe to others. We shall guard ourselves against the temptations of artificial wants which the ingenuity of producers offer in seductive forms. We shall refuse to admit that the caprice of fashion represents any valuable element in our constitution, or calls into play any faculties which would otherwise be unused, or encourages industry. On the contrary, we shall see, in the dignity and changelessness of Eastern dress, a typical condemnation of our restless inconstancy. We shall perceive, and act as perceiving, that the passion for novelty is morally and materially wasteful: that it distracts and confuses our power of appreciating true beauty: that it tends to the constant displacement of labour: that it produces instability, both in the manufacture and the sale of goods, to the detriment of economy.'

These counsels appeal with tenfold force to those who come here not at their own charges, but by the help of

* *Lessons from Work*, pp. 347—8.

parents or guardians. The late Master of Trinity, in a sermon in St Mary's, warned his audience against costly entertainments. Anticipating the retort from a student: 'I only do what my elders do,' the Platonic sage pointed out a main difference between the cases. 'You spend your father's money; they their own.' Indeed it is wonderful, considering the allurements to waste which beset the freshman, unstinted credit for the first and last time in his life, the example perhaps of richer friends, false shame which makes him hide and disavow his poverty; taking into account all these dangers, it is wonderful, I say, that so little is done to shield the newcomer from himself. There are brotherhoods to guard him from drunkenness—two successive Bishops of Durham and Archbishops Temple and Manning were abstainers—from gambling, from cruelty to animals, and many other vices. I never heard tell of a guild pledged not to run into debt, to be just and render *suum cuique*. Many societies invite us to generosity;—to simple honesty, none. True, the Christian rule of life bids us do to others, as we would that they should do to us: nevertheless, temperance, mercy, and other virtues, seem to require special aids over and above the general provisions of the Christian law. Are there not some here, known to townsmen as customers, to whom a jury of townsmen could scarcely bear witness: 'See how you Christians love us, how considerate you are with us, how timely in enabling us to meet our creditors?' For remember Paley's caution: the dealer must *buy* before he can *sell*. Many condole with the man who leaves college burdened with debt; few have any pity to spare for the defrauded tradesman. Learn a lesson from Plato. If we have done wrong, it is well, not ill, for us, that

we should suffer. For him who has placed in us groundless confidence, we ought to feel compassion; we ought to make amends by denying ourselves every comfort till we have met his claims; but any shame and mortification to ourselves we should welcome as our just desert, and take warning for the time to come.

Many complain—Tennyson's Maud gives forcible voice to their complaints—of the rogueries of trade, but few trace them to their cause. If all customers paid ready money and a fair price, trade would become healthier week by week, till adulteration and the false weight would disappear. *Is it peace or war?*

A former fellow of Trinity Hall, sometime curate to Frederic Maurice, now a well-known and, in many respects, instructive writer, Edward Carpenter, for some time tilled the ground with his own hands, and sold the produce of his labour in the market. The difference is great, he found, on which side of the counter you stand. We cannot all follow his example and discover the hardships of trade by ourselves turning traders. Yet we may make friends with our tradesmen and ask of them how our promptness or slackness in settling our accounts makes trade healthy and prosperous, or risky and ruinous. We are bound to trace the fruits of our actions, and if the search makes us abridge our indulgences, so much the better for us and for the world. Socrates, passing through a richly-stored market, exclaimed: 'How many things I do not want!'

A few words touching the rules of life by which men are governed.

Paley's list, at the beginning of his Moral Philosophy, meets the case of a single class, professing Christians of the wealthier order. Replace the law of honour, his first

rule, by traditions and bias of sect, party, trade, clique; for the Scriptures, his third rule, read whatever ideal serves as a polestar to guide our path over regions where the writ of the Law of the Land, Paley's second rule, does not run, that is over the whole range of choice, of so-called indifferent actions.

The letter of the law must often leave us in the lurch; it cannot meet every case of conscience; its voice is *Thou shalt not*, we need a positive inspiration.

Seneca says (de ira ii. 58, 2). 'Who is he that professes himself innocent by all laws? even granting his claim, how narrow an innocence is virtue by rule of law! *quam angusta innocentia est ad legem bonum esse.*'

When the young man*, who had great possessions, yearning to do some good thing to purchase eternal life, was referred to his duty to man, as contained in the second table of the law, he said: 'All these things have I kept from my youth up, what lack I yet?' St Paul† was, touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless, while he was a persecutor of the Church. Paley's indictment of the law of honour is severe, and omits its better side.

'Profaneness,' he says, 'neglect of public worship or private devotion, cruelty to servants, rigorous treatment of tenants or other dependents, want of charity to the poor, injuries done to tradesmen by insolvency or delay of payment, are accounted no breaches of honour.... The Law of Honour, being constituted by men occupied in the pursuit of pleasure,...allows of fornication, adultery, drunkenness, prodigality, duelling, and of revenge in the extreme.'

So far Paley. In this twentieth century our idlers are striving might and main to abolish in England the rest of

* Matt. xix. 20. † Phil. iii. 6.

the Lord's Day. In other countries, of late years, much has been done to secure for labouring people a weekly respite from toil. In this country what are called week-end parties, fling hordes of noisy barbarians broad-cast over the land. Many of our hardest workers, as Mr Gladstone and our late Queen, owed to their Sunday calm the power of unbroken work to old age. How startled our spend-thrift rabble would be to learn a homely truth or two. A weekly fast, seasoned with sober reading, would be a rare tonic for their pampered bodies and barren minds. Little as they think it, they are persecutors, not less than an Alva, or a Louis XIV, forbidding all who unfortunately depend upon them to worship God according to conscience.

Fifty years ago our colleges jealously fenced about the Sunday rest of the servants: whether we are as guiltless now in this respect I greatly doubt.

Of party traditions making void the law, the Jewish Corban is a typical instance, and finds its parallel in sums wrung by priests from the fears of dying Romanists. Assaults on free labourers by unionists on strike, plots to refuse rates and taxes, on plea of conscience, alike tend to anarchy. Cambridge tradesmen, whose shutters have been commandeered for a bonfire, furnish a parallel nearer home. They have as much reason as the Khalifa himself to fear Lord Kitchener's visit. Said the son of Jesse to Araunah

'Nay, but I will surely buy of thee at a price; neither will I offer burnt offerings of that which doth cost me nothing.'

Brushing aside all selfish badges of class, widening and deepening the claims of written law, comes the ideal, the unwritten law, the *hidden man of the heart, the*

ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. From the Sermon on the Mount we learn the soul and end and pattern of the decalogue; it bids us *be perfect, as our one Father in heaven is perfect. The word of God is quick and powerful, a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.* And the more entirely we bring our acts into tune with this far-reaching rule, the more free we feel; witness the joyous strains of the 119th Psalm. The mediæval church, we know, and the Papal church to this hour, draw a sharp line between precepts, binding on all, and evangelical counsels, works of supererogation, whereby men, doing more than God demands, lay in a stock of merit. Common virtues of common life are held in little account, as we see in the Jesuit casuists; laymen are suffered to content themselves with a standard far below that of heathen moralists. Celibacy, voluntary poverty, implicit obedience to priestly rule, oust justice, mercy and truth. Submission to Church dogmas is enforced by the stake. Luther dethroned the usurper, teaching that active, public service, not cloistered, fugitive loneliness, is man's true calling, that the home is a holier sanctuary than the convent, mother a nobler name than nun.

If we, each in his place, strive to discharge our daily duties as in God's sight, we need fear no return of priestly dominion. Indifference is the soil in which all baneful weeds grow apace.

We are bidden to-day to adore the Majesty of God Most High; and in speaking of our habits, viewed in the light of Christian duty, I have tried to lead your thoughts to Him in whom *we live and move and have our being. He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?*

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